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Lavrúshka before Napoleon

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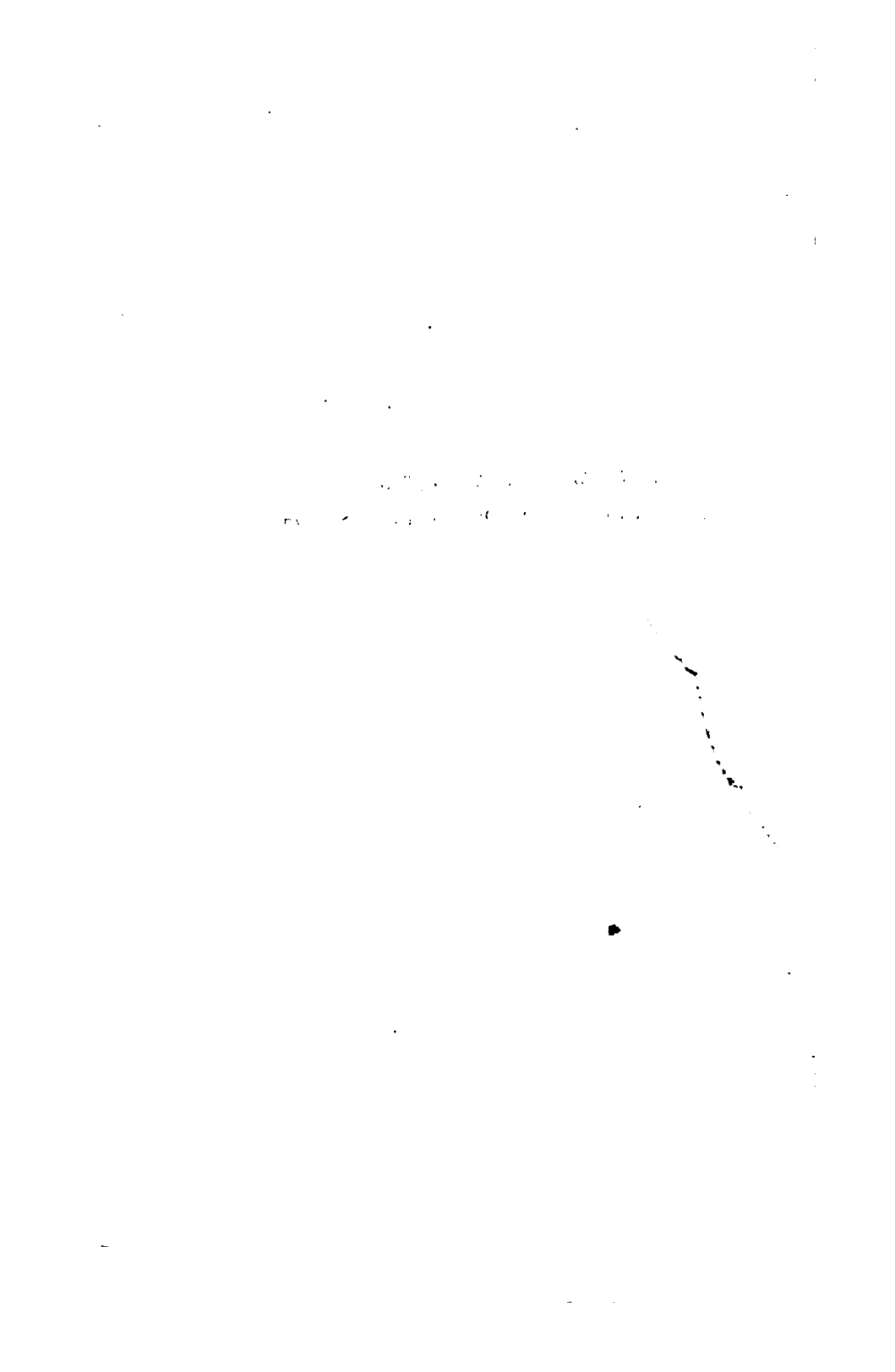

Illustrated Sterling Edition

WAR AND PEACE

VOLUMES III—IV

By
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and edited by
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WAR AND PEACE

1864–1869

Parts IX., X., and XI.

WAR AND PEACE

PART THE NINTH

I

TOWARD the end of the year 1811 the Powers of Western Europe began a more active armament and concentration of their forces, and in 1812 these forces, consisting of millions of people (including those who transported and fed the army), moved from the West to the East, toward the boundaries of Russia, where, since the same year 1811, the Russian forces had been concentrating. On the 12th of June the forces of Western Europe crossed the boundaries of Russia, and the war began, that is, there took place an event which was contrary to human reason and to all human nature. Millions of people committed against each other an endless number of evil acts, deceits, treasons, thefts, forgery and the putting into circulation of spurious assignats, assaults, incendiarism, and murders, such as the chronicles of all the courts of the world will not record in ages, and yet such as at that time were not looked upon as crimes by the people who committed them.

What was it that had caused this extraordinary event? What were its causes? The historians say, with naïve conviction, that the causes of this event were the insult

offered to the Duke of Oldenburg, the non-observance of the continental system, Napoleon's ambition, Alexander's firmness, the mistakes of the diplomats, etc.

Consequently, it would have sufficed for Metternich, Rumyántsev, or Talleyrand, between the appearance of the emperors at court and the receptions, to have made an effort and written a clever note, or for Napoleon to have written to Alexander, "*Monsieur mon frère, je consens à rendre le duché au Duc d'Oldenbourg,*" and there would have been no war.

Naturally, the matter so appeared to the contemporaries. Naturally, it seemed to Napoleon that the cause of the war lay in the intrigues of England (as he expressed himself on the island of St. Helena). Naturally, it seemed to the members of the English Parliament that Napoleon's ambition was the cause of the war; to the Duke of Oldenburg that the cause of war lay in the insult to which he had been subjected; to the merchants, that the cause of war lay in the continental system which was ruining Europe; to the old soldiers and generals, that the chief cause was to give them employment; to the legitimists of that time, that it was necessary to reëstablish *les bons principes;* and to the diplomatists of that time, that everything was due to the fact that Russia's alliance with Austria in the year 1809 had not been kept sufficiently secret from Napoleon, and that the memorandum No. 178 had been awkwardly composed. Naturally, these causes and an endless, inexhaustible number of other causes, which number depends on the endless variety of standpoints, presented themselves to the contemporaries; but to us, the descendants, who contemplate the grandeur of the event in all its volume, and who try to comprehend its simple and terrible meaning, these causes appear insufficient. It is incomprehensible to us that millions of Christians should have killed each other because Napoleon was ambitious, Alexander firm, the diplomacy of England

insidious, and the Duke of Oldenburg insulted. It is impossible to comprehend what connection these circumstances could have had with the fact of murder and violence itself; why, because the duke had been insulted, thousands of people from the other end of Europe should have killed and ruined the people of the Governments of Smolénsk and Moscow, and should have been killed by them.

To us, the descendants, the non-historians, who are not carried away by the mere process of investigation, and who therefore contemplate the event with undimmed, healthy reason, the causes seem to be numberless. The more we devote ourselves to the investigation of the causes, the more of them are revealed to us, and all of them, taken singly, or a whole series of causes, appear to us equally just in themselves, and equally false on account of their insignificance in comparison with the grandeur of the event, and equally false on account of the impossibility of their having produced the event, without the participation of all other coincident causes. Napoleon's refusal to take his army across the Vistula and to restore the dukedom of Oldenburg appears to us as no more a cause than the desire or reluctance of any French corporal to enlist for a second term, for, if he had refused to enter the service, and a second, third, and thousandth corporal and soldier had acted likewise, there would have been so many men less in Napoleon's army, and there could have been no war.

If Napoleon had not been offended by the request to retreat beyond the Vistula and had not commanded his troops to advance, there would have been no war; but, at the same time, if all the sergeants had been unwilling to reënlist, there could have been no war. Similarly there could have been no war, if there had been no English intrigues, and no Prince of Oldenburg, and no feeling of offence on the part of Alexander, and no autocratic power

in Russia, and no French Revolution with the resulting dictatorship and empire, and all that which led up to the French Revolution, and so forth. Nothing could have happened in the absence of one of these causes. Consequently, all these causes, a billion causes, coincided in order to produce that which happened. Consequently, too, nothing was the exclusive cause of the event, and the event had to take place, because it had to. It was necessary for millions of people to renounce their human feelings and reason, and to march from the West to the East in order to kill their like, just as several centuries before throngs had come from the East to the West killing their like.

The actions of Napoleon and Alexander, on whose words it seemed to depend whether the event was to take place or not, were as little arbitrary as the action of any soldier who went into the campaign by lot or by recruitment. It could not have been otherwise because, in order that the will of Napoleon and Alexander (of those people on whom the event seemed to have depended) should be fulfilled, there was needed the coincidence of an endless number of circumstances, without one of which the event could not have occurred. It was necessary for millions of people, in the hands of whom was the real power, for the soldiers who fired, and who transported the provisions and the guns, to agree to do the will of a few weak individuals, and to be brought to do this by an endless number of complicated, complex causes.

Fatalism in history is necessary for the explanation of unreasonable events, that is, of such as we do not comprehend the reason. The more reasonably we attempt to explain these phenomena in history, the more unreasonable and unintelligible they become to us.

Every man lives for himself, enjoys liberty of action in striving after his personal aims, and feels in his whole being that he may, or may not, do such and such an act

at will; but the moment he has done it, this action, committed at a given moment of time, becomes irretrievable and the property of history, in which it has not a free, but a preordained, meaning.

There are two sides in the life of each man: his personal life, which is free in proportion as its interests are in the abstract, and his elemental, beehive life, where a man unavoidably executes certain prescribed laws.

Man lives consciously for himself, but serves as an unconscious weapon for the working out of historical, universal ends. An accomplished deed is irretrievable, and its action, coinciding in time with millions of actions of other men, assumes an historic importance. The higher a man stands in the social scale, the more numerous his relations are with other men, the greater is the power which he exercises over other men, and the more manifest is the preordination and inevitableness of his deed.

"The hearts of kings are in the hands of God."

A king is a slave of history.

History, that is, the unconscious, general, beehive life of humanity, makes use of every minute of the lives of kings for itself, as a weapon for its own ends.

Though now, in the year 1812, it seemed to Napoleon that it more than ever depended upon him whether he would "*verser*" or "*ne pas verser le sang de ses peuples*" (as Alexander had written to him in his last letter), he never before had been so subjected to the inevitable laws which compelled him, though in respect to himself he thought he was acting at will, to do for the common course of events, for history, that which had to happen.

The men of the West moved toward the East to kill and be killed; and, by the law of coincident causes, thousands of petty causes adapted themselves and coincided with this incident for the purpose of the movement and of the war: such were the dissatisfaction with the non-ob-

servance of the continental system; and the Duke of Oldenburg; and the movement of the armies into Prussia, undertaken, as Napoleon thought, simply in order to obtain armed peace; and the love and bias of the French emperor for war, which coincided with the mood of his nation; and the enthusiasm for the magnificence of the preparation; and the expenses incurred for this preparation; and the necessity of gaining such advantages as would recoup these expenses; and the intoxicating honours which he had received in Dresden; and the diplomatic negotiations which, in the opinion of the contemporaries, had been introduced with the sincere desire to obtain peace and which only wounded the self-love of both parties; and a million millions of other causes, which adapted themselves and coincided with the event about to happen.

When an apple is ripe and falls, — what is it that makes it fall? Is it because it gravitates toward the earth, because the stem has dried up, because the sun withers it, because it is too heavy, because the wind knocks it down, because the boy who is standing underneath it wants to eat it?

Nothing is the cause of it. All is only the coincidence of conditions under which every vital, organic, elemental event takes place. The botanist who finds that the apple falls because the cellular tissue is decomposing, and so forth, is as much right as the little boy who, standing under the tree, will say that it fell because he wanted to eat it and because he had prayed for it. He who will say that Napoleon went to Moscow because he wanted to, and that he perished because Alexander had wished for his destruction, will be as right or as wrong as he who will say that an undermined mountain weighing a million puds was made to crumble by the stroke of the last labourer's sledge-hammer. In historical events, so called great men are the tags which label them, and have as little to do

with the events themselves, as real tags have to do with the substance which they label.

Every action of theirs, which seems to them dependent on their own free will, is, in the historical sense, not free, but stands in relation to the whole course of history and has been predetermined from eternity.

II.

On the 29th of May, Napoleon left Dresden, where he had passed three weeks, surrounded by a court of princes, dukes, kings, and even one emperor. Before his departure, Napoleon showed his favour to the princes, kings, and the emperor, who had deserved it, scolded the kings and princes with whom he was dissatisfied, presented to the Queen of Austria his personal pearls and diamonds, that is, such as he had taken away from other kings, and, tenderly embracing Empress Maria Theresa, as his historian says, left her disconsolate at this parting, which she, Maria Theresa, who regarded herself as his wife, although another wife was living in Paris, seemed to be unable to endure.

Although the diplomatists were still firmly convinced of the possibility of peace and zealously worked for it, although Emperor Napoleon himself wrote a letter to Emperor Alexander, calling him "*Monsieur mon frère*" and assuring him sincerely that he did not wish any war, and that he would always love and respect him, — he departed for the army and gave at each station new orders, the purpose of which was to hasten the movement of the army from the West to the East. He travelled in a road-carriage drawn by six horses, surrounded by pages, adjutants, and a convoy, on the highway toward Posen, Thorn, Dantzic, and Königsberg. In each of these cities thousands of people met him with trepidation and with enthusiasm.

The army was moving from the West to the East, and relays of six-spans carried him, too, thither. On the 10th

of June he caught up with the army and stayed overnight in the forest of Wilkowíski, in quarters especially prepared for him in the estate of a Polish count.

On the next day, Napoleon, outdistancing the army, reached the Nyéman in a small carriage. He dressed himself in a Polish uniform and drove out to the bank of the river to examine the place of fording.

Upon seeing on the other side "*les Cosaques*" and the expanse of the steppes, in the midst of which was "*Moscou, la ville sainte*," the capital of the empire which resembled the Scythian empire whither Alexander of Macedon had gone, Napoleon suddenly ordered an advance, contrary to all strategic and diplomatic considerations, and, on the following day, his troops began to cross the Nyéman.

On the 12th, early in the morning, he left the tent which on that day had been pitched on the steep left bank of the Nyéman, and looked through the spy-glass at the streams of his troops issuing from the forest of Wilkowíski, and pouring over three bridges thrown across the river. The troops knew of the presence of the emperor, sought for him with their eyes, and when they discovered on the hill, in front of the tent, the figure in the long coat and the hat, which distinguished him from his suite, they threw up their hats and shouted, "*Vive l'Empereur!*" and one after the other, without cessation, kept pouring forth from the immense wood which had concealed them heretofore, and, scattering, crossed to the other side over the three bridges.

"*On fera du chemin cette fois-ci. Oh! quand il s'en mêle lui-même, ça chauffe — Nom de Dieu — Le voilà! — Vive l'Empereur! — Les voilà donc, les steppes de l'Asie! Vilain pays tout de même. Au revoir, Beauché, je te reserve le plus beau palais de Moscou. Au revoir, bonne chance — L'as tu vu, l'Empereur? Vive l'Empereur! — preur! Si on me fait gouverneur aux Indes, Gérard, je*

te fais ministre du Cachemire, c'est arrêté. Vive l'Empereur! Vive! Vive! Vive! Les grédins de cosaques, comme ils filent. Vive l'Empereur! Le voilà! Le vois-tu? Je l'ai vu fois comme je te vois. Le petit caporal. Je l'ai vu donner la croix à l'un des vieux — Vive l'Empereur!" were heard the voices of old and young men, of all kinds of characters and positions in society. On all the faces of these people there was one common expression of joy at the beginning of the long expected campaign, and of enthusiasm and loyalty to the man in the gray coat, who was standing on the hill.

On the 13th of June, Napoleon was given a small, thoroughbred Arabian horse, and he mounted it and galloped up to one of the bridges, continually deafened by the shouts of transport, which he apparently bore only because it was impossible to forbid the soldiers to express their love of him by shouting; still, these cries, which accompanied him everywhere, vexed him and distracted his attention from the military cares that had taken possession of him ever since he had joined the army. He rode across one of the bridges which swayed on boats, turned sharply to the left, and galloped away in the direction of Kóvno, preceded by the chasseurs of the Guard, who, trembling with happiness and carried away by enthusiasm, cleared the road for him through the troops which were riding in front of him. Upon reaching the broad river Vistula, he stopped near a Polish regiment of uhlans, which was stationed on its bank.

"*Vivat!*" the Poles cried just as enthusiastically, breaking ranks and crushing each other in their desire to see him. Napoleon examined the river, dismounted from his horse, and sat down on a log which lay on the shore.

At a speechless sign of his, he was given a spy-glass, which he placed on the back of a happy page, who had run up to him, and through which he began to survey the opposite side. Then he was absorbed in the study of a

map which had been spread between logs. Without raising his head, he said something, and two of his adjutants galloped up to the Polish uhlans.

"What? What did he say?" were heard the questions in the ranks of the Polish uhlans, as one of the adjutants rode up to them.

The order was given to find a ford and cross the river. The Polish colonel of uhlans, a handsome old man, blushing and mixing up his words from excitement, asked the adjutant whether he would be permitted to swim with his uhlans across the river, without looking for a ford. With apparent fear lest he should be refused, like a boy who asks permission to get on a horse, he begged to be permitted to swim across in the presence of the emperor. The adjutant said that, no doubt, the emperor would not be dissatisfied with this superfluous zeal.

The moment the adjutant had said this, the old mustachioed officer with a happy face and sparkling eyes raised his sword, shouted "*Vivat!*" gave the command to his uhlans to follow him, put spurs to the horse, and galloped up to the river. He gave an angry kick to the startled horse and splashed into the water, heading toward the deep current. Hundreds of uhlans galloped after him. In the middle of the stream and in the current the water was cold. The uhlans fell from their horses and clung to each other. Some of the horses were drowned, and so were some men; the others tried to swim by holding on to the saddle or to the mane. They tried to swim straight ahead of them and, although there was a ford not more than half a verst away, were proud of swimming and drowning in the sight of the man who was sitting on a log and not even watching them. When the adjutant, upon returning, chose an appropriate moment in which to direct the emperor's attention to the loyalty of the Poles to his person, the little man in the gray coat rose and, calling up Berthier, began to walk up and down

along the shore, giving him orders, and now and then looking with dissatisfaction at the drowning uhlans, who diverted his attention.

It was not a new conviction for him that his presence in all the ends of the world, from Africa to the steppes of Muscovy, both startled people and threw them into a madness of self-forgetfulness. He ordered up his horse and rode back to his camp.

About forty uhlans were drowned in the river, despite the assistance sent them by boat. The majority retreated to the shore from which they had started. The colonel and a few men swam the river and with difficulty climbed on the other shore. But the moment they got out, with the water streaming from their clothes, they shouted "*Vivat!*" looking in ecstasy at the place where Napoleon had stood, but where he was no longer, and feeling themselves happy at that moment.

In the evening Napoleon, between two orders, — the one about furnishing immediately the counterfeit Russian assignats, to be taken into Russia, and the other, about shooting a Saxon, upon whose person had been found a letter containing information in regard to the movements of the French army, — made a third order, which was that the Polish colonel who had uselessly rushed into the river should be added to the Legion of Honour, of which Napoleon himself was the head.

Quos vult perdere, dementat.

III.

THE Russian emperor had in the meantime been living in Vílna for more than a month, passing his time in reviews and manœuvres. Nothing was ready for the war, which all were expecting, and for which the emperor had left St. Petersburg to prepare himself. There was no general plan of action. The hesitation about which plan of all those which were proposed should be accepted had only increased during the month that the emperor had been at the headquarters. There was a separate commander-in-chief to each of the three armies, but there was no common head to all the armies, and the emperor did not assume that appellation.

The longer the emperor lived in Vílna the less zealously were preparations made for the war, for the emperor had become tired waiting so long. All the efforts of the men who surrounded the emperor seem to have been directed toward making the emperor pass the time pleasantly, so that he might forget the impending war.

After many balls and fêtes given by the Polish magnates, the courtiers, and the emperor himself, it occurred in June to one of the adjutants-general of the emperor to give the Tsar a ball in the name of his adjutants-general. This idea was cheerfully received by all. The emperor expressed his consent. The adjutants-general collected money by subscription. The lady who more than anybody else might be agreeable to the emperor was invited to be the hostess of the ball. Count Bénigsen, a landed proprietor of the Government of Vílna, offered

his suburban mansion for the celebration, and on the 13th of June there were to be a ball, a dinner, boating, and fireworks in Zákret, Count Bénigsen's suburban estate.

On the very day when the order was given by Napoleon to cross the Nyéman, and the van of his army, driving away the Cossacks, crossed the Russian boundary, Alexander was passing his evening at Bénigsen's summer residence, attending the ball given by his adjutants-general.

It was a jolly and brilliant fête; connoisseurs said that there had rarely been gathered so many beauties in one spot. Countess Bezúkhi, who had followed the emperor from St. Petersburg to Vílna, among a number of other Russian ladies, was at the ball, where she, with her heavy, so-called Russian beauty, overshadowed the refined Polish ladies. She was observed, and the emperor honoured her with a dance.

Borís Drubetskóy, *en garçon*, as he said, having left his wife in Moscow, was also at this ball, and, though not an adjutant-general, took an active interest in it by subscribing a large sum toward it. Borís was now a rich man, who had gone very far in the service, who no longer looked for any protection, and who stood on the same footing as the highest of his contemporaries. He met Hélène in Vílna, after a long lapse of time, and had forgotten the past; but as Hélène enjoyed the favour of a very important person, and Borís had but lately married, they again met as good, old friends.

At midnight they were still dancing. Hélène, who had no worthy gentleman to dance with, herself proposed a mazurka to Borís. They were sitting as the third pair. Borís, coolly surveying the shining, nude shoulders of Hélène, as they protruded from a dark, gold-embroidered gauze dress, was telling her about old acquaintances and, at the same time, imperceptibly to himself and to others, never stopped for a minute observing the emperor, who was in the same hall. The emperor was not dancing; he

stood in the door and stopped now one, and now another, addressing to them those kindly words which he alone knew how to choose.

In the beginning of the mazurka Borís noticed that Adjutant-General Balashév, one of the persons most intimate with the emperor, had walked over to him and had stationed himself near him in an uncourtly manner, while he was speaking to a Polish lady. Having finished his conversation with the lady, the emperor looked interrogatively at him and, apparently considering that Balashév could have acted thus only under the stress of important causes, slightly nodded to the lady and turned to Balashév. The moment Balashév began to speak, the emperor's face expressed surprise.

He took Balashév's arm and crossed the hall, unconsciously to himself clearing a broad passage of about twenty feet on both sides of him through the mass of people who were hastening to get out of his way. Borís noticed Arakchéev's agitated face, when the emperor started to walk with Balashév. Arakchéev, looking superciliously at the emperor and snivelling with his red nose, moved out from the throng, as though waiting for the emperor to address him. Borís comprehended that Arakchéev was jealous of Balashév and was dissatisfied because an important piece of news was reaching the emperor through another source than him.

But the emperor and Balashév, without noticing Arakchéev, passed through the outer door into the illuminated garden. Arakchéev followed them within twenty steps, holding down his sword and looking angrily about him.

In the figure in which he had to choose a lady, Borís whispered to Hélène that he wanted to take the Countess Potócki, who, he thought, had gone out on the balcony. Gliding along on the parquetry, he ran out of the rear door leading into the garden, where he stopped, when he

noticed the emperor walking with Balashév up to the terrace. They were moving in the direction of the door. Borís fluttered, as though he were too late to get out of the way, and respectfully pressed himself against the door-post and bent his head.

The emperor, with the agitation of a man who has received a personal insult, was finishing the following words:

"To enter into Russia without declaring war! I will make peace only when there is not a single armed man left on my soil."

It appeared to Borís that it gave the emperor pleasure to enunciate these words: he was satisfied with the form in which his thought was clad, but dissatisfied with having been overheard by Borís.

"Let nobody know it!" the emperor added, with a frown.

Borís saw that this referred to him, and so he shut his eyes and slightly inclined his head. The emperor again entered the hall and passed nearly another half-hour at the ball.

Borís was the first to learn about the passage of the Nyéman by the French troops. Thanks to this, he had an opportunity of showing certain important personages that many things which were hidden from them were known to him, and thus he rose higher in the opinion of these persons.

The sudden news of the passage of the Nyéman by the French was the more sudden since it came after a month of fruitless waiting, and at the ball. The emperor had, in the first moment after the receipt of this news and under the influence of agitation and a feeling of insult, found that phrase which later became famous, and which pleased him and fully expressed his sentiment. After his return from the ball, the emperor sent for his secretary,

Shishkóv, whom he commanded to write an order to the armies and a rescript to the field-marshal, Prince Saltykóv, in which he asked to have included the words that he would not make peace so long as one armed Frenchman was left on Russian soil.

On the next day the following letter was sent to Napoleon:

"MONSIEUR MON FRÈRE: — I learned yesterday that, despite the loyalty with which I have observed my obligations toward your Majesty, your troops have crossed the Russian boundary, and only now have I received from St. Petersburg a note, in which Count Lauriston informs me, in reference to this aggression, that your Majesty has regarded yourself as being in a state of war with me ever since Prince Kurákin asked for his passports. The motives on which the Duke of Bassano based his refusal to deliver them to him could never have made me suppose that this incident would serve as a pretext for aggression. In fact, this ambassador had never had my authorization, as he himself declared; the moment I was informed of his action, I showed him my disapproval by commanding him to stay at his post. If your Majesty is not inclined to shed the blood of our peoples on account of a misunderstanding of such a kind, and if your Majesty consents to withdraw the troops from Russian territory, I will regard what has happened as though it had not taken place, and an agreement between us will be possible. Contrariwise, your Majesty, I shall be forced to ward off an attack which has not been provoked by anything on my part. It still depends on your Majesty to save humanity the calamities of a new war.

"I am, etc. (Signed) ALEXANDER."

IV.

At two o'clock of the night of the 13th of June, the emperor sent for Balashév, and, having read the letter to him, ordered him to take it in person to the French emperor. In dismissing Balashév, the emperor again repeated to him the words that he would not make peace so long as one armed enemy was left on Russian soil, and ordered him to transmit these words to Napoleon. He had not included these words in his letter to Napoleon, because he felt, with his sense of tact, that they were out of place at a moment when the last attempt at pacification was being made; but he insisted that Balashév should personally transmit them to Napoleon.

Balashév left on the night of June 13th, being accompanied by a bugler and by two Cossacks. At daybreak he reached the village of Rykónty, on this side of the Nyéman, where stood the French outposts. He was stopped by French cavalry sentinels.

A French under-officer of hussars, in a crimson uniform and a shaggy cap, shouted to Balashév to stop. Balashév did not stop at once, but continued to ride at a pace down the road.

The under-officer, frowning and uttering a curse, moved his horse up to Balashév, put his hand to his sabre, and angrily asked the Russian general whether he was deaf and did not hear what he was asked. Balashév gave him his name. The under-officer sent a soldier to the officer.

Paying no more attention to Balashév, the under-officer

began to speak with his companions about army matters. He did not again cast a glance at the Russian general.

It appeared exceedingly strange to Balashév, after his proximity to the highest power, after the conversation which he had held three hours before with the emperor, and after having become accustomed to honours in the service, to see here, on Russian soil, this hostile and, more especially, this disrespectful, relation of brutal force toward himself.

The sun had just begun to come out from the clouds; the air was fresh and dewy. The herd was just being driven along the village road. In the fields, the skylarks, chirping, spirted up, one after another, like bubbles rising in the water.

A French colonel of hussars, who had apparently just risen, rode out of the village on a handsome, well-fed gray horse, accompanied by two hussars. The officers, the soldiers, and their horses gave an impression of sufficiency and foppishness.

It was that first part of the campaign, when the troops were still in good trim, such as is displayed at reviews and in peaceful occupations, with but a shade of gala militarism in their attire, and with the moral shade of that merriment and enterprise which always go with the beginning of a campaign.

The French colonel with difficulty restrained his yawns, but was polite and evidently understood the whole significance of Balashév. He led him past his soldiers and beyond the cordon, and informed him that his wish to be brought before the emperor would, no doubt, be fulfilled at once, since the emperor's quarters, so far as he knew, were not far off.

They crossed the village of Rykónty past the hussar pickets, sentries, and soldiers, who saluted their colonel and with curiosity examined the Russian uniform, and came out on the other side of the village. According to

the colonel's statement, the chief of the division was within two kilometres, and he would take him to his destination.

The sun had already risen and shone brightly on the lurid verdure.

Just as they had ridden past a tavern on the summit of a hill, they noticed advancing toward them a small throng of riders, at the head of whom, on a black horse with its caparison gleaming in the sun, rode a tall man in a feathered hat, with his hair falling in locks down to his shoulders, and wearing a red mantle; his long legs were stretched forward, in the manner of French riders. This man galloped up toward Balashév, his feathers, precious stones, and gold lace glistening and waving in the bright June sun.

Balashév was already within two horses' lengths from the rider in bracelets, panache, necklace, and gold, who was racing toward him with a solemn and theatrical expression on his face, when Julner, the French colonel, whispered respectfully: "*Le roi de Naples!*"

It was, indeed, Murat, now called the King of Naples. Though it was quite incomprehensible why he should be that, he was nevertheless called so, and he himself was convinced of it, and so he looked much more triumphant and important than ever. He was so firmly convinced that he was the King of Naples, that when on the eve of leaving Naples, during his walk with his wife through the streets, a few Italians cried, "*Viva il re!*" he with a sad smile turned to his wife and said, "*Les malheureux, ils ne savent pas que je les quitte demain!*"

Still, though he was quite sure that he was the King of Naples and that he had compassion for the sorrow of his subjects, whom he was about to desert, he, — after being ordered to enter active service again, and, especially, after his meeting with Napoleon at Dantzic, when his august brother-in-law told him, "*Je vous ai fait roi pour regner à*

ma manière, mais pas à la vôtre," — cheerfully took up the business which was familiar to him, and, like a well-fed, but not fattened horse which, feeling itself in the harness, becomes frisky between the shafts, he accoutred himself in the loudest and most expensive manner possible and, happy and contented, galloped off on the road to Poland, not knowing himself whither he was going, or for what purpose.

When he saw the Russian general, he in right royal, solemn fashion, threw back his head, with the curls dangling down to his shoulders, and looked questioningly at the French colonel. The colonel respectfully informed his Majesty of the meaning of Balashév, whose name he found it difficult to pronounce.

"*De Bal-macheve!*" said the king, by his determination overcoming the difficulty which had presented itself to the colonel. "*Charmé de faire votre connaissance, général!*" he added with a gesture of royal favour.

The moment the king began to speak loud and rapidly, all his royal dignity suddenly left him, and, without knowing it himself, he passed over to a tone of good-natured familiarity. He placed his hand on the withers of Balashév's horse.

"*Et bien, général, tout est à la guerre, à ce qu'il paraît,*" he said, as though regretting the circumstance which was beyond his control.

"*Sire,*" replied Balashév, "*l'empereur mon maître ne désire point la guerre, et comme votre Majesté le voit,*" Balashév continued, with inevitable affectation multiplying the use of the title "*Votre Majesté,*" as though addressing a person for whom this title was still a novelty.

Murat's face beamed with stupid contentment as he listened to "*Monsieur de Balachoff.*" But "*royauté oblige*": he felt the necessity of conferring with Alexander's messenger on matters of state, as a king and ally. He dismounted from his horse and, taking Balashév's arm,

walked away a few steps from the suite, which waited for him respectfully, and began to walk up and down with him, trying to assume as significant an aspect as possible. He mentioned the fact that Emperor Napoleon had been insulted by the demand that he remove his troops from Prussia, especially when this demand became known to all and when the dignity of France suffered from it. Balashév said that there was nothing offensive in the demand, because —

Murat interrupted him:

"So you do not regard Emperor Alexander as the instigator?" he suddenly said, with a good-natured, stupid smile.

Balashév told him why it was he considered Napoleon to have taken the initiative.

"*Eh, mon cher général,*" Murat again interrupted him, "*je désire de tout mon cœur que les empereurs s'arrangent entre eux, et que la guerre commencée malgré moi se termine le plus tôt possible.*"

He spoke in the tone of servants who wish to remain good friends, in spite of the quarrel of their masters. He passed over to inquiries about the grand duke and his health, and recalled the time which he had passed so pleasantly with him at Naples. Then, as though suddenly remembering his royal dignity, Murat solemnly straightened himself up, took up the attitude in which he had stood at the coronation, and, shaking his right hand, he said:

"*Je ne vous retiens plus, général. Je souhaite le succès de votre mission,*" and, with a flutter of his red embroidered mantle and of his plumes, and with a sparkle of his precious stones, he walked over to his suite, which was waiting respectfully for him.

Balashév rode on, hoping, from what Murat had said, to be presented at once to Napoleon himself. But, instead of meeting Napoleon, the sentry of Davout's corps of in-

fantry again detained him at the next village, as he had been detained at the cordon, and an adjutant of the commander of the corps, who was called out, took him to the village to Marshal Davout.

V.

DAVOUT was the Arakchéev of Emperor Napoleon, — not Arakchéev the coward, but the precise, cruel man, who does not know how to express his loyalty otherwise than by means of cruelty.

In the mechanism of the state organism these people are as necessary as are wolves in the organism of Nature, and they are always present, always make their appearance and maintain themselves, however inconsistent their presence and their proximity to the head of the state may seem. Only this necessity can explain how the uneducated, cruel Arakchéev, who personally pulled out the moustaches of the grenadiers, who on account of weak nerves was unable to bear any danger, and who lacked all courtly graces, could have held his place by the side of the knightly, noble, and gentle Alexander.

Balashév found Marshal Davout in the barn of a peasant farm, sitting on a keg and busy writing (he was auditing some accounts). An adjutant was standing near him. It was possible to find better quarters, but Marshal Davout was one of those men who purposely place themselves under the gloomiest conditions of life, in order to have the right to be gloomy. For the same reason they are always hurriedly and stubbornly busy. "What time have I to think of the bright side of human life when, as you see, I am sitting on a keg in a dirty barn, busy at work?" the expression of his face seemed to say. The chief pleasure and necessity of these men consist in opposing their gloomy, persistent activity to any animation in life, whenever they come across it. Davout afforded himself

this pleasure, when Balashév was brought in to him. He buried himself still more in his work, when the Russian general entered, and, glancing above his spectacles at Balashév's face, which was animated under the influence of the beautiful morning and of his conversation with Murat, he did not rise, nor even stir, but only frowned more than usual and smiled a malignant smile.

Upon noticing on Balashév's face the disagreeable impression produced by this reception, Davout raised his head and coldly asked him what he wanted.

Assuming that he was given such a reception only because Davout did not know that he was an adjutant-general of Emperor Alexander and his representative before Napoleon, Balashév hastened to mention his standing and purpose. Contrary to his expectations, Davout, after having listened to Balashév, became even more stern and rude.

"Where is your packet?" he said. "*Donnez-le moi, je l'enverrai à l'empereur.*"

Balashév said that his orders were to hand the packet in person to the emperor.

"The commands of your emperor are carried out in your army, and here," said Davout, "you have to do what you are ordered to do."

And, as though to make the Russian general feel more sensitively his dependence on brutal force, Davout sent an adjutant for the officer of the day.

Balashév took out the packet, which contained the emperor's letter, and placed it upon the table (this table was formed by a door, on which the hinges were still left, placed across two barrels). Davout took the packet and read the address.

"It is your privilege to show me or not to show me respect," said Balashév, "but permit me to tell you that I have the honour of bearing the name of adjutant-general to his Majesty —"

Davout looked at him in silence, and the agitation and embarrassment which were expressed in Balashév's face apparently afforded him pleasure.

"You will receive your due," he said. Putting the envelope into his pocket, he left the barn.

A minute later Monsieur de Castries, the marshal's adjutant, entered and took Balashév to quarters set aside for him.

Balashév dined that day in the barn with the marshal, on the same board, which was thrown over the barrels.

On the next day, Davout left early in the morning, and, inviting Balashév to come to see him, he told him that he begged him to remain, to move with the baggage-train, whenever the order for an advance was given, and not to converse with any one but Monsieur de Castries.

After a four days' solitude, tedium, and consciousness of submission and insignificance, which were the more noticeable after that *milieu* of power, in which he had been moving; after several marches with the baggage of the marshal and the French troops which occupied the whole region, Balashév was brought to Vílna, which now was in the hands of the French, passing through the same toll-gate through which he had left four days before.

On the next day the imperial chamberlain, Monsieur du Turenne, came to see Balashév and informed him of the emperor's wish to honour him with an audience.

Four days before there had been stationed sentries of the Preobrazhénski regiment in front of the house to which Balashév was now taken; now there stood there two French grenadiers in blue uniforms, open at the breast, and in shaggy hats, a detachment of hussars and uhlans, a brilliant suite of adjutants, pages, and generals, waiting for the appearance of Napoleon near his mount, which was standing at the porch, and his Mameluke Rustan. Napoleon received Balashév in the same house in Vílna from which Alexander had despatched him.

VI.

THOUGH Balashév was used to the solemnity of the court, he was startled by the luxury and magnificence of Napoleon's surroundings.

Count Turenne led him to a large waiting-room, where were waiting many generals, gentlemen of the chamber, and Polish magnates, many of whom Balashév had seen at the court of the Russian emperor. Duroc said that Emperor Napoleon would receive the Russian general before starting out on his promenade.

After a few moments of waiting, the chamberlain of the day came out into the large waiting-room and, bowing politely, invited Balashév to follow him.

Balashév entered a small waiting-room, from which one door led to a cabinet, from which the Russian emperor had dispatched him. Balashév stood about two minutes, waiting to be called in. Behind the door could be heard hurried steps. Both halves of the door opened, all grew silent, and in the cabinet were heard firm, determined steps, those of Napoleon: he had just finished his toilet for the horseback ride. He wore a blue uniform, which was open over a white waistcoat that came down to his rotund abdomen, white elk-leather pantaloons that fitted tightly on the fat thighs of his short legs, and a pair of jack-boots. His short hair had evidently just been combed, but one strand fell down the middle of his broad forehead. His white, puffy neck stood out sharply from the black collar of his uniform; there was an odour of eau de Cologne about him. On his youthful, plump face with

its protruding chin there was an expression of a gracious, majestic greeting, worthy of an emperor.

He came out with a rapid quiver of his body at every step he took and throwing his head slightly back. His whole stout, short figure, with the broad, fat shoulders and involuntarily protruding abdomen and chest, gave him that distinguished and reserved aspect which is seen in people of about forty years of age, who live in ease. Besides it was apparent that on that day he was in the best mood possible.

He nodded, in response to Balashév's low, respectrul bow, and, walking over to him, began to speak at once, like a man who valued every minute of his time and who did not condescend to prepare his speeches, but who was convinced that he would always speak well and would say what was proper.

"Good morning, general!" he said. "I have received Emperor Alexander's letter which you have brought for me, and am very glad to see you."

He looked at Balashév with his large eyes, and immediately glanced past him. Evidently he was not in the least interested in Balashév. Apparently only what was going on in his soul interested him. Everything which was beyond it had no meaning for him, because everything in the world, he thought, depended only on his will.

"I have not wished and do not wish for war," he said, "but I have been driven to it. Even *now*" (he emphasized the word), "I am ready to accept all explanations which you may give me."

He began clearly and briefly to expound the reasons for his dissatisfaction with the Russian government. Judging from the moderate and friendly tone with which the French emperor spoke, Balashév was firmly convinced that he wished for peace and intended to enter into negotiations.

"*Sire! L'Empereur, mon maître,*" Balashév began the speech which he had prepared long ago, as soon as Napoleon finished and looked at him interrogatively; but the look of the emperor's eyes, directed at him, confused him. "You are confused, — regain your composure!" Napoleon seemed to say, with a barely perceptible smile examining Balashév's uniform and sword. Balashév regained his composure and began to speak. He said that Emperor Alexander did not consider Kurákin's request that he be given his passports as a sufficient cause for war, that Kurákin had acted on his own responsibility, without the consent of the Tsar, that Emperor Alexander did not wish for war, and that there were no relations with England.

"Not yet," Napoleon interposed, and, as though fearing to submit to his feeling, he frowned and slightly nodded his head, to let Balashév know that he might continue.

Having said everything which was contained in his orders, Balashév added that Emperor Alexander wished for peace, but would not enter upon any negotiations unless — Here Balashév became embarrassed: he recalled the words which Emperor Alexander had not included in the letter, but which he had commanded to be put into the rescript to Saltykóv, and which he, Balashév, was to transmit to Napoleon. Balashév remembered the words, "So long as one armed enemy was left on Russian soil," but some complex feeling kept him from uttering them. He was unable to say the words, though he wished to do so. He hesitated and said, "Unless the French troops retreated beyond the Nyéman."

Napoleon noticed Balashév's embarrassment, as he was uttering the last words: his face twitched and the calf of his left leg began to quiver in even motion. Without stirring from the spot, he began to speak in a louder and faster voice. Balashév, who during the ensuing words of Napoleon frequently cast down his eyes, could not help observing the twitching of the calf of Napoleon's left leg,

which became more pronounced every time he raised his voice.

"I wish for peace not less than Emperor Alexander," he began. "Have I not been doing everything in my power for the last eighteen months in order to obtain it? I have for eighteen months been waiting for explanations. But, what is expected of me, in order to begin the negotiations?" he said, frowning and making an energetic, interrogative gesture with his plump, white little hand.

"The retreat of the troops beyond the Nyéman, emperor," said Balashév.

"Beyond the Nyéman?" repeated Napoleon. "So now you want me to retreat beyond the Nyéman, — only beyond the Nyéman?" repeated Napoleon, looking straight at Balashév.

Balashév respectfully inclined his head.

Four months before, Napoleon had been asked to retreat from Pomerania; now he was asked to retreat beyond the Nyéman. Napoleon rapidly turned around and began to pace up and down in the room.

"You say that I am asked to recross the Nyéman before negotiations are to begin; but two months ago I was asked in the same manner to retreat beyond the Oder and Vistula, and yet you are ready to enter upon negotiations."

He silently crossed the room from one corner to another, and then again stopped opposite Balashév. Balashév noticed that his left leg trembled faster than ever, and that his face seemed to be petrified in its stern expression. Napoleon was conscious of the twitching of his left calf. "*La vibration de mon mollet gauche est un grand signe chez moi*," he used to say afterward.

"Propositions such as the one about clearing the Oder or Vistula may be made to the Prince of Baden, but not to me," Napoleon almost shouted, unexpectedly to himself. "If you were to give me St. Petersburg and Mos-

cow, I would not receive these conditions. You say that I began the war! But who was the first to come to his army? Emperor Alexander and not I. You propose negotiations to me after I have spent millions and while you are in alliance with England. Now that your condition is unfavourable, you propose negotiations to me! What is the aim of your alliance with England? What has it given you?" he spoke hurriedly, now apparently no longer addressing his words to him in order to show the advantages of peace negotiations and to discuss their possibility, but only in order to prove his righteousness and power, and the unrighteousness and blunders of Alexander.

The introduction to his speech was made evidently for the purpose of proving the advantage of his situation and yet of showing that he was willing to hear about negotiations. But once launched out, he was unable to control his speech.

The whole purpose of his remarks now apparently was to extol himself and offend Alexander, that is, to do that which in the beginning of the interview he had been least of all inclined to do.

"They say that you have made peace with the Turks."

Balashév replied with an affirmative inclination of his head.

"The peace is made—" he began. But Napoleon did not allow him to go on. He evidently had to speak himself, and he continued to speak with that eloquence and incontinence of irritation, to which spoilt people are prone.

"Yes, I know, you have concluded a peace with the Turks, without having received Moldavia and Wallachia. I should have given these provinces to your Tsar, just as I gave him Finland. Yes," he continued, "I promised to give Alexander Moldavia and Wallachia, and I should have given them to him, but now he will not have those

beautiful provinces. There was, however, nothing in the way of adding them to his empire, and in one reign he would have expanded Russia from the Gulf of Bothnia to the mouth of the Danube. Catherine the Great could not have done more," said Napoleon, becoming ever more excited, walking across the room, and repeating to Balashév almost the same words which he had employed to Alexander in Tilsit. "*Tout cela il l'aurait du à mon amitié. Ah! quel beau règne, quel beau règne!*" he repeated several times. He stopped, drew his gold snuff-box out of his pocket, and with his nose took a pinch from it.

"*Quel beau règne aurait pu être celui de l'Empereur Alexandre!*"

He looked compassionately at Balashév, and the moment Balashév intended to say something, he hastened to interrupt him:

"What could he have desired and looked for, which he could not find in my friendship?" he said, shrugging his shoulders, as though in perplexity. "He found it best to surround himself with my enemies, and with whom?" continued Napoleon. "With Stein, Armfeldt, Bénigsen, Wintzingerode. Stein is a traitor who has been driven out of his country; Armfeldt is a debauché and intriguer; Wintzingerode — a fugitive French subject; Bénigsen is a little more military than the rest, but still incapable; he was unable to do anything in 1807, and ought to awaken terrible recollections in Emperor Alexander. If they were capable soldiers, they could be made use of," continued Napoleon, hardly ably to utter his words as fast as the new combinations arose in his imagination, to prove his justice or power, which to his mind was one and the same thing, "but that is not the case: they are unfit for war and for peace! Barclay is said to be a better general than they are, but I cannot affirm this, if I am to judge from his first movements. And what are they doing, all those courtiers? Pfuel proposes, Armfeldt dis-

cusses, Bénigsen examines, and Barclay, who is called to act, does not know what to do, and time passes without any results. Bagratión is the only soldier. He is stupid, but he has experience, a sure eye, and determination. What rôle does your young emperor play in this monstrous group? They are compromising him and throwing all the responsibility on his shoulders. *Un souverain ne doit être à l'armée que quand il est général,*" he said, apparently throwing down the gauntlet to the emperor. Napoleon knew how much Emperor Alexander wanted to be a general.

"The campaign began a week ago, and you did not know how to defend Vílna. You are cut in two and driven out of the Polish provinces. Your army murmurs."

"On the contrary, your Majesty," said Balashév, who had difficulty in remembering all he heard, and in following these fireworks of words, "the army burns with the desire — "

"I know everything," Napoleon interrupted him, "I know everything, and I know the number of your battalions as well as I know my own. You have less than two hundred thousand soldiers, while I have three times as many: I give you my word of honour," said Napoleon, forgetting that his word of honour could have no significance, "I give you *ma parole d'honneur que j'ai cinq cent trente mille hommes de ce côté de la Vistule.* The Turks are of no avail to you: they are good for nothing, and this they have proved by making peace with you. The Swedes, — it is their destiny to be ruled by insane kings. Their king was insane; they changed him and took another — Bernadotte, who immediately went insane, for only a Swede who is insane can conclude an alliance with Russia."

Napoleon smiled a malicious smile and again raised his snuff-box to his nose.

Balashév had an answer to every sentence uttered by

Napoleon and was anxious to make a reply; he kept making the gesture of a man wishing to say something, but Napoleon kept interrupting him. To the statement that the Swedes were insane, Balashév wanted to say that Sweden was an island, if Russia was with her; but Napoleon shouted again, in order to drown his voice. Napoleon was in that state of irritation, when a man has to keep talking all the time, in order to prove to himself the justice of his case. Balashév began to feel uneasy: as an ambassador, he was afraid lest he should lose his dignity, and yet he felt the necessity of replying to Napoleon; as a man, he felt morally compressed before that forgetfulness which comes from causeless anger, and in which Napoleon obviously was. He knew that the words now uttered by Napoleon had no meaning, and that he himself would feel ashamed of them as soon as he regained his senses. Balashév stood with downcast eyes, looking at Napoleon's fat legs in motion, and trying to avoid his glance.

"What do I care for your allies?" said Napoleon. "My allies are the Poles: there are eighty thousand of them, and they fight like lions. There will be two hundred thousand of them."

And, apparently excited by having spoken a manifest untruth and by the fact that Balashév remained standing silently before him in the same pose, submitting to fate, he abruptly turned back, walked over to Balashév's very face, and, making energetic, rapid gestures with his white hands, almost shouted:

"Remember that if you turn Prussia against me, remember, I will wipe it off from the map of Europe," he said, with a pale face which was distorted by anger, and with an energetic gesture striking one of his small hands with the other. "Yes, I will throw you beyond the Dviná and beyond the Dnieper, and will make for you that barrier which Europe was criminal and blind to have

permitted to be destroyed. Yes, this is what will happen to you! This is what you have gained by parting from me," he said, silently pacing up and down in the room, and shrugging his fat shoulders. He put the snuff-box into his waistcoat pocket, again took it out, several times carried it up to his nose, and stopped opposite Balashév. He grew silent, looked sarcastically straight into Balashév's eyes, and said, in a soft voice: "*Et cependant quel beau règne aurait pu avoir votre maître!*"

Balashév, feeling the necessity of retorting to him, said that from Russia's standpoint matters did not appear in such a gloomy light. Napoleon was silent, continuing to look sarcastically at him and evidently not listening to him. Balashév said that in Russia the best was expected of the war. Napoleon shook his head condescendingly, as though to say, "I know, your duty tells you so, but you yourself do not believe it, — you are convinced by me."

At the end of Balashév's speech, Napoleon again took out his snuff-box, put it to his nose, and, to give a signal, twice struck the floor with his foot. The door opened; a chamberlain, bending in a respectful attitude, handed the emperor a hat and a pair of gloves; another handed him a handkerchief. Napoleon, without looking at them, turned to Balashév:

"Assure Emperor Alexander in my name," he said, taking his hat, "that I am as devoted to him as ever: I know him well and I very highly value his high qualities. *Je ne vous retiens plus, général; vous recevrez ma lettre à l'empereur.*"

Napoleon rapidly moved up to the door. All those who were in the waiting-room rushed forward and downstairs.

VII.

AFTER what Napoleon had said, after those outbursts of anger, and after the last words uttered in a dry tone, "*je ne vous retiens plus, général; vous recevrez ma lettre,*" Balashév was convinced that Napoleon would not want to see him again, and would even try not to see him, the offended ambassador and, above all, the witness to his indecorous rage. But, to his surprise, he received through Duroc an invitation to the emperor's table on that day.

At the dinner were Bessières, Caulaincourt, and Berthier.

Napoleon met Balashév with a merry and kindly countenance. He did not show the least sign of embarrassment or self-rebuke for his morning's outburst; on the contrary, he tried to put Balashév at his ease. It was apparent that in Napoleon's conviction there had long ago ceased to exist the possibility of error on his part and that in his conception everything he did was good, not because it coincided with the idea of what was good or bad, but because *he* was doing it.

The emperor was very jolly after his ride through Vílna, during which throngs of people had met and accompanied him with enthusiasm. In all the windows of the streets through which he rode there hung rugs, flags, and his monograms, and Polish ladies received him with the waving of their handkerchiefs.

At dinner he placed Balashév by his side. He treated him not only kindly, but as though he regarded Balashév as one of his courtiers, among the men who sympathized

with his plans and who were to rejoice in his successes. Among other things he spoke of Moscow, asking Balashév about the Russian capital, not only as a curious traveller asks about a new place which he intends to visit, but also with the conviction that Balashév, as a Russian, would be flattered by his curiosity.

"How many inhabitants are there in Moscow, and how many houses? Is it true that *Moscou* is called *Moscou la sainte?* How many churches are there in *Moscou?*" he asked.

To the reply that there were more than two hundred churches, he said:

"Why such a mass of churches?"

"The Russians are very pious," replied Balashév.

"But a large quantity of monasteries and churches is always a sign of the backwardness of a nation," said Napoleon, looking at Caulaincourt for appreciation of his judgment.

Balashév begged respectfully to differ from the French emperor.

"Each country has its customs," he said.

"But nowhere else in Europe are such things to be found," said Napoleon.

"I beg your Majesty's pardon," said Balashév, "outside of Russia, there is Spain, where there are as many churches and monasteries."

This response of Balashév, which hinted at the late defeat of the French in Spain, was highly appreciated at the court of Emperor Alexander, when Balashév told it there, but here, at Napoleon's dinner, it was not appreciated at all, and passed by unnoticed.

It was evident, from the indifferent and perplexed looks of the marshals, that they were not sure wherein lay the sarcasm to which the intonation of Balashév's voice seemed to point. "If there was any, we did not understand it, or there was nothing clever about it," said the expressions

of the marshals' faces. His reply was so little appreciated, that Napoleon positively did not notice it, but proceeded to ask Balashév through what cities the straight road to Moscow went. Balashév, who was cautious during the whole time of the dinner, answered that *comme tout chemin mène à Rome, tout chemin mène à Moscou,* so there were many roads, and that, among these many roads, there was one which led to Poltáva, which Charles XII. had chosen. As he said this, Balashév's face was suddenly flushed with joy at the success of his reply. He had not finished saying the last words, when Caulaincourt started to speak of the inconveniences of the road from St. Petersburg to Moscow, and of his reminiscences of St. Petersburg.

After dinner they passed for the coffee into Napoleon's cabinet, which four days before had been the cabinet of Emperor Alexander. Napoleon sat down, stirring the coffee in a Sèvres cup, and indicated to Balashév a chair near him.

There is in man a certain postprandial mood, which more than all sensible reasons causes him to be satisfied with himself and to regard everybody as his friend. Napoleon was in that mood. It seemed to him that he was surrounded by men who adored him. He was convinced that even Balashév, after having partaken of his dinner, was his friend and admirer. Napoleon turned to him with an agreeable and slightly sarcastic smile.

"This is the same room, I am told, in which Emperor Alexander lived. It is strange, general, is it not?" he said, apparently without the slightest doubt that this remark must be agreeable to his interlocutor, since it proved his, Napoleon's, superiority over Alexander.

Balashév could make no reply to this and silently bent his head.

"Yes, in this room Wintzingerode and Stein had their consultations four days ago," Napoleon proceeded, with the same sarcastic, self-satisfied smile. "What I cannot

understand," he said, "is that Emperor Alexander has surrounded himself with all my personal enemies. I do not — understand it. Did it not occur to him that I might do likewise?" he turned questioningly to Balashév. Apparently this recollection again pushed him into the track of his morning's irritation, which was still fresh in him.

"And he ought to know that I will do so," said Napoleon, rising and pushing the cup away with his hand. "I will drive all his Würtemberg, Baden, Weimar relatives out of Germany — yes, I will. Let him prepare an asylum for them in Russia!"

Balashév inclined his head, showing by his look that he would have preferred to take his leave, and that he was listening only because he could not help listening to what was being said. Napoleon took no notice of this expression; he addressed Balashév, not as the ambassador of his enemy, but as a man who was now quite devoted to him, and who must take pleasure in hearing his former master reviled.

"Why did Emperor Alexander take the command of the Russian troops? Why? War is my business, but his is to rule, and not to command an army. Why did he take such a responsibility upon himself?"

Napoleon again took the snuff-box, silently crossed the room several times, then suddenly walked over to Balashév and with a slight smile, confidently, rapidly, and simply raised his hand to the face of the Russian general of forty years of age, as though he were doing not only an important piece of business, but something agreeable to Balashév, and taking hold of his ear, gave it a light jerk, while smiling with his lips only.

Avoir l'oreille tiré par l'empereur was regarded as the greatest honour and favour at the court of France.

"*Eh bien, vous ne dites rien, admirateur et courtisan de l'Empereur Alexandre,*" he said, as though it was too

funny to be the "*courtisan et admirateur*" of some one other than Napoleon's in his own presence. "Are the horses ready for the general?" he added, with a slight inclination of his head in response to Balashév's bow.

"Give him mine, — he has to travel a *long distance* —"

The letter which Balashév took back was the last which passed from Napoleon to Alexander. All the details of the conversation were transmitted to the Russian emperor, and the war began.

VIII.

After his meeting with Pierre in Moscow, Prince Andréy went back to St. Petersburg to attend to business, as he told his relatives, but in reality to meet there Prince Anatól Kurágin, whom he regarded it as necessary to meet. Upon his arrival he learned that Kurágin was no longer in St. Petersburg. Pierre informed his brother-in-law that Prince Andréy was coming to see him. Anatól Kurágin immediately received an appointment from the minister of war and left for the Moldavian army. At the same time, Prince Andréy met in St. Petersburg Kutúzov, his old general, who had always been favourably inclined toward him, and Kutúzov proposed to him to go to the Moldavian army, of which the old general was appointed field-marshal. Prince Andréy was attached to the staff of the headquarters and left for Turkey.

Prince Andréy thought it improper to write to Kurágin and to challenge him. Unless he had some new cause for a duel, he regarded a challenge sent by him as compromising Countess Rostóv, and so he was anxious to meet Kurágin in person, so as to get a chance of finding such a new cause. But he was just as unsuccessful in finding Kurágin in the Turkish army, for Kurágin went back to Russia the moment Prince Andréy reached Turkey.

Prince Andréy found life easier in the new country and under new conditions. After his fiancée's treason, which affected him the more forcibly the more carefully he tried to conceal the effect from all, the conditions of life under

which he had been happy were burdensome to him, and still more oppressive were to him that freedom and independence which he had valued so much before. He not only did not think his old thoughts, which had come to him for the first time as he had been looking at the sky while lying on the field of Austerlitz, which he had liked to develop with Pierre, and which had filled his solitude at Boguchárovo, and later in Switzerland and Rome; but he was even afraid to recall those ideas which revealed to him bright, endless horizons. He was now interested only in the nearest, practical affairs, which were not connected with his former life, and of which he availed himself the more eagerly, the more concealed the former affairs were from him. It was as though that immeasurable receding vault of heaven, which formerly had stood above him, had suddenly changed into a low, definite, oppressive vault, on which everything was clear, and nothing eternal and mysterious.

Of the several activities open to him, the military service was the simplest and most familiar. In his capacity as general of the day on Kutúzov's staff, he worked persistently and zealously, surprising Kutúzov by his readiness to work and by his accuracy. When he did not find Kurágin in Turkey, he did not consider it necessary to gallop back to Russia for him; at the same time he knew that, no matter how much time should pass, no matter what contempt he felt for him, in spite of all the arguments which he adduced to himself to prove that it was not worth while for him to lower himself by a personal conflict with Kurágin, he knew that, upon meeting him, he should be unable to keep from challenging him, just as a hungry man cannot keep from throwing himself upon food. This consciousness that the offence was not yet avenged, that his venom had not yet been exhausted, but was lying in his heart, poisoned that artificial calm of his, which he was trying to find in Turkey in the shape of

an assiduously busy and somewhat ambitious and vain activity.

In the year 1812, when the news of a war with Napoleon reached Bucharest, where Kutúzov had been for two months, passing his days and nights with his Wallachian woman, Prince Andréy asked the commander-in-chief to be transferred to the army of the West. Kutúzov, who was getting tired of Bolkónski and his activity, which served as a rebuke to indolence, readily permitted him to go, giving him orders for Barclay de Tolly.

Before going to the army, which in May was camping at the Drissa, Prince Andréy visited Lýsyya Góry, which was on his road, being within three versts of the Smolénsk highway. In the last three years of Prince Andréy's life there had been so many transformations and he had thought, felt, and seen so much (having travelled both in the West and the East), that he was suddenly strangely affected, at his arrival at Lýsyya Góry, by the stream of life which, down to the minutest details, had remained the same it had always been. He drove through the avenue and the stone gate of the Lýsyya Góry mansion as though he were entering an enchanted castle where all was asleep. Within there was the same austerity, the same cleanliness, the same quiet, the same furniture, the same walls, the same sounds, the same odour, and the same timid faces, only grown a little old. Princess Márya was the same timid, plain, aging old maid, who was passing the best years of her life uselessly and joylessly, in terror and eternal moral sufferings. Mlle. Bourienne was the same self-satisfied, coquettish girl, who was merrily making use of every moment of her life and was filled with the most joyous hopes. Prince Andréy thought she had become more self-satisfied. Tutor Desalles, whom he had brought with him from Switzerland, wore a coat of a Russian cut and spoke a Russian brogue with the servants, but otherwise was the same narrow-minded, cultured, vir-

tuous, pedantic educator. The old prince had changed physically in that he had lost a tooth at the side of his mouth; morally he was the same as ever, except that he looked with greater rage and incredulity upon that which was actually taking place in the world. Little Nikoláy was the only one who had grown and changed; he was ruddy and had a head of curly black hair, and, not knowing it himself, every time when he laughed and made merry, raised the upper lip of his pretty mouth in precisely the same manner that the deceased little princess used to raise hers. He was the only one who did not comply with the law of unchangeability in this enchanted, sleeping palace. Yet, though outwardly everything remained as of old, the inner relations of all these people had changed since Prince Andréy had seen them last. The household was divided into two camps, foreign and hostile to each other, which only now, on his account, met and changed their customary manner of life. To the one belonged the old prince, Mlle. Bourienne, and the architect; to the other, Princess Márya, Desalles, Nikoláy, and all the nurses.

During his stay at Lýsyya Góry, all the people of the house dined together, but all felt awkward, and Prince Andréy saw that he was a guest for whom an exception was made, and that he embarrassed all by his presence. At the dinner of the first day, Prince Andréy, who instinctively felt that to be the case, was silent, and the old prince, who observed the unnaturalness of his condition, himself grew silent and immediately after dinner went to his room. When Prince Andréy went to him in the evening and, trying to cheer him up, began to tell him about the campaign of the young Count Kámenski, the old prince suddenly changed the subject and spoke of Princess Márya, censuring her for her superstition and for her hostility to Mlle. Bourienne, who, according to his words, was the only one who was sincerely devoted to him.

The old prince said that if he was ill, Princess Márya was to blame for it; that she purposely irritated and tormented him; that she was ruining the young Prince Nikoláy with indulgence and foolish talk. He knew full well that he was tormenting his daughter and that she had a hard life with him; but he also knew that he could not help tormenting her and that she deserved it. "Why does Prince Andréy, who sees this, say nothing to me about his sister?" thought the old prince. "Does he think that I am a brute or an old fool, and that I have without cause separated myself from my daughter and cultivated the acquaintance of the Frenchwoman? He does not understand it, and so I must explain it to him, and he shall listen to me," thought the old man. And so he began to give the reasons why he could not endure his daughter's senseless character.

"Since you ask me," said Prince Andréy, without looking at his father (this was the first time in his life that he had censured his father), "I had no intention of telling you, but since you ask me, I will tell you frankly my opinion about the whole matter. If there are misunderstandings and discord between you and Márya, I can in no way accuse her, — I know how she loves and respects you. Since you ask me," continued Prince Andréy, becoming irritated, for of late he had always been prone to irritation, "I can only tell you that, if there are any misunderstandings, the cause of them is that miserable woman who ought not to be the companion of my sister."

The old man at first looked at his son with an arrested glance, and smiling revealed the new lacuna between his teeth, to which Prince Andréy was not able to get used.

"What companion, my dear? Eh? You have already had a talk with her! Eh?"

"Father, I did not wish to be a judge," Prince Andréy said, in a bilious and harsh voice, "but you have provoked me, and I have told you and will always tell you that

Princess Márya is not to blame, but that the French-woman is — "

"Ah, you have passed judgment, you have!" the old man said, in a soft voice and, as Prince Andréy thought, with some embarrassment, but then he suddenly leaped up and shouted: "Out! Out with you! Let me not see your face again!"

Prince Andréy wanted to go at once, but Princess Márya begged him to stay overnight. The rest of that day Prince Andréy did not see his father, who did not come out and who admitted no one but Mlle. Bourienne and Tíkhon, and kept asking whether his son had gone yet. On the next day, before his departure, Prince Andréy went to the apartments of his son. The sturdy little fellow, whose hair was as curly as his mother's, sat down on his knees. Prince Andréy began to tell him the fairy-tale about Bluebeard, but, before finishing it, he fell to musing. He was not thinking of the pretty boy whom he was holding upon his knees, but of himself. To his terror, he was unable to discover any repentance in himself for having irritated his father, or any regret because now for the first time in his life he was about to leave him after a quarrel. Worse than all was the thought that he was unable to discover his former tenderness toward his son, which he had hoped to rouse in himself by fondling him and taking him on his knee.

"Well, go on," said his son.

Prince Andréy, without answering him, put him down from his knees, and left the room. The moment Prince Andréy left his every-day occupations and entered into the old conditions of life, in which he had been when he was happy, the tedium of life took possession of him with its former strength, and he hastened away from these recollections and tried as soon as possible to find some work to do.

"So you are positively going away, André?" his sister asked him.

"Thank God I can leave," said Prince Andréy. "I am very sorry that you can't."

"Why do you say this?" asked Princess Márya. "Why do you say this just as you are about to leave for that terrible war, and when he is so old? Mlle. Bourienne says that he has been asking about you —"

The moment she began to say this, her lips quivered and tears began to drop. Prince Andréy turned away from her and walked up and down in the room.

"O Lord, O Lord!" he said. "Just to think what and who, what insignificant little thing, may be the cause of men's misfortune!" he said, with a malice which frightened Princess Márya.

She understood that, speaking of people whom he called "insignificant little thing," he meant not only Mlle. Bourienne, who was causing his misfortune, but also that man who had ruined his happiness.

"André, there is one thing which I beg and implore of you," she said, touching his elbow and looking at him with eyes shining through tears. "I understand you" (Princess Márya lowered her eyes). "Do not think that people have caused your grief. People are His tools." She looked a little above Prince Andréy's head, with the confident, habitual glance with which one looks at the customary place of a portrait. "Grief is sent by Him, and not by men. Men are His tools, and they are not to blame. If anybody seems to be blameworthy, forget and forgive. We have no right to punish. You will understand the happiness of forgiveness."

"If I were a woman, I would do so, Marie. It is a woman's virtue. But a man must not and cannot forget and forgive," he said, and, although he had not been thinking of Kurágin, all the unavenged fury suddenly rose in his heart. "If Princess Márya is trying to persuade me

that I should forgive, it means that I ought to have punished long ago," he thought. And, without saying anything else to Princess Márya, he began to think of that joyful, evil moment when he should meet Kurágin, who, he knew, was in the army.

Princess Márya implored her brother to wait another day and told him that she was sure that his father would be unhappy if Andréy left without having made up with him; but Prince Andréy replied that he, no doubt, would soon return from the army, that he would certainly write to his father, and that the longer he remained, the more the discord would grow.

"*Adieu, André. Rappelez-vous que les malheurs viennent de Dieu, et que les hommes ne sont jamais coupables,*" were the last words which he heard from his sister, as he parted from her.

"No doubt it must be!" thought Prince Andréy, as he drove out of the avenue of Lýsyya Góry mansion. "She, a pitiful, innocent creature, is left to be devoured by the doting old man. The old man feels that he is wrong, but cannot change himself. My boy is growing and enjoying life, in which he will be like the rest, — the deceiver or the deceived. I am going to the army, — why I do not know myself, and I wish to meet the man whom I despise, in order to give him a chance to kill me and laugh at me!" The same conditions of life had existed before, but formerly everything was connected, and now it all fell to pieces. Nothing but senseless phenomena, without any connection, passed one after the other through Prince Andréy's mind.

IX.

Prince Andréy arrived at the headquarters of the army at the end of June. The troops of the first army, with which the emperor was, were stationed in the fortified camp at the Drissa; the troops of the second army were retreating, trying to unite with the first army, from which, it was said, they were cut off by large French forces. Everybody was dissatisfied with the general course of military affairs in the Russian army; however, nobody believed that there was even danger of an incursion into the Russian Governments, nobody surmised that the war would be carried farther than the western Polish provinces.

Prince Andréy found Barclay de Tolly, to whom he was attached, on the shore of the Drissa. As there was not one large village or town in the neighbourhood of the camp, the whole immense mass of generals and courtiers, who were with the army, were stationed in a radius of ten versts, in the best houses of the hamlets, on either side of the river. Barclay de Tolly was within four versts of the emperor. He received Bolkónski coldly and dryly, and told him in his German brogue that he would report to the emperor for his definite appointment, but that in the meantime he asked him to be on his staff.

Anatól Kurágin, whom Prince Andréy had hoped to find in the army, was not there: he was in St. Petersburg, and this news was agreeable to Bolkónski. The interest of the centre of the impending great war held the attention of Prince Andréy, and he was glad to be relieved for

a time from the irritation which the thought of Kurágin produced upon him.

During the first four days, when he was not yet commanded to any place, Prince Andréy rode around the whole fortified camp, trying, by means of his knowledge and through conversations with experts, to form a definite idea about it; but the question whether the camp was advantageous or not remained unanswered by Prince Andréy. He had had enough military experience to arrive at the conviction that in matters of war the best laid plans were of no value (he had found that out in the Austerlitz campaign), that everything depended on how the sudden and unforeseen actions of the enemy were dealt with, and that all depended on how and by whom the matter was handled. In order to make the latter question clear to himself, Prince Andréy, making use of his position and acquaintanceship, tried to get at the facts as to how the army was managed and at the character of the persons and parties that took part in it, and arrived at the following conception about the state of affairs.

While the emperor was still at Vílna, the army was divided into three: the first army was under the command of Barclay de Tolly, the second under that of Bagratión, and the third under Tormásov. The emperor was with the first army, but not in the capacity of commander-in-chief. In the order it did not say that the emperor would be commanding, but only that he would be with the army. Besides, with the emperor in person was not the staff of the commander-in-chief, but the staff of the imperial headquarters. With him were the chief of the imperial staff, Quartermaster-General Prince Volkónski, generals, aids-de-camp, diplomatic officials, and a large number of foreigners, but not the staff of the army. In addition to these, there were with him men without any definite duties, such as Arakchéev, the ex-minister of war, Count Bénigsen, the oldest general in rank, Grand Duke Tsesa-

révich Konstantín Pávlovich, Count Rumyántsev, the chancellor, Stein, the ex-minister of Prussia, Armfeldt, the Swedish general, Pfuel, the chief author of the plan of the campaign, Paulucci, the adjutant-general, a Sardinian emigrant, Wolzogen, and many others. Although these persons had no military posts in the army, they had an influence upon it by dint of their positions, and frequently a chief of a corps, and even the commander-in-chief did not know in what capacity Bénigsen, or the grand duke, or Arakchéev, or Prince Volkónski, asked or advised this or that, and whether a given order in the form of advice originated in such a person or in the emperor, and whether it was necessary to obey it, or not. But that was only an external arrangement; the essential meaning of the presence of the emperor and of all these persons from the standpoint of the court (in the presence of the emperor all became courtiers) was clear to all. It was this: the emperor did not assume the appellation of commander-in-chief, but took charge of all the armies, while all the people who surrounded him were his assistants. Arakchéev was the trusty executor and guardian of order and body-guard of the emperor; Bénigsen was a landed proprietor of the Government of Vílna, who apparently was doing the honours of the country, but in reality he was a good general, useful in the council and ready at any time to take the place of Barclay de Tolly. The grand duke was there because it pleased him to be there. Ex-minister Stein was there because he was useful in the council, and because Emperor Alexander highly valued his personal qualities.

Armfeldt, the hateful enemy of Napoleon, was a self-confident general, and this always had an influence on Alexander. Paulucci was there because he was bold and decided in his speeches. The adjutants-general were there because they were everywhere where the Tsar was, and, above all, Pfuel was there because he had composed

the plan of the war against Napoleon, and, because having gained Alexander's confidence in the correctness of his judgment, he managed the whole war. With Pfuel was Wolzogen, who transmitted Pfuel's ideas in a more accessible form than Pfuel himself gave them in, — an abrupt man, self-confident to the point of contempt, and a cabinet theorist.

In addition to the above-mentioned persons, Russians and strangers (especially strangers, who, with a boldness which is characteristic of people acting in a strange *milieu*, each day proposed new, unexpected ideas), there were also a large number of men of secondary importance, who were with the army because their chiefs were there.

Among the many ideas and voices current in this immense, restless, brilliant, and proud world, Prince Andrey saw the following more clearly defined subdivisions of tendencies and parties.

The first party consisted of Pfuel and his followers, the theorists of the war, who believed in the existence of a science of war, and that in this science there were invariable laws of oblique movements, of flanking, and so forth. Pfuel and his followers demanded a retreat into the interior of the country, according to exact laws prescribed by the assumed theory of war, and in every deflection from this theory they saw only barbarism, ignorance, or evil-mindedness. To this party belonged the German princes, Wolzogen, Wintzingerode and others, chiefly Germans.

The second party was diametrically opposed to the first. As is always the case, to one extreme were opposed the representatives of another. The men of this party were those who demanded the advance into Poland from Vilna, and a full freedom of action, unhampered by any plans. Not only were the representatives of this party in favour of bold actions, but they also represented strict nationalism, which made them only more one-sided in

their disputes. The party consisted of the Russians, Bagratión, rising Ermólov, and others. During this time there was current the famous joke of Ermólov, who was said to have begged the emperor to promote him to the rank of German. The men of this party recalled Suvórov, and said that it was necessary not to think, not to puncture a map, but to fight, to strike the enemy, not to let them get into Russia, and not to allow the army to lose courage.

To the third party, in which the Tsar had most confidence, belonged the courtiers who acted as trimmers between the two parties. These men, among whom also was Arakchéev, were not military people, and they thought and said what is generally said by men who have no convictions, but wish to appear as though they had them. They maintained that no doubt the war, especially with such a genius as Bonaparte (he was again called Bonaparte), demanded profound considerations and deep scientific knowledge, and that Pfuel was a brilliant man in this respect; but that, at the same time, it should not be forgotten that theorists were frequently one-sided, and that, therefore, they could not be fully trusted, that attention ought to be paid to what Pfuel's antagonists were saying and to what practical people, who were experienced in military affairs, were saying, and that the mean of all ought to be taken. The men of this party maintained that the camp at the Drissa should be kept, but that the movements of all the other armies be changed. They thought that it was better so, although neither the one nor the other end was attained by it.

The fourth tendency was the one of which the most prominent representative was the grand duke, the heir apparent, who could not forget his disenchantment at Austerlitz, where he had ridden out in front of the Guard in helmet and collet, hoping in a dashing manner to crush the French, and, accidentally getting into the first line,

had with difficulty saved himself from the general confusion. The men of this party had in their judgments both the quality and the defect of sincerity. They were afraid of Napoleon, saw strength in him and weakness in themselves, and frankly confessed their fears. They said: "Nothing but grief, shame, and ruin will come of all this! We have abandoned Vílna and Vítebsk, and we shall also abandon the Drissa. The only sensible thing that there is left for us to do, is to conclude a peace, and that, too, as quickly as possible, before we are driven out of St. Petersburg!"

This view, which was wide-spread in the higher spheres of the army, had its support in St. Petersburg and in Chancellor Rumyántsev, who was for peace for other state reasons.

The fifth were the partisans of Barclay de Tolly, not only as a man, but also as minister of war and commander-in-chief. They said: "Whatever he be" (they always began thus), "he is an honest, active man, and there is no better man than he. Give him real power, for the war cannot be successful without a uniform command, and he will show what he can do, as he has in Finland. If our army is well organized and strong and has retreated to the Drissa, without having suffered any defeat, we owe this to Barclay de Tolly. If now Barclay is to be supplanted by Bénigsen, all will be ruined, because Bénigsen showed his incapacity in the year 1807."

The sixth, the adherents of Bénigsen, on the contrary, said that, in spite of all, there was no one who was more active and more experienced than Bénigsen, and that, twist as you may, you will have to come back to him. "Let them now make blunders," and the men of this party proved that our retreat to the Drissa was a most disgraceful defeat and a continuous series of blunders, "the more such blunders they make, the better, — at least they will soon come to understand that it is not possible to proceed

in this manner," they said. "What is needed is not a Barclay, or some such man, but one of Bénigsen's type, who had already shown himself in 1807, to whom Napoleon had done justice, and to whom the power would readily be conceded, in short, no other than Bénigsen."

The seventh consisted of persons who are generally to be found about a young emperor and of whom there was an especially large number about Emperor Alexander, generals and aids-de-camp, who were passionately devoted to the Tsar, worshipping him sincerely and disinterestedly, not as the emperor, but as a man, just as Rostóv had worshipped him in 1805, and who saw in him, not only all human virtues, but also all human qualities. Though these persons admired the modesty of the emperor, who had refused the command of the armies, they censured his excessive modesty, and wished and insisted that the emperor should abandon his excessive diffidence and should openly announce that he stationed himself at the head of the army, that he should form the staff headquarters of the commander-in-chief, and, taking counsel, where necessary, with experienced theorists and practical men, should himself lead his troops, which would be thus brought to the highest degree of exaltation!

The eighth was the largest group of men, which by its enormous numbers stood to the others in the relation of ninety-nine to one, and consisted of men who wanted neither peace nor war, nor offensive movements, nor a defensive camp at the Drissa, nor anywhere else, nor Barclay, nor the emperor, nor Pfuel, nor Bénigsen; they cared only for one essential thing, — to obtain as many personal advantages and pleasures as possible. In that turbid water of conflicting and tangled intrigues, which swarmed at the headquarters of the emperor, one could succeed in many things, which at any other time would have been impossible. One, not wishing to lose the comfortable position which he was occupying, to-day

agreed with Pfuel, to-morrow with his opponent, and on the next day affirmed that he had no opinion on a certain subject, only that he might avoid responsibility and please the emperor. Another, wishing to gain some advantage, directed the emperor's attention to himself, loudly proclaiming that which the emperor had hinted on the previous day, disputing and shouting in the council, striking his breast, and challenging his opponents to a duel, by which he gave satisfactory proof that he was prepared to sacrifice himself for the common good. A third, in the interval between two councils and in the absence of his enemies, simply begged for some stipend in recognition of his faithful service, knowing full well that there was no time to refuse his request. A fourth kept accidentally getting into the emperor's way and appearing overwhelmed by work. A fifth, to obtain a long desired invitation to the emperor's dinner, furiously defended or attacked a newly expressed opinion, and for this purpose adduced more or less strong and just proofs.

All the men of this party caught roubles, crosses, and ranks, and in this hunt followed only the direction of the weather-vane of the imperial favour. The moment they noticed that the weather-vane had turned to one side, all this drone population of the army began to blow in the same direction, so that it became difficult for the emperor to turn it around. Amidst the indefiniteness of the situation and the imminent and serious danger, which gave to everything a peculiarly agitated character, amidst this whirl of intrigues, self-love, conflicts, varied views and feelings, amidst the heterogeneity of nations composing this class, the eighth, the largest of all parties, which was occupied with its personal interests, made the course of the whole matter more complicated and more confused. No matter what question arose, the swarm of these drones, without having finished their trumpeting on the previous theme, flew over to the new, and with their buzzing

drowned and more and more confused the voices of those who were discussing matters sincerely.

Just as Prince Andréy reached the army, there arose out of these parties another, the ninth, which was beginning to make itself heard. It was the party of old, sensible, statesmanlike men who, without sharing any of the conflicting views, knew how to look in the abstract at everything which was taking place at the staff of the headquarters, and to consider means for coming out of this indefiniteness, indecision, entanglement, and weakness.

The men of this party said and believed that everything bad was mainly due to the presence of the emperor with his military court, and that the indefinite, conventional, and wavering frailness of relations, which was convenient at court, but harmful to the army, had been transferred there; that the emperor ought to rule, but not direct the troops; that the only issue from this situation was the departure of the emperor with his court; that the presence of the emperor paralyzed the action of fifty thousand soldiers who were necessary to secure his personal safety; that the worst independent commander-in-chief would be better than the best, who was embarrassed by the presence and power of the emperor.

While Prince Andréy was living unattached at the Drissa camp, Shishkóv, the secretary of state, who was one of the representatives of this party, wrote the emperor a letter, which Balashév and Arakchéev agreed to sign. Having been granted permission by the Tsar to discuss the general course of the war, he respectfully proposed to the emperor that he leave the army, under the pretext that he was needed in the capital, in order to animate its population to the war.

To stir the people and to invite them to defend the country, to cause the outburst of enthusiasm (such as had been produced in Moscow by the presence of the

Tsar), which was to become the chief cause of Russia's triumph, was a duty which was left to the emperor and which he accepted as his excuse for departing from the army.

X.

THIS letter had not yet been handed to the Tsar, when Barclay at dinner informed Bolkónski that the emperor wished to see him, in order to ask him some questions about Turkey, and that Prince Andréy was to appear at Bénigsen's quarters at six o'clock in the evening.

On that same day news was received at the Tsar's headquarters about a new movement of Napoleon, which might be perilous to the army, — news which later proved to be unfounded. On the same morning, Colonel Michaud examined with the emperor the fortifications at the Drissa, proving to him that this fortified camp, which had been constructed by Pfuel and which until then had been regarded as the chef-d'œuvre of tactical science and which was to ruin Napoleon, — that this camp was a piece of stupidity and would be the ruin of the Russian army.

Prince Andréy arrived at the quarters of General Bénigsen, who was occupying a small house of a landed proprietor on the very bank of the river. Neither Bénigsen nor the emperor was there; but Chernyshév, the Tsar's aid-de-camp, received Bolkónski and informed him that the emperor had gone out, for the second time that day, with General Bénigsen and Marquis Paulucci, in order to examine the fortifications of the Drissa camp, about the utility of which they were beginning to have serious doubts.

Chernyshév was sitting with a French novel at a window of the first room. This room had, no doubt, once been a parlour; in it still stood an organ, over which were

thrown some rugs, and in one corner of it was the folding bed of Bénigsen's adjutant. The adjutant was there. He was apparently tired out from the effects of a banquet or of work, was sitting on the folded bedclothes, and dozing. Two doors led out of the parlour: one opened into that which once had been a drawing-room, while the other, on the right, led to the cabinet. Through the first door could be heard voices of men speaking in German and now and then in French. There, in the former drawing-room, were gathered, at the emperor's request, not a council of war (the Tsar was fond of indefiniteness), but a few persons whose opinion, in the impending trouble, he wished to know. It was not a council of war, but, as it were, a council of men chosen to explain certain questions personally to the emperor. To this informal council had been invited the Swedish General Armfeldt, Adjutant-General Wolzogen, Wintzingerode, whom Napoleon had called a fugitive French subject, Michaud, Toll, Count Stein, who was not at all a military man, and, finally, Pfuel himself, who, as Prince Andréy had heard, was "*le cheville ouvrière*" of the whole affair. Prince Andréy had a good chance to study him because Pfuel arrived soon after him, and, having talked a minute with Chernyshév, passed to the drawing-room.

At first sight, Pfuel, in his badly made uniform of a Russian general, which sat loosely on him as though he were in disguise, appeared familiar to Prince Andréy, though he had never seen him. There was in him something of Weyrother, and Mack, and Schmidt, and many other German theoretical generals, whom Prince Andréy had seen in the year 1805; but he was more typical than they. He had never before seen such a German theorist, who united in his person all that was in those other Germans.

Pfuel was not tall, and was very lean, but broad-boned, of a coarse, sound, bodily structure, with a broad pelvis

and bony shoulders. His face was very wrinkled and had deep-set eyes. His hair had apparently been hastily combed in front, over the temples, with a brush, but in the back it naïvely towered in tufts. Upon entering, he looked restlessly and angrily about him, as though he were afraid for everything in the large room where he was. Holding his sword, he, with an awkward motion, turned to Chernyshév, asking him in German where the emperor was. Evidently he wanted to pass through the rooms as quickly as possible, to get done with the bowing and greeting, and to sit down to work over the map, where he felt himself in his place. He hurriedly shook his head in response to Chernyshév's words and smiled sarcastically, as he listened to his words about the emperor's examining the fortifications which he, Pfuel, had constructed according to his theory. He muttered something in a bass, abrupt voice, such as self-confident Germans speak in; it was something like, "*Dummkopf*" or "*Zu Grunde die ganze Geschichte*" or "*'S wird was Gescheites draus werden.*" Prince Andréy did not make out what he said, and wanted to pass by him, but Chernyshév introduced Prince Andréy to Pfuel, remarking that Prince Andréy was just back from Turkey where the war had been ended so successfully. Pfuel barely looked up, not so much at Prince Andréy, as past him, and said, laughing: "*Da muss ein schöner taktischer Krieg gewesen sein!*" Laughing a contemptuous laugh, he walked into the room whence the voices were heard.

It was evident that Pfuel, who was always ready to become ironically irritated, was now particularly excited because they had taken the liberty of examining the camp without him, and of censuring him. Prince Andréy, thanks to his Austerlitz recollections, from this one short meeting with Pfuel formed a clear conception of the man's character. Pfuel was hopelessly, unchangeably, to the point of martyrdom, self-conscious, one of those men

who are found only among the Germans, for the reason that only the Germans are self-conscious on the basis of an abstract idea, of science, that is, of a supposed knowledge of the complete truth. A Frenchman is self-conscious because he reveres his mind and his body, which he regards as invincibly enchanting both to men and women. An Englishman is self-conscious on the ground of his being a citizen of the best regulated government in the world, and because, as an Englishman, he always knows what has to be done, and that all which he, as an Englishman, is doing, is good. An Italian is self-conscious because he is agitated and easily forgets himself and others. A Russian is self-conscious for the very reason that he does not know anything and does not wish to know anything, and because he does not believe that it is possible to know anything. A German is self-confident in a worse, firmer, and more disgusting manner than the rest, because he imagines that he knows the truth, — the science, which he has himself invented, but which to him is the absolute truth. Such apparently was Pfuel. He had a science, — the theory of oblique movement, which he had deduced from the wars of Frederick the Great, and everything which he found in modern military history appeared to him as insipidity, barbarism, a monstrous conflict, in which so many mistakes were made on both sides that these wars could not be called wars: they did not fit in with the theory, and could not serve as subjects of science.

In the year 1806, Pfuel had been one of the authors of the plan of the war which ended with Jena and Auerstädt; but in the result of it he did not see the least proof of the irregularity of his theory. On the contrary, the departures from his theory, according to his idea, were the only cause of the whole failure, and he said, with his characteristic merry irony, "*Ich sagte ja, dass die ganze Geschichte zum Teufel gehen werde!*" Pfuel

was one of those theorists who so love their theory that they forget its aim, — its application to practice; out of love for the theory he despised all practice, and did not want to hear a word about it. He really took delight in a failure, because such a failure, due to departures in practice from the theory, only proved to him the justice of his theory.

He had said a few words to Prince Andrey and Chernyshev about the impending war, with the expression of a man who knows in advance that everything will be bad, and who is not even dissatisfied with it. The uncombed tufts of hair which towered on the back of his head and the hastily brushed locks proved this most eloquently.

He passed to the other room, from which came immediately the grumbling bass sounds of his voice.

XI.

PRINCE ANDRÉY was still following Pfuel with his eyes, when Count Bénigsen hastily entered the room and, merely nodding to Bolkónski and without stopping, walked into the cabinet, where he gave his adjutant some orders. The Tsar was coming after him, and Bénigsen had hastened ahead in order to prepare a few things and be ready to receive the emperor. Chernyshév and Prince Andréy went out on the porch. The emperor looked tired as he dismounted from his horse. Marquis Paulucci was speaking to him. The emperor, bending his head to the left, was listening with a dissatisfied look to Paulucci, who was speaking with great animation. The Tsar moved forward, evidently wishing to end the conversation; but the Italian, red with excitement and forgetting all propriety, followed him and kept saying:

"*Quant à celui qui a conseillé ce camp, le camp de Drissa,*" said Paulucci, just as the emperor ascended the steps and, noticing Prince Andréy, began to gaze at the unfamiliar face.

"*Quant à celui, Sire,*" continued Paulucci, in a tone of despair, as though unable to contain himself any longer, "*qui a conseillé le camp de Drissa, je ne vois pas d'autre alternative que la maison jaune ou le gibet.*"

Without waiting to hear all the Italian had to say, the emperor, who had in the meantime recognized Bolkónski, graciously turned to him:

"I am very glad to see you. Go where they are all gathered, and wait for me!"

The empetor went to the cabinet. He was followed by Prince Peter Mikháylovich Volkónski and Baron Stein, and the door was closed after him. Prince Andréy, taking advantage of the permission granted him by the Tsar, went with Paulucci, whom he had known in Turkey, to the drawing-room, where the council was meeting.

Prince Peter Mikháylovich Volkónski occupied a position which might be called that of chief of the emperor's staff. He came out of the cabinet and, taking some maps to the drawing-room and spreading them out there, put the questions to which he wished to hear the opinion of the gentlemen assembled; in the night there had been received the news (which later proved false) that the French were advancing in order to surround the Drissa camp.

The first one to speak was General Armfeldt, who, to escape the impending difficulty, suddenly proposed an entirely new, inexplicable position, to one side of the St. Petersburg and Moscow roads, where, in his opinion, the army should unite and wait for the enemy. This plan could not be explained on any other ground than by his desire to show that he, too, had an opinion. It was evident that it had been made long before by Armfeldt, and that he was now expounding it not so much for the purpose of answering the questions which had been put, with which the plan had nothing to do, as for the purpose of using the opportunity for expressing his view. It was one of a million propositions which could have been made with just as much reason, without having the least idea what character the war would assume. A few opposed his view, others defended it. The young Colonel Toll disputed the opinion of the Swedish general more excitedly than the rest and, during the discussion, took a well-filled manuscript out of his side pocket, and asked permission to read it. In this elaborate exposition, Toll proposed another plan, which was diametrically opposed

to Armfeldt's and Pfuel's plans of the campaign. Paulucci, retorting to Toll, proposed a plan of a forward movement and attack, which alone, so he said, could take us out of uncertainty and out of the trap, as he called the Drissa camp, in which we then were.

Pfuel and his interpreter Wolzogen, who acted as a kind of a bridge in his relations with the court, were silent during the discussion. Pfuel only snorted disdainfully and turned his face away to show that he would never lower himself so far as to reply to all the nonsense which he was hearing. But when Prince Volkónski, who guided the discussion, invited him to express his opinion, he only said:

"Why ask me? General Armfeldt has proposed a superb position with an open rear, or you have the attack *von diesem italienischen Herrn. Sehr schön.* Or a retreat. *Auch gut.* Why ask me, then? You know everything better than I do."

But when Volkónski, frowning, said that he was asking for his opinion in the name of the emperor, Pfuel rose and suddenly said, with animation:

"They have spoiled everything and mixed everything up, and wanted to know everything better than I do, and now they come to me to ask me how to mend matters. There is nothing to mend. All that is necessary is to execute orders precisely on the lines indicated by me," he said, knocking the table with his bony fingers. "Where is the difficulty? Nonsense, *Kinderspiel!*"

He went up to a map and began to speak rapidly, pointing with his lean finger on the map, and proving that no accident could change the usefulness of the Drissa camp, that everything had been foreseen, and that, if the enemy really meant to surround the camp, they would certainly be destroyed.

Paulucci, who did not understand German, began to put questions to him in French. Wolzogen came to the assist-

ance of his chief, who spoke French badly, and began to translate his words, with difficulty following Pfuel, who spoke hurriedly as he explained that everything, everything, not only everything which had happened, but which might happen, everything had been provided for in his plan, and that, if there were any difficulties, the fault was that his orders had not been carried out with precision. He kept smiling ironically, and proved, and finally ceased proving, with a contemptuous look, just as a mathematician gives up verifying by different methods the once proved correctness of a problem. Wolzogen was his representative, expounding his ideas in French and now and then saying to Pfuel: *"Nicht wahr, Excellenz?"* Pfuel, like a man who gets excited in a battle and strikes his own people, kept shouting angrily at his own Wolzogen:

"Nun ja, was soll denn da noch expliziert werden?"

Paulucci and Michaud together attacked Wolzogen in French. Armfeldt addressed Pfuel in German. Toll explained things to Prince Volkónski in Russian. Prince Andréy listened silently and made his observations.

Of all these persons, the most sympathetic to Prince Andréy was the irascible, determined, and senselessly self-confident Pfuel. He was apparently the only one of all the persons present who did not wish anything for himself and who had no personal enmities, but only wished for one thing, — the materialization of his plan, based on a theory which had been deduced by years of labour. He was ridiculous and disagreeable with his irony, but, at the same time, he inspired one with involuntary respect on account of his boundless devotion to an idea. Besides, in the speeches of all those who spoke, except in Pfuel's speech, there was one common feature, which had not been in the military council of the year 1805: it was an ill-disguised, panic terror before Napoleon's genius, which was betrayed in every expression. Everything was regarded as possible to Napoleon; he was expected from

all sides, and with his terrible name they annihilated each other's suppositions. Pfuel seemed to be the only one who regarded Napoleon as just such a barbarian as all the opponents of his theory.

But, in addition to the feeling of respect, Pfuel inspired Prince Andréy also with a feeling of pity. To judge from the tone in which the courtiers addressed him, and from what Paulucci had allowed himself to say to the emperor, but, above all, from a certain despair perceptible in Pfuel's own expressions, it was evident that the others knew, and he himself felt, that his fall was near at hand. And so, in spite of his self-confidence and German grumbling and irony, he was pitiable, with his well-brushed hair over his forehead and his towering tufts in the back of his head. Though he, apparently, concealed this under the guise of irritation and contempt, he was in despair, because the only chance which he had to verify his theory on a grand scale, and to prove to the whole world its correctness, was slipping away from him.

The discussions lasted for a long time, and the longer they lasted, the more excited the men became, having recourse to shouting and to personalities, and the less it became possible to come to any general conclusion from all that had been said. Prince Andréy, listening to this Babel of tongues and to these propositions, plans, refutals, and shouts, only wondered what it was they were talking about. The ideas, which had assailed him long ago, during his military activity, that there was no such a thing as a military science, and that there could be none, and that, consequently, there could not be what is called a military genius, now appeared to him as manifest truth.

"What theory and science can there be in a matter, the conditions and circumstances of which are unknown and cannot be defined, and in which the acting forces of the war are still less definable? Nobody has known or can

know, in what position our army and that of the enemy will be in a day, and nobody can tell what the strength of this or that detachment may be. At times, when there is no coward in front, who will shout, 'We are cut off!' and will run, but when there is, instead, a bold, cheerful fellow, who will shout, 'Hurrah!' a detachment of five thousand will be worth another of thirty thousand, as was the case at Schöngraben; while at other times fifty thousand soldiers will run away from eight thousand, as was the case at Austerlitz. How can there be a science in a matter, in which, as in every practical matter, nothing can be determined, and everything depends on an endless number of conditions, the significance of which is determined at a minute, which will arrive no one knows when? Armfeldt says that our army is cut off, and Paulucci maintains that we have placed the French army between two fires; Michaud says that the defect of the Drissa camp is due to the fact that the river is in the rear, and Pfuel says that that is its strength. Toll proposes one plan, and Armfeldt proposes another; and all are good, and all are bad, and the advantages of any proposition will become manifest only at the moment when the event takes place. Why do all say that there is a military genius? Is the man who knows how to order in time to have the hardtack supplied, and to send this one to the right and that one to the left, a genius, merely because military men are clad in splendour and vested with power, and the masses of the scoundrels flatter power and improperly attach to it the qualities of genius? On the contrary, the best generals whom I have known are either stupid or absent-minded men. The best of them is Bagratión, — Napoleon himself has regarded him as such. And Bonaparte himself? I remember the self-satisfied and blunt expression of his face on the field of Austerlitz. A good general not only needs no genius, or any other special qualities, but, on the

contrary, he needs an absence of all the highest and best human qualities, — love, poetry, tenderness, and philosophic and inquisitive doubt. He must be narrow and firmly convinced that what he is doing is very important (otherwise his patience will give way), and then only will he be a brave general. God forfend that he should be human, and love and pity any one, and think of what is right or wrong! Naturally the theory of genius was invented for such men in ancient times, because they are a power. The success of a military affair does not depend on them, but on the man who in the ranks calls out, 'We are lost!' or, 'Hurrah!' It is only in the ranks that one can serve with the conviction that one is useful!"

Thus thought Prince Andréy, as he listened to the discussion, and he was roused from his reflections only when Paulucci called him, and all began to depart.

On the following day, at the review, the emperor asked Prince Andréy where he wished to serve, and Prince Andréy was for ever lost to the court, since he did not ask to be left near the person of the emperor, but begged permission to serve in the army.

XII.

BEFORE the beginning of the campaign, Rostóv had received a letter from his parents, in which he was briefly informed of Natásha's illness and of the rupture with Prince Andréy (it was explained to him on the ground of Natásha's refusal), and he was again asked to take his dismissal and return home. Upon receiving this letter, Nikoláy did not even make an attempt at getting a furlough or dismissal, but only wrote to his parents that he was sorry for Natásha's illness and rupture with her fiancé, and that he would do everything in his power to fulfil their wish. To Sónya he wrote separately:

"ADORED FRIEND OF MY SOUL: — Nothing but honour could keep me from returning to the country; but now, before the beginning of the campaign, I should consider myself disgraced, not only in the eyes of my comrades, but even in my own opinion, if I preferred my happiness to my duty and love of country. This is our last separation! Believe me, as soon as the war is over, if I am alive and still loved by you, I shall throw up everything and fly to you, in order to press you for ever to my flaming breast."

Indeed, it was only the opening of the campaign which detained Rostóv and kept him from returning, as he had promised, and marrying Sónya. The autumn at Otrádnoe, with its chase, and the winter, with the Christmas holidays and with Sónya's love, opened to him a per-

spective of quiet country squire pleasures and calm, which he had not known before, and which now enticed him. "An excellent wife, children, a good pack of hounds, ten or twelve leashes of swift greyhounds, neighbours, duties connected with the elections!" he thought. But now the campaign was on, and he had to remain in the regiment. And as this was a matter of necessity, Nikoláy Rostóv, by his natural disposition, was satisfied with the life which he was leading in the army, and knew how to make this life agreeable for himself.

After his return from his furlough, Nikoláy had been received with joy by his comrades, and then he was sent for remounts. He brought with him from Little-Russia some very fine horses, which gave him pleasure and earned him praises from his superiors. During his absence he was promoted to the rank of captain, and when the regiment was placed on a war footing, with an increased complement, he again received his old squadron.

The campaign began. The regiment was moved into Poland; double pay was now given; there arrived new officers, new men, new horses; and, above all, there was abroad that joyful animation which always exists in the beginning of a war. Rostóv, conscious of his advantageous position in the army, abandoned himself entirely to the pleasures and interests of the military service, though he knew that sooner or later he would have to give them up.

The troops retreated from Vílna for various complex, political, and tactical reasons, and reasons of state. Every step of the retreat was accompanied by a complicated game of interests, ratiocinations, and passions at the head staff. But for the hussars of the Pavlográdski regiment, all this retrogressive campaign, at the best season of the year, with sufficient supplies, was a very simple and agreeable matter. It was only at headquarters that they despaired, were restless, and intrigued; but in

the army itself they did not ask whither they were going, or for what purpose. If they did feel sorry to retreat, it was because they hated to leave a comfortable room, or a pretty Polish lass. If it did occur to this or that man that affairs were in a bad shape, such a one, as was proper for a military man, tried to be jolly and not to think of the general course of events, but only to busy himself about his immediate affairs.

At first they had been pleasantly located near Vílna, where they became acquainted with the Polish landed proprietors, and waited for and went through reviews for the emperor and other superior commanders. Then came the order to retreat to Sventsyány and to destroy the provisions which they could not carry with them. Sventsyány was memorable to the hussars because it was a "drunken camp," as the whole army had called the halt there, and because in Sventsyány there were many complaints against the army because, having received orders to levy provision, they took away horses, carriages, and carpets from the Polish proprietors. Rostóv remembered Sventsyány because, on the first day after entering the little town, he changed his sergeant-major and could not get along with the extremely drunken soldiers of the squadron, who without his knowledge had carried off five kegs of old beer. From Sventsyány they retreated more and more, to the Drissa, and from the Drissa they again retreated, toward the Russian border.

On July 13th the Pavlográdski regiment was for the first time in a serious engagement. On the previous night there had been a severe storm with rain and hail. The summer of 1812 was, altogether, remarkable for its storms. Two squadrons of the Pavlográdski regiment were bivouacked in the middle of a field of rye, which had been standing in full ear, but now was completely tramped out by the cattle and the horses. The rain came down in sheets. Rostóv and a young officer, Ilín,

who was under his protection, were sitting in a tent which had been pitched in a hurry. An officer of their regiment, with a long moustache, which was continued from his cheeks, on his way back from the staff and caught in the rain, went in to see Rostóv.

"Count, I am just coming back from the staff. Have you heard of Raévski's exploit?" And the officer proceeded to tell the details of the battle at Saltánovka, of which he had heard at the staff.

Rostóv shrugged his shoulders, as the water was running down his neck, and smoked a pipe. He listened inattentively, and now and then looked at the young officer, Ilín, who was pressing close to him. This officer, a boy of sixteen years, who had but lately entered the regiment, was now to Nikoláy what Nikoláy himself had been to Denísov seven years before. Ilín tried to imitate Rostóv in everything, and loved him as only women love.

The officer with the double moustache, Zdrzhínski, told them in pompous language that the dam at Saltánovka was the Thermopylæ of the Russians, because on that dam General Raévski had done an act worthy of antiquity. Zdrzhínski told them how Raévski had taken his two sons out on the dam, while a terrible fire was poured on them, and how he went with them to the attack. Rostóv listened to the story, and not only said nothing to confirm Zdrzhínski in his enthusiasm, but, on the contrary, had the aspect of a man who is ashamed of what he is being told, though he does not intend to make any reply. Rostóv knew, from personal experience, after his campaigns at Austerlitz and in the year 1807, that people always lie when they tell of military events, just as he himself used to prevaricate; in the second place, he was experienced enough to know that things did not take place in battles as we imagine them, or could tell about them. For this reason he did not like Zdrzhínski's story, just as he did not like Zdrzhínski himself, who, with his moustache

extending to his cheeks, was in the habit of bending low over the face of the person to whom he was talking, and was crowding him in his tent. Rostóv looked at him in silence.

"In the first place, there must have been such a tangle and disorder on the dam which was being attacked that, if Raévski really took out his sons, this could not have had any effect on any more than ten of the nearest men," thought Rostóv, "while the others could not even have seen with whom Raévski was walking over the dam. And even those who saw them could not have been very much inspired, because what could they care for the tender feelings of a father, when their own hides were in danger? Then again, whether the dam of Saltánovka was taken or not, it could have no effect upon the fate of the country, as was the case with Thermopylæ. Consequently, what sense was there in bringing such a sacrifice? Then again, what have one's own children to do in the war? I myself not only would not think of taking Pétya out, but would even try to place Ilín, this good boy, who is a stranger to me, somewhere in a protected place," Rostóv continued to think, as he listened to Zdrzhínski.

He did not utter his thoughts, experience having taught him the futility of it. He knew that this story had had the effect of glorifying our arms, and so it was necessary to look as though one did not doubt the story. And so he did.

"Really, I can't stand it any longer," said Ilín, who had noticed that Rostóv did not like Zdrzhínski's conversation, "my stockings and shirt are wet, and the water is running on my seat. I will go and look for a dry place. It seems the rain has let up."

Ilín went out, and Zdrzhínski departed.

Five minutes later Ilín, splashing through the mud, ran up to the tent.

"Hurrah! Rostóv, let us go quick! I have found it!

About two hundred steps from here there is a tavern, and our officers are there already. We shall at least get dry, and Márya Genríkhovna is there."

Márya Genríkhovna was the wife of the doctor of the regiment. She was a pretty young German woman, whom the doctor had married in Poland. The doctor, either because he had no means, or because during the first of his married life he did not wish to be separated from his young wife, took her along with the regiment of hussars, and his jealousy had become the common subject of jokes among the officers of hussars.

Rostóv threw a cloak over him, called Lavrúshka, telling him to take his things along, and went with Ilín, now tottering in the mud, now splashing in the puddles, through the darkness of the night, which was occasionally broken by distant lightning. The rain was letting up.

"Rostóv, where are you?"

"Here. What a flash of lightning!" he answered.

XIII.

In the tavern, in front of which stood the doctor's cart, there were already five officers. Márya Genríkhovna, a plump blond German woman, in dressing-sack and night-cap, was sitting in the front corner on a broad bench. Her husband, the doctor, was sleeping back of her. Rostóv and Ilín entered the room and were received with merry acclamations and loud laughter.

"Oho! You are having a jolly time!" Rostóv said, laughing.

"And why are you so gloomy?"

"They look fine! See how the water is running off them! Don't get our drawing-room wet!"

"Don't soil Márya Genríkhovna's garments!" said some one else.

Rostóv and Ilín hastened to find a corner where, without offending Márya Genríkhovna's modesty, they might take off their wet clothes. They went behind a partition; but the small store-room was completely filled by three officers who, with a candle placed on an empty box, were playing cards, and were unwilling to yield their places on any conditions. Márya Genríkhovna for a time let them have her skirt, which was used as a curtain, and behind it Rostóv and Ilín, with the help of Lavrúshka, who had brought the baggage, took off their wet, and put on dry, clothes.

A fire was made in the dilapidated stove. A board was found, which was firmly placed on two saddles; this

was covered with a piece of cloth, then a small samovár, a lunch-basket, and half a bottle of rum were brought out, and Márya Genríkhovna was asked to be the hostess. All crowded around her. One offered her a clean handkerchief with which to wipe her charming little hands; another placed his Hungarian coat under her feet, in order to keep them from getting damp; a third hung his overcoat over the window, so as to keep out the draught; while a fourth kept the flies away from her husband's face, that he might not wake up.

"Leave him alone," said Márya Genríkhovna, smiling timidly and with an expression of happiness, "he will sleep well anyway after a wakeful night."

"I cannot help it, Márya Genríkhovna," replied the officer, "I must do the doctor a service. Maybe he will be merciful with me when he has to cut off a hand or foot of mine."

There were only three glasses in all; the water was so dirty that it was impossible to decide whether the tea was strong or weak, and the samovár held only six glasses; but it was so much the more pleasant to receive one's glass in turn, by seniority, from the plump hands of Márya Genríkhovna, with her short, not scrupulously clean, nails. All the officers on that evening really seemed to be in love with her. Even the officers who were playing cards behind the partition soon gave up the game and came out to the samovár, falling in with the universal mood of paying court to Márya Genríkhovna. Seeing herself surrounded by such brilliant and polite young men, she beamed with happiness, no matter how much she tried to conceal it, and no matter how much she apparently felt embarrassed at every motion of her husband who was sleeping behind her.

There was but one spoon. There was plenty of sugar, but as no one stirred it well, it was decided that she should stir the sugar for each in succession. Having

received his glass, Rostóv added some rum to it and asked Márya Genríkhovna to stir it for him.

"But you have no sugar," she said, smiling all the time, as though everything which she said and which the others said were exceedingly funny and had another meaning, too.

"I do not care so much for the sugar as that you should stir it with your little hand."

Márya Genríkhovna agreed to do so, and started to look for the spoon, which somebody else had taken away.

"You stir it with your little finger, Márya Genríkhovna," said Rostóv, "it will be so much the more agreeable."

"It is hot!" said Márya Genríkhovna, blushing from pleasurable excitement.

Ilín took a bucket with water, and, dropping some rum into it, came to Márya Genríkhovna and asked her to stir that with her little finger.

"This is my cup," he said. "Just put in your little finger and I will drink it all."

When the samovár was emptied, Rostóv took a pack of cards and proposed playing "kings" with Márya Genríkhovna. A lot was cast to see who should play with Márya Genríkhovna. According to Rostóv's proposition, it was the rule of the game that the "king" should kiss her hand, and that he who should be the booby should prepare a samovár for the doctor, when he awoke.

"Well, and if Márya Genríkhovna is the king?" asked Ilín.

"She is a queen as it is, and her commands are law."

The game had just begun, when back of Márya Genríkhovna suddenly rose the dishevelled head of the doctor. He had not been sleeping for some time, and had been listening to what was being said, and apparently found nothing jolly, funny, or entertaining in anything that was being done or said. His face was sad and gloomy. He

did not greet the officers, but only scratched himself and asked permission to go out, as his way was barred. The moment he had left, all the officers burst into loud guffaws, and Márya Genríkhovna blushed till the tears came, and thus, to the thinking of the officers, became more attractive than before. After returning from the outside, the doctor informed his wife, who no longer had such a happy smile, and was looking at him in fright, waiting for her sentence, that the rain had passed and that it was necessary to go to the cart to sleep, or else everything would be carried off.

"But I will send an orderly there, or even two of them," said Rostóv. "Don't say that, doctor!"

"I will myself stand sentinel!" said Ilín.

"No, gentlemen, you have had your sleep, but I have not slept for two nights," said the doctor. He sat down gloomily by the side of his wife, waiting for the end of the game.

Looking at the sullen face of the doctor, as he kept glancing awry at his wife, the officers felt merrier still, and many of them were unable to keep from laughing, for which they endeavoured to discover some proper reasons. When the doctor went out with his wife and placed her in the cart, the officers lay down in the tavern and covered themselves with their wet overcoats; but it was a long time before they fell asleep, for they were recalling the doctor's fright and his wife's merriment, or some one ran out on the porch to find out what was going on in the cart. Rostóv several times wrapped up his head and wanted to fall asleep; but again somebody's remark distracted him, again they started a conversation, and again there was heard groundless, merry, childish laughter.

XIV.

At three o'clock nobody was asleep yet, when a sergeant-major came with an order to move to the town of Ostróvna.

Talking and laughing as merrily as before, the officers began to get ready hurriedly; again the samovár was prepared with dirty water. But Rostóv did not wait for the tea, and went at once to his squadron. Day was breaking; the rain had stopped, the clouds were dispersing. It was damp and cold, and especially so in wet clothes. Leaving the tavern, Rostóv and Ilín peered in the twilight into the leather-covered cart which looked shining from the rain, and out of the boot of which towered the doctor's feet, while in the middle could be seen his wife's cap resting on a pillow, and could be heard the even breathing of sleep.

"Really, she is very charming!" Rostóv said to Ilín, who came out with him.

"A superb woman!" Ilín replied, with the seriousness of a boy of sixteen years.

Half an hour later the squadron was drawn up on the road. The command was given, and the soldiers made the sign of the cross and began to mount. Rostóv rode out in front and commanded, "March!" and the hussars, forming in rows of four, with a splash of their horses' feet on the wet road, with the clanking of sabres, and with quiet conversations, moved along the birch-lined highway, behind the infantry and battery, which preceded them.

The tattered lilac clouds, crimsoning in the east, were

rapidly driven by the wind. It was growing lighter and lighter. One could clearly see the curly grass, which always grows on the country roads, and which was still wet from the rain of the previous day; the pendent boughs of the birches, themselves wet, swayed in the wind and cast bright drops sidewise on the ground. The faces of the soldiers could be told more and more distinctly. Rostóv was riding with Ilín, who did not leave him, on one side of the road, between two rows of birches.

Rostóv took the liberty of riding during the campaign, not an army, but a Cossack horse. Being a connoisseur in horse-flesh, he had succeeded in providing himself with a spirited, cream-coloured Don horse, on which he could outride anybody. It was a joy to Rostóv to ride this horse. He was thinking of his mount, of the morning, and of the doctor's wife, but not once of the impending danger.

Formerly Rostóv used to be afraid every time when he went into action; now he did not experience the least feeling of terror. Not because he had become accustomed to the fire (one never gets used to danger) was he without fear, but because he had learned to control his soul before the danger. He had accustomed himself, when going intc action, to think of everything, except of what would seem to be most interesting of all, — of the impending danger. No matter how much he had tried, and had rebuked himself for his cowardice, he had been unable, during the first of his service, to overcome it; but as years went on, control became natural to him. He was now riding with Ilín between the rows of birches, now and then tearing off leaves from the branches, which fell into his hands, and now touching the horse's flanks with his feet, and now again, without turning back, handing his unfinished pipe to the hussar behind him, which he did with a calm and careless look, as though he were out promenading. He felt sorry for Ilín, as he looked at his

disturbed face and heard him talk incessantly; he knew from experience that vexatious condition of expectancy of terror and death, in which the ensign was, and he knew that nothing but time would help him.

The sun had just appeared on a clean strip behind a cloud, when the wind died down, as though it did not dare to spoil that superb summer morning after a storm; drops were still falling, but only obliquely, — and all grew silent. The sun emerged entirely, showed itself at the horizon, and disappeared in a narrow, long cloud which was standing above it. A few minutes later it appeared brighter still at the upper edge of the cloud, tearing asunder its edges. Everything began to shine and glisten. And simultaneously with this light, as though seconding it, there resounded discharges of guns far to the front.

Rostóv had not yet had time to make out and determine how far away these shots were, when an adjutant of Count Osterman-Tolstóy came galloping along with the order to advance at a quick trot along the road.

The squadron moved past the infantry and the battery, which also was hurrying forward, descended a hill, and, passing a deserted village, again ascended an incline. The horses were beginning to become lathered, and the men were heated.

"Halt! Align yourselves!" was heard the command of the chief of the division in front. "Left shoulder forward, forward, march!" were the commands given in the van. And the hussars passed down the line of the troops to the left flank of the position, and stationed themselves behind our uhlans, who were in the first line. On the right our infantry stood in a dense column: those were the reserves; above them, on the hill, our guns, outlined in the clear, clear air against the horizon, could distinctly be seen in the bright, oblique illumination of the morning. In front, the enemy's columns and guns were visible be-

yond a ravine. Our cordon could be heard in the ravine; it had already entered into action and was merrily exchanging a crackling fire with the enemy.

Rostóv felt as happy under these long unaccustomed sounds as though they were the most cheerful music. "Trap-ta-ta-tap!" several shots clicked now all together, and now one after another in rapid succession. Again all was silent, and again it sounded as though detonating balls were cracking every time some one walked over them.

The hussars stood for about an hour in one place. Then began a cannonade. Count Osterman with his suite rode down the rear of the squadron; he stopped to speak with the commander of the regiment, and rode away in the direction of the cannons on the hill.

Immediately after the departure of Osterman, one could hear the command given to the uhlans to form a column for the attack. The infantry in front of them doubled their platoons, so as to let the cavalry pass through. The uhlans moved, swaying the pennons of their lances, and at a quick trot raced down-hill against the French cavalry, which had appeared at the foot of the hill, on the left.

The moment the uhlans had descended the hill, the hussars were ordered to move up to the summit, to protect the battery. Just as the hussars were taking up the position of the uhlans, bullets came from the direction of the cordon, whining and whistling, but not striking any one.

This long unfamiliar sound had an even more cheerful and stirring effect upon Rostóv than the former sounds of the reports. He straightened himself up, surveyed the field of battle which was opened to him from the hill, and with his whole soul took part in the movement of the uhlans. They flew at close range against the French dragoons; something became entangled in the smoke, and five minutes later the uhlans rushed back, not to the place

where they had been standing before, but more to the left. Between the orange-coloured uhlans on chestnut horses and behind them could be seen a large throng of French dragoons in blue, mounted on gray horses.

XV.

Rostóv, with the sharp eyes of a hunter, was one of the first to observe these blue French dragoons who were in pursuit of our uhlans. Nearer, nearer the uhlans moved in disorganized bands, with the French dragoons behind them. He could see these men, who had appeared so small at the foot of the hill, overtaking one another, and waving their hands or their sabres.

Rostóv looked at that which was going on in front of him, as though it were a chase. He felt instinctively that if he now struck with his hussars against the French dragoons, they would not stand their ground; but, if he was to strike them, he must do it that very minute, or else it would be too late. He looked around him. The captain, who was standing near him, himself did not take his eyes off the cavalry below him.

"Andréy Sevastyánych," said Rostóv, "we can crush them —"

"It would be a nice thing," said the captain, "indeed —"

Rostóv did not listen any longer; he spurred his horse, leaped in front of his squadron, and, before he had time to give the proper command, the whole squadron, which felt precisely the same as he, moved after him. Rostóv did not know himself how or why he did it. He simply did it, as he had done things at the chase, without thinking or reflecting. He saw that the dragoons were near, that they were galloping, and were disbanded; he knew that they would not stand their ground; he knew that there was but one minute, which would never return, if it was allowed

to slip by. The bullets whined and whistled so stirringly all about him, and his horse was so anxious to rush forward, that he could not endure it any longer. He touched his mount, gave a command, and at the same moment, while he heard behind him the tramp of his deploying squadron, went at full trot down-hill against the dragoons. Just before getting to the foot of the hill, the gait of the horses changed to a gallop, which became faster and faster, as they approached their uhlans and the French dragoons, who were in pursuit. The dragoons were near by. Those in front began to turn around the moment they espied the hussars; those behind checked their horses. With the feeling which he had experienced in trying to cut off the wolf's escape, Rostóv, sending forward his Don horse at fullest speed, galloped to cut off the retreat of the disorganized ranks of the French dragoons. One uhlan stopped; a soldier on foot fell down to the ground in order not to be crushed; a riderless horse got mixed among the hussars. Nearly all the French dragoons were galloping back. Rostóv selected one of them, on a gray horse, and raced after him. On the way he ran up against a bush; his good horse carried him over it, and, adjusting himself in the saddle, he saw that in a few moments he would overtake the enemy whom he had chosen as his prey. This Frenchman, apparently an officer, to judge from his uniform, was bending down over his gray horse and urging it on with his sabre. A moment later, Rostóv's horse struck its breast against the crupper of the officer's horse, almost knocking it down, and the same moment Rostóv, not knowing why, raised his sabre and struck with it against the Frenchman.

No sooner had he done it than all his animation left him. The officer fell down, not so much from the blow of the sabre, which only lightly cut his arm above the elbow, as from the jarring of the horse and from fright. Rostóv checked his horse and looked for his enemy, in order to

see whom he had vanquished. The French officer of dragoons was leaping with one foot on the ground, the other having caught in the stirrup. He blinked in terror, as though expecting any second another blow; he frowned with an expression of horror, looking up at Rostóv. His face, which was pale and bespattered with mud, was of a light complexion and looked youthful; there was a dimple on his chin, his eyes were of a light blue colour; altogether he had not the appearance of an enemy on the field of battle, but looked like any common mortal. Even before Rostóv had made up his mind what he would do with him, the officer called out, "*Je me rends!*" He tried hard to disengage his foot from the stirrup, and did not take his frightened blue eyes off Rostóv. Hussars rode up, freed his foot, and put him in the saddle. The hussars were on all sides busy with the dragoons: one was wounded, but, with his face covered with gore, he did not give up his horse; another was embracing a hussar, as he was sitting on the crupper of his mount; a third, supported by a hussar, was climbing on his horse. In front ran the French infantry, shooting as it ran. The hussars galloped back with their prisoners. Rostóv went back with them, experiencing a certain disagreeable sensation which oppressed him. Something indistinct and complex, which he was entirely unable to explain to himself, overcame him with the capture of that officer, and with the blow which he had given him.

Count Osterman-Tolstóy met the returning hussars. He called up Rostóv, thanked him, and told him that he would inform the emperor of his heroic act, and would ask for the cross of St. George for him. When Rostóv was called up to Count Osterman, he, recalling that the attack had been begun without having received an order, was fully convinced that the chief wanted to see him to punish him for his arbitrary act. Therefore Osterman's flattering words and the promise of a reward ought to have been

so much the more agreeable to Rostóv; but, instead, the same unpleasant, indistinct feeling caused him moral nausea.

"What is it that torments me so?" he asked himself, as he rode away from the general. "Ilín? No, he is not wounded. Have I disgraced myself in any way? No, it is not that!"

It was something else that was tormenting him,— something like remorse. "Yes, yes, it is that French officer with the dimple. I remember how my arm was arrested as I raised it to strike."

Rostóv saw the captives who were being taken away, and he galloped after them in order to see his Frenchman with the dimple in the chin. He looked strange as he sat in his odd uniform, on a stud-horse of a hussar, and kept glancing restlessly about him. His wound on his arm was insignificant. He smiled a feigned smile at Rostóv, and waved his arm, as a greeting. Rostóv felt as awkward and as ashamed as before.

Rostóv was all the time thinking of his brilliant exploit, which, to his surprise, had earned him the cross of St. George and had even given him a reputation for bravery, and he was unable to understand it all.

"So they are afraid even more than we!" he thought. "So this is all there is to heroism! Did I do it for my country's sake? And how is it the fault of that man, with his dimple and his blue eyes? How frightened he was! He thought I was going to kill him. Why should I kill him? My hand trembled,— and I get the cross of St. George. I comprehend nothing, nothing!"

But while Nikoláy was ruminating on these questions, without arriving at any clear account of what it was that vexed him so, the wheel of fortune in the service, as often happens, was turned in his favour. After the engagement at Ostróvna he was promoted: he received a battalion of hussars, and whenever there was any need of a brave officer, he was sent out on a mission.

XVI.

HAVING received the news about Natásha's illness, the countess, who was not entirely recovered and was still weak, came with Pétya and the whole household to Moscow, and the family transferred itself from Márya Dmítrievna's to their own house, and settled down completely in Moscow.

Natásha's illness was so serious that, fortunately for her and for her relatives, the thought of what was the cause of her illness, her act and her rupture with her fiancé, passed into the background. She was so ill that it was impossible to think of how much she was to blame for all that had happened, so long as she did not eat, nor sleep, and visibly grew thinner, and coughed, and, as the physicians hinted, was in a precarious state. All they could think of was how to help her. The doctors kept coming to see Natásha singly and in numbers, for consultations, speaking French, and German, and Latin, and censuring each other, and prescribing a great variety of medicines for every possible disease; but not to one of them did the simple thought occur that they could not know the disease from which Natásha suffered, just as not a single disease which living man is heir to can be known, because each living man has his peculiarities, and always has his especial, new, complicated disease, which is unknown to medicine, — not a disease of the lungs, liver, skin, heart, nerves, and so forth, which are recorded in medicine, but a disease which consists of one of the numberless combinations of these ailing organs. This simple thought could

not have occurred to the physicians (just as the thought cannot occur to the sorcerer that he is unable to produce a charm), because it was their business to cure, because they received pay for it, and because they had wasted the best years of their lives on it. But, above all, this thought could not have occurred to the doctors because they saw that they were unquestionably useful, and so they were in the case of the whole Rostóv family. They were useful, not because they made the patient swallow a quantity of mostly harmful substances (this harm was not very perceptible because the harmful substances were administered in small doses), but they were useful, necessary, inevitable (for the same reason that there have always been and always will be imaginary healers, sorcerers, homœopaths, and allopaths), because they satisfied the moral want of the patient and of the people who loved the patient. They satisfied that eternal human need of a hope of finding alleviation, the need of sympathy and activity, which a man experiences during the time of suffering. They satisfied that eternal human need which may be observed in a child in its primitive form,— the need of rubbing the spot which has been hurt. When a child is hurt he immediately runs for the hand of his mother or nurse, to have the sore spot kissed and rubbed, and he feels better the moment that is done. The child will not believe that those who are stronger and wiser than he have no means for allaying his pain. The hope of getting relief and the expression of sympathy while his mother rubs his sore spot give him consolation. The doctors were useful to Natásha in that they kissed and rubbed her sore spot, assuring her that it would all pass soon, if the coachman drove to the apothecary's in the Arbát and got there a rouble and seventy kopeks' worth of pills and powders in a pretty little box, and if these powders were taken by the patient in boiled water at intervals of precisely two hours, neither more nor less.

What would Sónya, the count, and the countess have done, if they had only looked on without doing anything, if there were not these pills to be taken at stated times, and the drinking of warm concoctions, and the chicken cutlets, and all the details of life, which were prescribed by the physician, and the strict observance of which formed the occupation and consolation of all those who surrounded her?

How would the count have borne the illness of his beloved daughter, if he had not known that Natásha's illness cost him one thousand roubles, and that he would not grudge another thousand, if he could only be useful to her; if he had not known that, if she did not get better, he would not grudge several thousands more, and would take her abroad for consultations; if he had not had the chance to tell all the details of how Métivier and Feller did not undersand her case, and Fries did understand it, and Múdrov determined what her illness was even better? What would the countess have done, if she had not been able now and then to quarrel with Natásha for not observing exactly all the prescriptions of the doctor?

"You will never get well," she would say, forgetting her sorrow in her vexation, "if you do not obey the doctor and do not take the medicine on time! It is no trivial matter when you may get pneumonia," the countess would say, and would find some measure of consolation in the utterance of this word, which was unintelligible not only to herself, but also to others.

What would Sónya have done, if she had not had the joyful consciousness that in the beginning of Natásha's illness she had passed three nights without undressing, only to be ready at the proper time to carry out the doctor's injunctions, and that even later she did not sleep nights, in order not to miss the hours when it was necessary to give her the harmless pills from the gilt box?

Even Natásha herself, who kept saying that no medicine would cure her, and that it was all nonsense, saw with pleasure what sacrifices were made for her in order that she might take the medicine at the proper time. And it even gave her pleasure to be able to neglect to carry out the prescriptions, and thus to show that she did not believe in the cure, and did not value her life.

The doctor came to see her every day. He felt her pulse, looked at her tongue, and, without paying any attention to her dejected face, joked with her. But when he went into the other room, the countess hurriedly followed him, and he, assuming a serious look and pensively shaking his head, told her that, although there was some danger, he hoped to avert it through the action of the latest medicine, that he had to wait and see, that the illness was more of a moral nature, but —

The countess, trying to conceal her act from herself and from the doctor, always pushed a gold coin into his hand, and every time returned to the patient with a feeling of relief.

The symptoms of Natásha's illness were that she ate and slept little, coughed much, and never became animated. The doctors said that the patient could not be left without medical assistance, and so she was kept in a close room in the city. During the summer of 1812 the Rostóvs did not go to the country.

In spite of the great quantity of pills, drops, and powders, consumed by her out of bottles and boxes, of which Madame Schoss, who was very fond of such things, made a large collection; in spite of missing the usual sojourn in the country, youth finally conquered: Natásha's grief began to be covered by a layer of the impressions of the life which she had lived through, and no longer lay on her heart with such a tormenting pain; it began to be the past, and Natásha improved physically.

XVII.

NATÁSHA was calmer, but not merrier. She not only avoided all external conditions of joy, balls, promenades, concerts, the theatre, but she not even once laughed in such a way that the tears could not be heard through her laugh. She could not sing. The moment she began to laugh or tried, while by herself, to sing, tears choked her: tears of repentance, tears caused by the recollection of that irretrievable, pure time, tears of vexation, because she had so uselessly wasted her young life, which might have been so happy. Laughter and singing seemed to her as a kind of a profanation of her hero. Of coquetry she did not even think, and so she did not have to restrain herself in this respect. She said and felt that during that time all men were to her nothing more than the buffoon, Nastásya Ivánovna. An internal guard interdicted every joy for her; nor were any of the former interests of life left in her from that careless condition of her girlhood, which had been so full of hopes. She thought more frequently and with an ever increasing pang of the autumn months, of the chase, of the uncle, and of the Christmas holidays which she had passed with Nikoláy at Otrádnoe. What would she not have given to bring back even one day of that time! But that was for ever gone. Her presentiment, which she then had, that the condition of freedom and openness to all joy would never return again, had not deceived her. Still, it was necessary to live.

It gave her pleasure to think that she was not better, as she had once thought, but worse, indeed, much worse,

than all, all who lived in the world. That was not all. She knew it, and asked herself: "What will come later?" But there was nothing. There was no joy of life, and life was passing. Natásha apparently was trying only not to be a burden to any one, and not to trouble a soul, but she did not want anything for herself. She kept aloof from all her home people, and felt at ease only with Pétya. She liked to be with him rather than with anybody else, and now and then, when left alone with him, she would laugh. She hardly ever went out of the house, and of all the visitors cared to see only Pierre.

It was impossible for any one to be more gentle, more careful, and at the same time more serious, than Count Bezúkhi was in his treatment of her. Natásha instinctively felt the gentleness of his treatment, and so experienced great pleasure in his company. But she was not even grateful to him for his gentleness. Nothing good on the part of Pierre seemed to her to be an effort. It appeared to her that it was so natural for Pierre to be good that there was no special desert in his goodness. Now and then Natásha noticed Pierre's embarrassment and awkwardness in her presence, especially whenever he wanted to cause her some pleasure, or when he was afraid that something in the conversation might turn her mind to oppressive memories. She noticed that, and ascribed it to his general goodness and timidity, which according to her idea must be the same in others that it was in her. After those accidental words, that, if he were free, he would on his knees ask for her hand and love, uttered by him at the moment of her great agitation, Pierre had never again mentioned his feelings to Natásha; and it was evident to her that the words, which at that time had been so consoling to her, had been said in the same spirit in which one says meaningless words to a weeping child, in order to console it. Not because Pierre was a married man, but because Natásha was conscious of the existence

between him and herself of a powerful moral barrier, such as she had felt the absence of in case of Kurágin, it never occurred to her that out of her relations to Pierre could ever come any love on her and, still less, on his part, or even that kind of tender, conscious, poetic friendship between man and woman, of which she knew several examples.

At the end of St. Peter's fast, Agraféna Ivánovna Byélov, an Otrádnoe neighbour of the Rostóvs, arrived in Moscow in order to make a pilgrimage to the Moscow saints. She proposed that Natásha prepare herself for the holy sacrament, and Natásha fell in with the idea joyfully. In spite of the doctor's express prohibition of her going out in the morning, Natásha insisted that she would attend the divine services, and that, too, not in the fashion in which this was generally done by the Rostóvs, when three masses were celebrated at their house, but in the way in which Agraféna Ivánovna prepared herself for the sacrament, that is, by not omitting a single vesper, mass, and matin for the period of one week.

The countess was glad to see this devotion on the part of Natásha; in her heart, after the unsuccessful cure by the physicians, she hoped that prayers would help Natásha more than medicine, and so, though she was afraid, and concealed the matter from the doctor, she consented to Natásha's wish, and entrusted her to Madame Byélov's care. Agraféna Ivánovna came at three o'clock in the night to wake Natásha up, but she generally found her already awake. She was afraid she might miss the matin. Hurriedly washing herself and in all humility putting on her worst garment and oldest mantilla, and shuddering from the freshness of the air, Natásha went out into the deserted streets, which were brightly illuminated by the dawn.

Following Agraféna Ivánovna's advice, Natásha did not prepare herself in her own parish church, but in another

church, in which, so pious Agraféna Ivánovna said, there was a priest of a very austere and exalted life. In the church there were never more than a few persons. Natásha and Madame Byélov took up their usual places in front of an image of the Holy Virgin, which was attached to the back wall of the left choir. Natásha was overcome by a new feeling of humility before something great and intangible, whenever, at this unusual hour of the morning, she looked at the swarthy face of the Holy Virgin, which was lighted up by the candles in front of it, and by the morning light as it fell through the window, and listened to the sounds of the service, which she tried to understand and follow. If she understood them, her personal feelings with their peculiar shades were added to her prayer; if she did not understand them, it gave her even more pleasure to think that the desire to comprehend everything was pride, that it was impossible to comprehend everything, and that it was necessary only to believe and to abandon herself to God, who in these moments, so she felt, was governing her soul. She made the sign of the cross, bowed low, and whenever she did not understand, she, horrified at her own baseness, only begged God to forgive her everything, everything, and to show her His mercy. The prayers to which she abandoned herself most were prayers of repentance. As she returned home at an early hour of the day, when she came across only masons going to work, and janitors sweeping the street, and when all at home were still asleep, Natásha experienced a novel feeling that it was possible for her to mend her vices, and that a new, pure life and happiness were possible for her.

For the period of a whole week, during which she led this life, this feeling kept growing with every day. The happiness of communing, or communicating, as Agraféna Ivánovna said, playing on the word, appeared so great to her that she thought that she should not live as long as that blissful Sunday.

The happy day finally arrived, and when Natásha, on that memorable Sunday, returned from communion, dressed in a white muslin dress, she for the first time after many months felt herself calm and untroubled about the life which awaited her.

The doctor, who came to see her on that day, examined her and ordered that the last powders, which he had prescribed two weeks before, be continued.

"By all means give them to her in the morning and evening," he said, apparently good-naturedly satisfied with his success. "Only, please, be accurate. Don't worry, countess," the doctor said, jestingly, with agility catching the gold coin in the palm of his hand, "she will soon sing and make merry again. The last medicine has done her a great deal of good. She looks much fresher."

The countess looked at her nails and spit out, and returned to the drawing-room with a happy face.

XVIII.

In the beginning of July more and more disquieting rumours about the course of the war began to spread in Moscow; there was talk about the emperor's appeal to the nation, and about his return to Moscow from the army. As up to the 11th of July the manifesto and appeal had not been received, exaggerated rumours were being circulated about them and about the condition of Russia. It was said that the emperor was coming because the army was in danger, that Smolénsk had been surrendered, that Napoleon had a million soldiers, and that only a miracle could save Russia.

On July 11th, which was a Saturday, the manifesto was received, but was not yet printed; Pierre, who was at the house of the Rostóvs, promised to come to dinner on the following day and bring with him the manifesto and the appeal, which he would get from Count Rostopchín.

On that Sunday the Rostóvs, as usual, went to mass in the house church of the Razumóvski mansion. It was a hot July day. At ten o'clock, as the Rostóvs left the carriage in front of the church, there was already, in the hot air, in the shouts of the peddlers, in the bright-coloured summer dresses of the crowd, in the dusty leaves of the trees in the boulevard, in the sounds of the music and the white pantaloons of a battalion passing by for sentinel duty, in the rumble of the pavement, and in the lurid splendour of the hot sun, that languor, that satisfaction and dissatisfaction with the present, which is

generally sharply felt on a bright, hot day in the city. In the Razumóvski church were gathered all the notabilities of Moscow, all the acquaintances of the Rostóvs (in that year many wealthy families remained in the city, as though waiting for something to happen). Passing with her mother behind a liveried lackey, who was pushing aside the crowd, Natásha heard the voice of a young man, who was saying in too loud a whisper:

"That is Countess Rostóv, the one I told you about."

"How thin she has grown! But she is still pretty!"

She heard, or, at least, she thought she heard, mentioned the names of Kurágin and of Bolkónski. However, she always thought so. It always seemed to her that every one who looked at her thought of nothing but what had happened to her. Suffering as she did, and with trepidation, as always when in a crowd, Natásha walked in her lilac silk dress, with black laces, as only women can walk, the more composed and majestic the more pain and shame there was in her heart. She knew that she was pretty, and she was not mistaken in this, but this did not give her pleasure now, as it had done formerly. On the contrary, it tormented her more than anything else had done of late, especially on that bright, warm summer day in the city. "Another Sunday, another week," she said to herself, recalling that she had been there the Sunday before, "and still that same life without life, and the same conditions, under which it was so easy to live before. I am pretty, and young, and I know that I am now good; I used to be bad, but now I am good, I know it," she thought, "and yet my best years pass away uselessly." She stood near her mother, and nodded to acquaintances near by. From habit she surveyed the toilets of the ladies, censured the carriage of a lady who was standing a short distance away, and her improper manner of making the sign of the cross over a short space on her breast; then she thought with vexa-

tion that other people passed judgment on her, and that she herself was censuring others, and, as she heard the sounds of the divine service, she suddenly was frightened at her own baseness, and felt that her previous purity had again been lost.

A neat, distinguished-looking old man officiated with that meek solemnity which acts so majestically and so soothingly on the souls of suppliants. The holy gates were closed, a curtain was slowly drawn across, and a mysterious, soft voice said something from behind it. Tears, which she could not explain to herself, rose in Natásha's throat, and she was agitated by a joyous, languorous feeling.

"Teach me what to do, what to make of my life, how to mend myself for ever, for ever!" she thought.

The deacon walked out on the ambo. Spreading his thumb wide, he drew his long hair out from underneath his surplice and, placing the cross on his breast, began to pray in a loud and solemn manner:

"Let us all pray to the Lord!"

"All together, without distinction of condition, without hatred, but united in brotherly love, — let us pray!" thought Natásha.

"For the world above and for the salvation of our souls!"

"For the world of the angels and of the souls of all disembodied beings, who live above us," Natásha prayed.

As they were praying for the army, she thought of her brother and of Denísov. As they prayed for those who were voyaging and journeying on land, she recalled Prince Andréy, and prayed for him, and she prayed that God might forgive her the evil which she had done him. As they prayed for those who love us, she prayed for her home folk, for her father, for her mother, for Sónya, now for the first time realizing her guilt, and for the first time appreciating all the strength of her love for them. As

they prayed for those who hate us, she tried to think of her enemies and of those who hated her, that she might pray for them. She counted among her enemies the creditors and all those who had any business with her father, and every time she thought of those who hate us, she thought of Anatól, who had done her such a wrong, and, though he was not really one who hated, it gave her pleasure to pray for him as for an enemy. Only at prayer did she feel strong enough clearly and calmly to think of Prince Andréy and of Anatól, as of men, in relation to whom her feelings were annihilated when compared with her sentiment of awe and terror before God. As they prayed for the imperial family and for the Synod, she made unusually low obeisances and devout signs of the cross, saying to herself that, although she did not understand, she could not doubt, and so loved the governing Synod, and prayed for it.

The responsory being over, the deacon crossed the stole over his breast and said:

"We will offer ourselves and our lives to Christ our God!"

"We will offer ourselves to God," Natásha repeated in her soul. "O God, I abandon myself to Thy will!" she thought. "I want nothing, I wish for nothing. Instruct me what to do, how to use Thy will! And take me, oh, take me!" Natásha said, with contrition in her heart, without making the sign of the cross, dropping her slender arms, and waiting, as it were, for an invisible power to take her and deliver her from herself, her compassions, wishes, reproaches, and vices.

The countess several times during the service looked at the devout face of her daughter, with her sparkling eyes, and prayed to God that He might assist her.

Unexpectedly, in the middle of the service out of the regular order, which Natásha knew well, the sexton brought out a footstool, the same on which the prayers of

genuflection were read on Whitsunday, and placed it in front of the holy gates. The priest came out in his lilac velvet skull-cap, adjusted his hair, and with an effort knelt down. All did the same and looked at each other in perplexity. It was a prayer which had just been received from the Synod, a prayer about the salvation of Russia from the hostile invasion:

"O Lord God of hosts, God of our salvation!" the priest began, in that clear, unpretentious, meek voice, in which only the readers of the Church-Slavic liturgy know how to read, and which has such a powerful influence on a Russian heart.

"O Lord God of hosts, God of our salvation! Look down to-day upon Thine humble people and graciously hear us, and spare us, and have mercy upon us. Behold, a foe, who disturbeth Thine earth and wisheth to lay waste Thine universe, hath arisen against us. Behold, men of lawlessness have assembled to destroy Thy heritage, to raze Thy honoured Jerusalem, Thy beloved Russia; to defile Thy temples, dig up Thine altars, and vilify Thy Holiness. How long, O Lord, how long, shall the sinners glory? How long shall the transgressor have the power?

"O Lord! give ear to our prayers to Thee: fortify with Thy strength the most pious and most autocratic great Tsar, our Emperor Alexander Pávlovich. Remember his truth and his meekness, and repay him according to his mercy with which he preserveth us, Thy beloved Israel. Bless his counsels, his ways, and his acts. Fortify his kingdom with Thine almighty right hand, and give him victory over his enemy, even as Thou gavest it to Moses over Amalek, to Gideon over Midian, and to David over Goliath. Preserve his warriors, place the brass bow in the hands of those arming in Thy name, and gird them with strength for the war. Take up the weapon and the shield, and arise to our aid, that those who plot evil against us may be put to shame and disgrace, that they may be

before the face of Thy faithful soldiery like the dust before the face of the wind, and that Thy strong angel may insult them and drive them before him; that the nets may come of which they know not, and their ambush which they have concealed may hold them; that they may fall before the feet of Thy slaves and be trampled upon by our warriors. O Lord! It is not impossible for Thee to save in great and in small things; Thou art God, let none prevail against Thee!

"God of our fathers! Remember Thy beneficence and mercy which are from eternity; turn us not away from before Thy face, nor abhor us for our unworthiness, but, on account of Thy great mercy and the multitude of Thy kindnesses, overlook our transgressions and sins. Build up a pure heart within us, and renovate the righteous spirit within us; strengthen us all with faith in Thee; fortify us with hope, animate us with sincere love for one another, arm us with concord for the righteous defence of the heritage which Thou hast given to us and to our fathers, lest the rod of the unrighteous fall on the lot of the sanctified.

"O Lord our God, in whom we believe and in whom we trust, do not shame us in our hope of Thy mercy, and give us a good token that those who hate us may see us and our Orthodox faith, and be put to shame, and perish; and let all the lands see that Thy name is the Lord, and we are Thy people. Show us, O Lord, Thy mercy to-day, and give us Thy salvation; make the hearts of Thy slaves rejoice on account of Thy mercy; strike down our enemies, and quickly crush them under the feet of Thy faithful ones. For Thou art the protection, the help, and the victory of those who trust in Thee, and we extol Thee, the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost, now and for evermore. Amen."

In that condition of mental unreserve, in which Natásha now was, the prayer affected her powerfully. She listened

to every word about the victory of Moses over Amalek, and of Gideon over Midian, and of David over Goliath, and about the destruction of "Thy Jerusalem," and prayed to God with that tenderness and contrition with which her heart was filled; but she did not exactly comprehend what it was she asked God for in this prayer. She took part with her whole heart in the prayer for the right spirit, the fortifying of the heart with faith and hope, and the animating them with love. But she could not pray for the crushing of the enemies under foot, since a few minutes before she had wished to have as many as possible of them, in order to pray for them. At the same time she could not doubt the correctness of the prayer read with the genuflexion. She experienced in her soul an awesome and timorous fear before the punishment meted out to people for their sins, and for her own sins in particular, and prayed to God to forgive them all and her, too, and to give to them all and to her calm and happiness in life. And she thought that God heard her prayer.

XIX.

AFTER the night when Pierre, leaving the Rostóvs and recalling Natásha's grateful glance, looked at the comet, which was standing in the sky, and felt that something new had been revealed to him, the question which had constantly been tormenting him about the vanity and senselessness of everything terrestrial no longer presented itself to him. The terrible question, why? wherefore? which formerly arose in the middle of every occupation of his, now gave way not to another question, and not to an answer to the older question, but to *her* image. Whether he heard petty conversations or himself carried them on, whether he read or heard of the baseness and senselessness of men, he no longer became terrified; he did not ask himself why people worried so, since everything was so short-lived and so uncertain, but he recalled her in the shape in which he had seen her the last time, and all his doubts disappeared, not because she answered all the questions that presented themselves to him, but because her image immediately transferred him to another, brighter sphere of mental activities where there could be no righteous men and no sinners, to the sphere of beauty and of love, for which it was worth while to live. No matter what abomination of life presented itself to him, he said to himself:

"Let N—— N—— rob the country and the Tsar, and let the country and the Tsar shower honours upon him, so long as she smiled at me yesterday and asked me to come, and I love her, and no one will ever discover this!" And his heart was calm and clear.

Pierre continued to frequent society as before, and to eat as much, and to lead the same indolent life of diversions, because, outside the hours which he passed at the house of the Rostóvs, the rest of his time had to be passed in some way, and the habits and acquaintances which he had acquired in Moscow drew him invincibly toward that life which had taken possession of him. But of late, as the rumours from the theatre of war became ever more alarming and Natásha's health began to improve, and she no longer roused in him the former feeling of solicitous pity, an inexplicable unrest began to take possession of him more and more powerfully. He felt that the condition in which he was could not last much longer, and that a catastrophe was imminent which would change his whole life, and he impatiently looked everywhere for the symptoms of that approaching catastrophe.

One of his brother Masons had revealed to Pierre the following prophecy in regard to Napoleon, as deduced from the Apocalypse of St. John.

In the Apocalypse, chapter xiii., verse 18, it is said: "Here is wisdom. Let him that hath understanding count the number of the beast: for it is the number of a man; and his number is six hundred threescore and six."

And in the same chapter, verse 5: "And there was given unto him a mouth speaking great things and blasphemies; and power was given unto him to continue forty and two months."

The French letters, written out with the same numerical values as in Hebrew, in which the first ten letters represent the units, and the rest the tens, will have the following significance:

a	b	c	d	e	f	g
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
h	i	k	l	m	n	o
8	9	10	20	30	40	50

p	q	r	s	t	u	v
60	70	80	90	100	110	120
w	x	y	z			
130	140	150	160			

By writing out the value of the letters in "*L'Empereur Napoléon*," we get the sum of these numbers equal to 666, and consequently Napoleon was the beast predicted in the Apocalypse. Again, writing out the numerical value, according to this alphabet, of "*quarante-deux*," that is, of the limit set to the beast in speaking great and blasphemous things, the sum of these numbers was again equal to 666, from which it followed that the limit of Napoleon's power was to be in the year 1812, when the French emperor would be forty-two years old. This prediction startled Pierre very much, and he frequently asked himself what would set bounds to the power of the beast, that is, of Napoleon, and he tried to find an answer to this question which interested him so much, by applying the same calculations to certain words. Pierre wrote the answer to this question: "*L'Empereur Alexandre*," and "*la nation Russe*." The sum of the figures turned out to be either larger or smaller than 666. Once, while working on these calculations, he wrote down his name "*Comte Pierre Besouhoff*," but the sum did not come out right. He changed the orthography, wrote *z* instead of *s*, added "*de*," and the article "*le*" but still did not get the right answer. Then it occurred to him that if his name was to contain an answer to the question, it certainly must give also his nationality. He wrote "*Le Russe Besuhof*," and, counting up the figures, received the sum 671. There was only five too much; five stood for *e*, the same *e* that was omitted in "*L'Empereur*." By throwing off, though irregularly, the *e*, Pierre got the desired answer, "*L'Russe Besuhof*," which was equal to 666. This discovery agitated him. In what way he was connected

with the great event which was foretold in the Apocalypse, he did not know, but he did not for a moment doubt this connection. His love for Countess Rostóv, the antichrist, Napoleon's invasion, the comet, 666, *L'Empereur Napoléon*, and *L'Russe Besuhof*, — all that was to mature, burst forth, and take him out of that enchanted, insignificant world of Moscow habits, which, he felt, held him captive, and to lead him on to a great deed and to great happiness.

On the eve of the Sunday on which that prayer was uttered, Pierre had promised the Rostóvs that he would bring them from Count Rostopchín, with whom he was well acquainted, both the appeal to Russia and the last news from the army. On Sunday morning Pierre called on Count Rostopchín, and found there a courier who had just arrived from the army. The courier was one of the Moscow dancers at balls, whom he knew well.

"Can't you for the Lord's sake do me a favour?" said the courier. "I have a box full of letters addressed to various parents."

Among these letters there was one from Nikoláy Rostóv to his father. Pierre took the letter with him. Count Rostopchín, too, gave him the emperor's appeal to Moscow, which had just been printed, the last orders of the day for the army, and his own latest broadside. Looking over the orders of the day, Pierre found in one of them, among the news of the wounded, the killed, and the rewarded, the name of Nikoláy Rostóv, who was given the cross of St. George of the fourth degree for bravery shown in the Ostróvna engagement, and in the same order, the appointment of Prince Andréy Bolkónski as commander of a regiment of chasseurs. Though he did not wish to remind the Rostóvs of Bolkónski, he could not restrain his desire to give them pleasure by letting them know of their son's promotion, and so he kept the appeal, the

broadside, and several orders, in order to take them in person to the Rostóvs at dinner, and sent to their house one printed order and the letter.

His conversation with Count Rostopchín, the count's tone of worry and haste, his meeting with the courier who carelessly told how badly matters stood in the army, the rumours of the discovery of spies in Moscow, and of a paper circulated in the city, in which it was said that Napoleon promised to be in both capitals by fall, the talk about the arrival of the emperor on the next day, — all this incited in Pierre, with a new force, that feeling of agitation and expectancy which had not left him since the appearance of the comet, and especially since the beginning of the war.

It had long ago occurred to Pierre that he ought to enter military service, and he would have carried out his intention if he had not been prevented, in the first place, by his affiliations with the Masonic society, to which he was bound by an oath, and which preached eternal peace and the abolition of war, and, in the second place, if he had not felt ashamed to take such a step, as he looked at the large number of the Muscovites who had donned the military uniform and preached patriotism. But the chief reason why he did not carry out his intention of going into the army lay in the indistinct idea that he was "*L'Russe Besuhof*," who had the value of the beast's number of 666, that his part in the great work, of laying bounds to the power of the beast who spoke great and blasphemous things, had been predestined from eternity, and that, therefore, he should not undertake anything, but ought to wait for what was to happen.

XX.

SEVERAL acquaintances were dining with the Rostóvs, as was always the case on Sundays.

Pierre arrived early in order to find them alone. Pierre had become so stout during this year that he would have been monstrous, if he had not been of a tall stature, large-limbed, and strong, so as to appear to bear his obesity well. He puffed and mumbled something to himself as he ascended the staircase. The coachman did not ask him whether he would wait. He knew that when the count was with the Rostóvs, he would stay there until midnight. The lackeys cheerfully rushed forward to take off his overcoat, and to relieve him of his cane and hat. Following his club custom, Pierre always left his cane and hat in the antechamber.

The first person he saw at the house of the Rostóvs was Natásha. Even before he saw her he had heard her voice, as he took off his overcoat in the antechamber. She was singing a solfeggio in the parlour. He knew that she had not sung since her illness, and so the sound of her voice surprised and pleased him. He softly opened the door and saw Natásha in her lilac dress, in which she had been to mass, walking up and down in the room, and singing. She was walking backwards toward him, as he opened the door, but when she abruptly turned around and noticed his fat, startled face, she blushed and rapidly went up to him.

"I want to try to sing again," she said. "Anyway, it is an occupation," she added, as though to excuse herself.

"That is very nice."

"How glad I am that you have come! I am so happy to-day!" she said, with that old animation of hers, which Pierre had not seen for a long time. "You know Nicolas has received the cross of St. George. I am so proud of him."

"I know it. I sent you the order of the day. Well, I will not bother you," he added, wishing to pass into the drawing-room.

Natásha stopped him.

"Count, is it wrong for me to sing?" she said, blushing, but without lowering her eyes, and looking interrogatively at Pierre.

"No. Why? On the contrary — Why do you ask me?"

"I do not know myself," Natásha answered, rapidly, "but I should not like to do anything which might displease you. I trust you in everything. You do not know how important you are to me, and how much you have done for me!" She spoke rapidly, and did not notice that Pierre blushed at these words of hers. "I saw in the same order that he, Bolkónski" (she pronounced the name in a whisper), "is in Russia and with the army. What do you think," she hurried to say, evidently being afraid that her strength would fail her, "will he ever forgive me? Will he have no evil feeling against me? What do you think about it? What do you think?"

"I think —" said Pierre. "He has nothing to forgive — If I were in his place —" By an association of ideas, Pierre was at once transferred in his imagination to the time when, consoling her, he had told her that if he were another man, the best man in the world and free, he would ask for her hand on his knees, and the same feeling of pity, tenderness, and love took possession of him and the same words were again on his lips. But she did not give him the chance to say them.

"Yes, you, you," she said, enthusiastically pronouncing the word "you," "you are another thing. I do not know a better and more magnanimous man than you, and there cannot be any. If it had not been for you then, and even now, I do not know what would have become of me, because — " Tears rushed to her eyes; she turned around, raised her music to her eyes, started singing, and began once more to walk up and down in the room.

Just then Pétya came running in from the drawing-room. Pétya was now a handsome, ruddy, fifteen-year-old boy, with thick, red lips, and resembled Natásha. He was preparing himself for the university, but of late he and his friend Obolénski had secretly decided to join the hussars.

Pétya ran up to his namesake to speak with him about the matter. He asked him to find out whether he would be accepted as a hussar. Pierre kept walking in the drawing-room, without hearing what Pétya was telling him. Pétya pulled his sleeve, in order to arrest his attention.

"Well, how do matters stand with me, Pierre Kirílych? Do tell me, for the Lord's sake! You are my only hope," said Pétya.

"Oh, your case! About the hussars? I will tell you all about it. I will, to-day!"

"Well, *mon cher*, well, did you get the manifesto?" asked the old count. "The little countess went to mass to the Razumóvski chapel, where she heard a new prayer. She says it was very nice."

"I have it," said Pierre. "The emperor will be here to-morrow — There is to be an extraordinary session of the nobility, and a levy of ten in the thousand. And let me congratulate you."

"Yes, yes, thank God. Well, and what is the news from the army?"

"Our army has again retreated. They say they are now at Smolénsk," replied Pierre.

"O Lord, O Lord!" said the count. "Where is the manifesto?"

"The appeal? Oh, yes!"

Pierre began to look in his pockets for the papers, but could not find them. He was still feeling in his pockets, when the countess entered, and he kissed her hand. He kept looking restlessly around, evidently waiting for Natásha, who was no longer singing, but had not yet come to the drawing-room.

"*Ma parole, je ne sais plus où je l'ai fourré,*" he said.

"He is continually losing things," said the countess.

Natásha entered. Her face looked gentle and agitated, as she sat down, silently glancing at Pierre. The moment she came in, Pierre's countenance, heretofore gloomy, brightened up, and he kept looking at her, all the time rummaging through his pockets for the papers.

"Really, I will drive home — I forgot and left them there. Truly —"

"You will be too late for dinner."

"Oh, and the coachman has left."

But Sónya, who had gone to the antechamber to look for the papers, found them in his hat, where he had carefully stuck them behind the lining. Pierre wanted to read.

"No, after dinner," said the old count, who evidently foresaw great pleasure in that reading.

At dinner, where they drank the health of the new knight of St. George, Shinshín told the city news about the illness of an old Georgian princess, about Métivier having disappeared from Moscow, and about a German whom some people had brought to Rostopchín, saying that he was a *champignon*[1] (Count Rostopchín himself told the story), and whom Count Rostopchín set at liberty, telling the people that he was not a champignon, but a common toadstool of a German.

[1] The Russian word for "spy" is *shpion*, which the common people mispronounced as "champignon."

"They catch them, they do," said the count. "I have been telling the countess to speak French as little as possible. This is not the time for it."

"Have you heard?" said Shinshín. "Prince Golítsyn has taken a Russian teacher, to learn Russian, — *il commence à devenir dangereux de parler français dans les rues.*"

"Well, Count Pierre Kirílllych, when the militia has to go, you, too, will have to mount a horse," the old count said, turning to Pierre.

Pierre was taciturn and pensive during the whole dinner. At these words he glanced at the count, as though he did not understand what he had said.

"Yes, yes, to the war," he said, "no! What kind of a soldier should I make? But how strange, how very strange it all is! I do not understand it myself. Really, I am so far removed from military tastes; still, nowadays nobody can be responsible for himself."

After dinner the count calmly seated himself in an armchair, and with a serious countenance asked Sónya, who had the reputation of being a good reader, to read:

"To Moscow our first-crowned capital:

"The enemy has with great forces crossed the boundaries of Russia. He is marching to destroy our beloved country," Sónya read distinctly, in her thin voice. The count, closing his eyes, listened, now and then heaving an abrupt sigh.

Natásha sat up erect, casting inquisitive and direct glances now at her father, and now at Pierre. Pierre was conscious of her look, and tried not to turn back. The countess disapprovingly and angrily shook her head at every solemn utterance of the manifesto. In all these words she saw only a confirmation of her belief that the perils to which her son was subjected were far from being over. Shinshín, puckering his mouth into a sarcastic smile, was evidently preparing himself to make fun

of anything that might present itself for ridicule, — of Sónya's reading, of the utterances of the count, and even of the appeal, if no better excuse offered itself.

Having read about the dangers that threatened Russia, and of the hopes which the emperor placed on Moscow, and especially on the famous nobility, Sónya, with a quivering voice, which was mainly due to the attention with which she was listened to, read the following words:

"We will not fail to appear ourselves amidst our people in this capital and in other places of our realm, for the purpose of consultation and for the guidance of all our forces, both those that now are barring the progress of the enemy, and those which may be put in the field for the purpose of defeating him, wherever he may appear, — that the ruin which he thinks of bringing down upon us may come upon his head, and that Europe, freed from slavery, may glorify the name of Russia!"

"That is so!" exclaimed the count, opening his moist eyes, and, several times interrupting his snivelling, as though a bottle of strong salts were held to his nose, he said: "Let the emperor say the word, and we will all sacrifice all we have, without saying anything."

Shinshín had not yet had a chance to utter his jest in regard to the count's patriotism, which he had in store, when Natásha jumped up from her seat and ran to her father.

"How lovely papa is!" she exclaimed, kissing him. She again looked at Pierre with that unconscious coquetry which had returned to her with her animation.

"What a patriotic woman!" said Shinshín.

"Not at all a patriot, but simply — " Natásha replied, as though offended. "Everything is funny to you, but it is not at all a joke — "

"A joke!" repeated the count. "Let him say one word, and we will all go — We are no Germans — "

"And did you notice," said Pierre, "that it says, 'for consultation'?"

"Well, I do not care what it is for —"

Just then Pétya, to whom nobody had paid any attention, walked over to his father and said to him, in a faltering, now coarse, now thin voice, while his face was all flushed:

"Now, papa, I must say it right out, and, mamma, you will have to listen to it, — I will tell you right out that I want you to let me go into the army, because I cannot — that is all —"

The countess raised her eyes toward the ceiling in terror, wrung her hands, and angrily turned to her husband:

"He has had his say!" she said.

But the count at once regained his composure.

"Well, well," he said. "What a soldier! Stop your nonsense! You have to study yet!"

"It is not nonsense, papa! Fédya Obolénski is younger than I, and he, too, is going; the worst of it is I cannot study now, when —" Pétya stopped, blushed so that he began to perspire, but still continued, "when the country is in danger."

"Stop, stop your nonsense!"

"But you said yourself that we would sacrifice everything."

"Pétya, I tell you, keep quiet!" the count shouted, looking at his wife, who was pale and cast an arrested glance at her son.

"But I tell you — Pierre Kirílych himself will tell you —"

"I tell you it is nonsense! The milk has not yet dried on your lips, and you want to go into the army! I tell you, stop it!" and the count took up the papers, evidently for the purpose of reading them again in his cabinet before taking a rest, and left the room.

"Pierre Kirílych, come, let us have a smoke — "

Pierre was agitated and undecided. Natásha's uncommonly bright and animated eyes, which kept turning toward him with an expression of more than kindness, had brought him into this state.

"No, I think I will drive home — "

"Home? Why, you intended to stay all evening — You do not come very often, anyway. And this girl of mine," the count said, good-naturedly, pointing to Natásha, "is happy only when you are around — "

"I forgot — I must go home by all means — Business — " Pierre said, hurriedly.

"Good-bye, then," said the count, as he left the room.

"Why do you go away? Why are you so disturbed? Why?" Natásha asked Pierre, looking provokingly at him.

"Because I love you!" he wanted to say; but he did not say it, and only blushed till the tears came, and lowered his eyes.

"Because it is better for me not to come too often — Because — no, simply I am busy — "

"Why? Do tell me," Natásha began, with determination, and then suddenly stopped.

They looked at each other in fright and embarrassment. He tried to smile, but could not: his smile expressed suffering, and he silently kissed her hand, and went out.

Pierre made up his mind never again to call on the Rostóvs.

XXI.

HAVING received a definite refusal, Pétya went to his room, where he locked himself up and wept bitterly. They all acted as though they did not notice anything when he came to tea with tearful eyes, and was sullen and gloomy.

On the following day the emperor arrived. Several of the servants of the Rostóvs begged to be permitted to go and see the Tsar. On that morning Pétya was very long in dressing, combing, and fixing his collar in the fashion of a grown-up person. He frowned in front of the mirror, made all kinds of gestures, shrugged his shoulders, and finally put on his cap, and, without saying a word to any one, left by the back porch, trying to remain unnoticed. He had decided to go straight to the place where the emperor was and to tell some gentleman of the chamber (Pétya thought that the emperor was always surrounded by gentlemen of the chamber) that he, Count Rostóv, in spite of his youth, wished to serve his country, that youth could not be an impediment to loyalty, and that he was ready — As he was preparing to go, he thought up a mass of beautiful words, which he was going to tell the gentleman of the chamber.

Pétya counted on the success of his being presented to the emperor because he was still a child (Pétya was sure they would all wonder at his extreme youth), and yet he endeavoured by the arrangement of his collar, by his coiffure, and by his slow and measured walk, to represent an older man. But the farther he walked, the more his

attention was diverted by the masses of people surging near the Kremlin, the more he forgot to preserve the reserve and dignity which are characteristic of older men. When he reached the Kremlin, he began to exert himself not to be crushed, and so he put his arms out akimbo, in a threatening attitude. But at the Trinity Gate, people, who evidently did not know with what patriotic purpose he was going to the Kremlin, so pressed him against the wall that he had to submit and stop, while carriages, reverberating under the vaults of the gates, passed through. Near Pétya stood an old woman and a lackey, two merchants, and an ex-soldier. After having remained a few minutes at the gate, Pétya, without waiting for all carriages to pass, wanted to move on, and began to work his elbows energetically; but the woman who was standing opposite him, and against whom he first directed his elbows, angrily called out to him:

"Don't push that way, young man! Don't you see that all are standing still? What is the sense in pushing?"

"Anybody can push," said the lackey, and, beginning himself to use his elbows freely, he jammed Pétya into an ill-smelling corner of the gate.

Pétya wiped off with his hands the perspiration which covered his whole face, and fixed his wilted collar, which he had so carefully arranged at home, to make it appear like a grown-up man's collar.

Pétya felt that he did not look presentable, and was afraid that, if he appeared before the gentlemen of the chamber, he would not be admitted to the presence of the emperor; but there was no chance of adjusting himself or of getting out from the crowd. One of the generals who passed by was an acquaintance of the Rostóvs. Pétya wanted to invoke his aid, but thought that it would be unmanly. When all the carriages had passed, the throng rushed forward and carried Pétya along through the square, which was all filled with people. Not only

the square itself, but even the declivities and roofs were crowded with people. As soon as Pétya found himself in the square, he heard distinctly the sounds of the bells and of the joyous shouts of the people which filled the Kremlin.

For awhile Pétya could stand comfortably in the square, but suddenly all the heads were bared, and everybody rushed forward. Pétya was so jammed in that he could not breathe, and every one cried out, "Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!" Pétya got up on tiptoe, pushed his neighbours, and pinched them, but could see nothing but people all around him.

On all the faces there was an expression of transport. A merchant woman, who was standing near Pétya, was sobbing, and her tears coursed down her cheeks.

"Father, angel, dear one!" she kept saying, while wiping off her tears with her fingers.

"Hurrah!" they shouted on all sides.

For about a minute the crowd stood in one spot, and then it again rushed forward.

Pétya, forgetting himself, set his teeth, and, rolling his eyes like a beast of prey, darted ahead, making his way with his elbows, and shouting, "Hurrah!" as though he were ready to kill himself and everybody else at that moment; but on all sides just such beastly faces were darting ahead, with the same shouts of "Hurrah!"

"So this is what the emperor is!" thought Pétya. "No, I cannot hand him a petition myself, — it would be too bold!" And yet, he made the same desperate efforts to get to the front. Between the backs of those who were in front of him he could make out an empty space down which was laid a red cloth carpet; but just then the crowd swayed back (the policemen in front were pushing back those who had advanced too close to the procession; the emperor was on his way from the palace to the church of the Assumption), and Pétya suddenly got

such a blow in his ribs, and was so jammed in, that his eyes grew dim and he lost consciousness. When he came to, a clerical person, in a faded blue cassock, who had a tuft of grayish hair behind, apparently a sexton, supported him with one hand under the pit of his arm, and with the other protected him against the surging crowd.

"You have crushed a young gentleman!" said the sexton. "Can't you look out? Easy, — he is crushed, I say!"

The emperor passed on to the cathedral of the Assumption. The crowd again quieted down, and the sexton took the pale and scarcely breathing Pétya out to the tsar-cannon. A few persons expressed their sympathy for Pétya, and suddenly the whole crowd turned to him, and now there was a crush about his person. Those who stood nearest attended to him by unbuttoning his coat, placed him on an elevation of the gun, and rebuked those who might be responsible for the crushing of Pétya.

"It would not take much to kill a man that way. Shame! Murder! Just see, the dear fellow is just as white as a sheet," several voices were heard saying.

Pétya soon recovered consciousness, the colour returned to his face, the pain passed away, and to pay for his passing discomfort he had gained a place on the gun, from which he hoped to see the emperor, who was to return. Pétya no longer thought of handing in his petition. He would be quite happy if he only had a chance to see him!

During the double divine service in the cathedral of the Assumption, — on the occasion of the emperor's arrival and as a thanksgiving prayer for the peace concluded with the Turks, — the crowd began to scatter a little; there appeared the shouting hucksters of kvas, cakes, and poppy, of which Pétya was especially fond, and ordinary conversations were heard. A merchant woman showed her torn shawl, informing her neighbour how expensive it had been; another said that nowadays all silk materials were excess-

ively dear. The sexton, Pétya's saviour, was talking to an official, telling him who was officiating on that day with his Eminence. The sexton several times repeated the words "plenary ministration," which Pétya did not understand. Two young burghers were jesting with manorial servant girls who were munching nuts. All these conversations, especially the jokes with the manorial girls, which always had been so attractive to Pétya in his childhood, now failed to interest him; he was sitting on his elevation on the cannon, agitated at the thought of the emperor and of his love for him. The coincidence of the feeling of pain and terror, when he had been crushed, with the sensation of transport, only increased his consciousness of the importance of this moment.

Suddenly reports of cannon were heard on the bank of the river (they were celebrating the conclusion of the peace with the Turks), and the crowd darted toward the river, to see them fire off the guns. Pétya, too, wanted to run there, but the sexton, having taken the young gentleman under his care, did not let him. The reports could still be heard, when out of the cathedral of the Assumption came running officers, generals, and gentlemen of the chamber; then others came out less hurriedly; hats were again taken off, and those who had run to see the cannon came running back. Finally four more men in uniforms and sashes came out of the door of the cathedral. "Hurrah, hurrah!" the crowd shouted again.

"Which is it? Which?" Pétya kept asking, in a tearful voice, but nobody made any reply to him; they were all too much carried away, and Pétya, selecting one of the four persons, whom he could not well make out through the tears of joy that stood in his eyes, concentrated all his enthusiasm on him, though it was not the emperor, shouted "Hurrah!" in a preternatural voice, and decided that, cost what it might, he would become a soldier on the morrow.

The crowd ran after the emperor, accompanied him as far as the palace, and began to disperse. It was late, and Pétya had had nothing to eat, and his perspiration was coursing down in streams; but he did not go home. He remained with the diminished, but still considerable, throng in front of the palace, during the emperor's dinner, looking in at the windows, waiting for something, and envying both the dignitaries who drove up to the porch, to be present at the dinner, and the lackeys of the chamber, who were serving at the table and who flashed by the windows.

At dinner Valúev, having looked out of a window, said to the emperor:

"The people still hope to see your Majesty."

The dinner was over; the emperor, finishing a biscuit, rose and went out on the balcony. The masses, with Pétya among them, darted toward the balcony. "Angel! Dear one! Hurrah! Father!" cried the people and Pétya, and again the women and a few of the weaker men, among them Pétya, wept with joy. A fairly large piece of the biscuit, which the emperor was holding in his hand, broke off and fell on the parapet of the balcony, and from the parapet on the ground. A coachman, in a sleeveless coat, who was standing near by, made for the piece of biscuit and caught it. Several men of the throng rushed up to the coachman. Noticing this, the emperor ordered a plateful of biscuits, which he began to throw down from the balcony. Pétya's eyes were bloodshot; the danger of being crushed only helped to excite him, and he darted for a biscuit. He did not know why he did it, but he felt that he had to receive a biscuit from the hand of the emperor, and that he must not be vanquished. He rushed forward and knocked down an old woman, who was trying to catch a biscuit. The old woman did not consider herself vanquished, even though she was lying prostrate on the ground, for she kept putting out her

hands to catch a biscuit, though in vain. Pétya knocked her hand aside with his knee, caught a biscuit, and, as though fearing lest he should be too late, again shouted, "Hurrah!" in a hoarse voice.

The emperor went away, and after that the greater part of the people began to disperse.

"I said that we ought to wait, and you see it turned out as I said," several people were heard saying on all sides.

Although Pétya was very happy, he felt sad as he walked home, seeing that all the enjoyment of that day was past. From the Kremlin Pétya went not home, but to his friend Obolénski, who was fifteen years old, and who also wanted to enter the army. Upon returning home, he declared with firmness and determination that if they did not let him, he would run away. On the following day, Count Ilyá Andréevich, though not entirely surrendering, drove out to see whether he could not get some safe place for Pétya.

XXII.

THREE days after this event, in the morning of July 15th, an endless number of carriages stood in front of the Slobódski palace.

The halls were full. In the first were the gentry in uniforms; in the second, the merchants with decorations, with their long beards, and wearing blue caftans. In the hall of the meeting of the gentry there was a din and motion. At a large table, beneath the portrait of the emperor, the more distinguished notables were sitting on chairs with high backs, but the majority of the gentry walked up and down in the hall.

All the men of the gentry, those whom Pierre had been seeing every day, either in the club, or in their houses, wore their uniforms, of the days of Catherine, or Paul, or the new ones of the reign of Alexander, or the usual ones of the nobility, and this general character of the uniforms lent a strange and fantastic aspect to the old and young, to strangers and to acquaintances. Most striking were the blear-eyed, toothless, bald-headed, sallow, and obese, or wrinkled, lean old men. They generally remained sitting and kept quiet; if they walked about and talked, they sought out the company of some one younger than themselves. Just as on the countenances of the crowd which Pétya had seen in the square, so on these countenances there was a striking feature of contrasts: of the general expectancy of something solemn, and of the habitual yesterday's expectancy of a boston party, of chef Petrúshka, of the health of Zinaída Dmítrievna, etc.

Pierre, who since early morning had been laced in an awkward, tightly fitting uniform of the gentry, was also in the halls. He was agitated: the unusual gathering not only of the gentry, but also of the merchant class, — *les états généraux*, — called forth in him a whole series of his long neglected ideas about the *Contrat social* and the French Revolution, which had made a deep impress on his soul. The words which he especially noticed in the appeal, that the emperor was coming to the capital for "consultation" with his people, confirmed him in his view. Assuming that something important in this direction was now approaching, something for which he had been waiting so long, he kept walking about, and looking and listening to the conversations, but he nowhere found an expression of the ideas which interested him.

The emperor's manifesto was read, producing great enthusiasm, and then all, talking, began to disperse. In addition to the usual interests, Pierre heard them discuss where the marshals were to stand during the appearance of the emperor when a ball was to be given to the Tsar, whether they were to arrange themselves by counties, or by Governments, etc.; but the moment the question of the war was up, for which in reality the nobility had been collected, the talk became undecided and undetermined. All preferred to listen rather than talk themselves.

One man of middle age, a manly, handsome fellow, in the uniform of an ex-sailor, was talking in one of the halls, and there was a crowd around him. Count Ilyá Andréevich, who, in his Voevód caftan of the days of Catherine, was pacing up and down through the crowd, with a pleasant smile on his countenance for all the people he knew, walked over to the same group and began to listen, as usual, with his agreeable smile, and with approving nods of his head to the speaker. The ex-sailor spoke very boldly (this could be seen from the expressions of the faces of his audience, and from the fact that those whom Pierre

knew as very submissive and meek persons walked away disapprovingly, or contradicted him). Pierre pushed his way to the middle of the circle, to hear the speaker; he convinced himself that the sailor was really a liberal, but in an entirely different sense from what Pierre had expected. He spoke with that peculiarly sonorous, sing-song baritone, with that charming guttural pronunciation of his *r*'s and that clipping of his consonants, with which a nobleman calls for his tea or pipe. His voice betrayed that he was addicted to the pleasures of the table and to giving commands.

"What if the Smolénsk people have offered the militia to the emperor? Are the Smolénskans a law to us? If the distinguished nobility of the Government of Moscow find it necessary to express their loyalty to the emperor, they will find the proper means for doing so. Have we forgotten the militia of the year 1807? The only men who profited by it were the carousers and thieves — "

Count Ilyá Andréevich, smiling sweetly, nodded his head approvingly.

"Well, have our militiamen been of any use to our country? No, not at all! They have only ruined our estates. Recruitment would be better — else they will return to you neither as soldiers, nor as peasants, and there will be nothing but debauch. The gentry do not spare their lives, — we will go ourselves one and all. We will take our recruits along, and, let the emperor just give us a call, we will all die for him," added the orator, becoming excited.

Ilyá Andréevich swallowed from pleasure and nudged Pierre, but Pierre wanted to speak himself. He moved forward, feeling himself inspired, not knowing himself by what, nor what he was going to say. He had just opened his mouth to speak, when a toothless senator with an intelligent and angry face, who was standing near the speaker, interrupted Pierre. He spoke softly, but audibly, betray-

ing the habit of carrying on discussions and putting questions:

"I suppose, dear sir," the senator said, lisping with his toothless mouth, "that we have not been called here to discuss what is more advantageous for the country at the present moment, whether it is the levy of the militia or of recruits. We have been called to respond to the appeal which our emperor has honoured us with, and we will leave it to the higher power to decide what is more advantageous, the levy of the militia or of the recruits."

Pierre suddenly discovered an issue for his animation. He was infuriated against the senator, who was introducing that order and that narrowness of conception into the affairs of the nobility. Pierre stepped forward and stopped him. He did not know what he was going to say, but he began excitedly, now and then bursting into French, and expressing himself in scholastic Russian:

"Pardon me, your Excellency," he began (Pierre was well acquainted with the senator, but he deemed it proper to address him now in an official manner), "though I do not agree with Mr. —" (Pierre hesitated. He wanted to say, "*Mon très honorable préopinant*, with Mr. — *que je n'ai pas l'honneur de connaître*"), "I assume that in addition to expressing their sympathy and enthusiasm, the nobility are called in order to discuss the measures we can take to assist our country. I assume," he spoke with enthusiasm, "that the emperor would be dissatisfied if he saw in us nothing but proprietors of peasants, whom we give up to him as — *chair à canon*, which we are making of ourselves, and if he did not find in us cou-cou-counsel."

Many left the circle, as they noticed the senator's disdainful smile, and perceived that Pierre was speaking without restraint; Ilyá Andréevich was the only one who was satisfied with Pierre's speech, just as he had

been satisfied with the sailor's and the senator's speeches, — in general, with the last speech he had heard.

"I assume that, before deliberating on this question," continued Pierre, "we ought to ask the emperor, we ought most respectfully to ask his Majesty, to communicate to us how large our present army is, in what condition our troops are, and then — "

But Pierre did not have a chance to finish his words, when he was attacked on three sides. The most violent attack was made on him by his old acquaintance, the boston player Stepán Stepánovich Apráksin, who had always been friendly to him. He now wore his uniform, and, probably for that reason, Pierre saw a different man before him. Stepán Stepánovich called out to Pierre, with the malicious expression of an old man, in his face:

"In the first place I will inform you that we have no right to ask the emperor for it, and, secondly, if the Russian gentry had such a right, the Tsar could make no reply to us. The troops are moving in accordance with the movements of the enemy, — the troops are growing less or more numerous — "

Another voice, belonging to a man of medium stature, of about forty years of age, whom in former days Pierre had seen with the gipsies, and whom he knew as a poor card-player, and who now, himself transformed in his uniform, moved up to Pierre, interrupted Apráksin.

"This is not the proper time for deliberations," this nobleman cried, "but for actions: there is a war in Russia. Our enemy is advancing to crush Russia, to profane the tombs of our forefathers, to carry off our women and children." The nobleman struck his breast with his fist. "We will all of us rise, we will go, one and all, for the Tsar, our father!" he shouted, rolling his bloodshot eyes. Several approving voices were heard in the crowd. "We are Russians, and will not spare our blood in the defence of our faith, our throne, and our

country. We must leave all drivelling talk aside, if we are sons of our fatherland. We will show Europe how Russia rises to defend Russia," shouted the nobleman.

Pierre wanted to retort, but was unable to say a word. He felt that the sound of his words, independently of the thought which they contained, was less audible than the sound of the words of the animated nobleman.

Ilyá Andréevich was nodding approvingly in the rear of the crowd; a few men, at the end of the speech, turned sidewise to the orator and said:

"That's what! That's right!"

Pierre wanted to say that he was not disinclined to sacrifice money, peasants, or himself, but that it was first necessary to know how matters stood in order to mend them; but he could not speak. Many voices shouted and spoke at the same time, so that Ilyá Andréevich did not have time to nod to all. The group increased and broke up, again came together, and moved, with a din of voices, into the larger hall, up to a large table. Pierre had no chance to say anything: he was rudely interrupted and pushed aside, and men turned away from him as from a common enemy. This was not due to their dissatisfaction with the meaning of his speech, — they forgot it after the great number of speeches which had followed, — but for the animation of the crowd it was necessary to have a palpable object of love and a palpable object of hatred. Pierre had become the latter. Many orators spoke after the excited nobleman, and all spoke in the same tone. Many of them expressed themselves well and with originality.

The editor of the *Russian Messenger*, Glínka, who was recognized ("Author! Author!" voices in the crowd exclaimed), said that hell ought to be fought with hell, and that he had seen a child smiling at the flash of lightning and at peals of thunder, but that we would not be that child.

"Yes, yes, at the peals of thunder!" approving voices spoke in the last rows.

The crowd walked up to the large table, where, in uniforms and sashes, sat gray-haired, bald-headed, septuagenarian dignitaries, nearly all of whom Pierre had seen at home with their buffoons, or in the clubs at the game of boston. The crowd walked over to the table, still continuing its din. One after another, and occasionally two at a time, the orators spoke, pushed against the backs of the chairs by the pressing crowd. Those who stood behind noticed what the orator had omitted to say, and hastened to supply the want. Others, in this heat and crowd, rummaged through their heads, trying to find some ideas, which they hastened to express. The old dignitaries, Pierre's acquaintances, were sitting and looking now at one, and now at another, and the expression of the majority of them said only that they felt hot. Pierre, however, was agitated, and the universal feeling of readiness for any sacrifice, which was expressed not so much in the meaning of the words as in the sounds and in the expressions of the faces, was also communicated to him. He did not renounce his ideas, but felt guilty and wanted to justify himself.

"All I said was that it would be more advantageous for us to make sacrifices when we know what the need is," he exclaimed, trying to shout louder than the others.

One of the old men, who was nearest to him, looked around, but was immediately attracted by a shout at the other end of the table.

"Yes, Moscow will be surrendered! She will be our Saviour!" some one was crying.

"He is the foe of humanity!" shouted another. "Permit me to speak — Gentlemen, you are crushing me! — "

XXIII.

JUST then Count Rostopchín, with his protruding chin and quick eyes, wearing the uniform of a general, with the sash across the shoulder, entered with rapid steps, while the gentry moved aside to make a path for him.

"The emperor will be here soon," said Rostopchín. "I am just coming from him. It seems to me that there is no time for deliberations, considering the condition we are in. The emperor has deigned to call us and the merchants," said Prince Rostopchín. "Millions will be poured forth from there" (he pointed to the hall of the merchants), "and it is our business to provide the militia and not to spare ourselves — This is the least we can do!"

The deliberations began among the dignitaries who were seated at the table. The whole deliberation was more than quiet. It even seemed sad, when, after all the former noise, there were heard the voices saying, "I agree to it!" or, for a change, "I am of the same opinion!" and so forth.

The secretary was ordered to record the decree of the Moscow nobility, which was that the Muscovites, like the inhabitants of Smolénsk, offered ten men in the thousand and their complete equipment. The presiding dignitaries arose, as though relieved of a burden, rattled with their chairs, and went through the hall, limbering up their legs, linking arms, and talking with each other.

"The emperor, the emperor!" they suddenly cried through the halls, and the whole crowd rushed toward the entrance.

The emperor walked into the hall along a broad walk, between two walls of noblemen. There was an expression of respectful and frightened curiosity on all the faces. Pierre stood quite a distance away, and could not hear well the speech of the emperor. From what he caught, he understood that the emperor was speaking of the danger in which the country was, and of the hopes which he placed in the gentry of Moscow. The emperor was followed by another voice which informed him of the decree just passed by the gentry.

"Gentlemen!" the emperor said, with a quivering voice; the crowd stirred a little, and again grew quiet, and Pierre heard distinctly the humane, agreeable, and touched voice of the emperor, saying:

"I have never had any doubts as to the zeal of the Russian gentry. But on this day it has surpassed my expectations. I thank you in the name of the country. Gentlemen, we will act, — time is most precious —"

The emperor grew silent; the assemblage began to crowd around him, and from all sides could be heard enthusiastic exclamations.

"Yes, most precious of all — are the words of the Tsar," sobbing, said Ilyá Andréevich, who was standing in the rear. He had not heard anything, but understood it all in his own manner.

From the hall of the gentry the emperor passed to the hall of the merchants. He remained there about ten minutes. Pierre, among others, saw the emperor emerge from the hall of the merchants, with tears of emotion in his eyes. It was learned later that the emperor had just begun his speech to the merchants, when the tears gushed from his eyes, and he finished in a trembling voice. When Pierre saw the emperor, he was coming out, accompanied by two merchants. One of them, a stout liquor monopolist, was familiar to Pierre; the other, the mayor, had a thin, sallow face with a narrow beard. Both were weeping.

Tears were in the eyes of the thin-faced man, but the monopolist cried like a child and kept saying:

"Take our lives and our property, your Majesty!"

Pierre at that moment felt nothing but the desire to show that nothing was too much for him and that he was prepared to sacrifice everything. His speech with its constitutional bias appeared to him as a reproach; he was trying to find an opportunity to wipe it out. When he heard that Count Mamónov furnished a whole regiment, Bezúkhi immediately announced to Rostopchín that he would give one thousand men and would furnish their maintenance.

Old Rostóv was not able to tell his wife what had happened without tears, and at once consented to Pétya's request, and himself went away to have him enlisted.

On the following day the emperor departed. The gentry who had been at the assembly took off their uniforms, again took up their customary places in the houses and clubs, and, with groans, gave orders to their superintendents about the militia, and wondered at what they had done.

PART THE TENTH

I.

NAPOLEON began his war with Russia because he could not help coming to Dresden, getting his head turned by honours, putting on a Polish uniform, submitting to the active influence of a June morning, and giving way to an outburst of anger in the presence of Kurákin and later of Balashév.

Alexander declined all negotiations because he felt himself personally insulted. Barclay de Tolly tried in the best way possible to manage his army, in order to do his duty and earn the glory of a great general. Rostóv galloped to attack the French because he could not repress a desire to gallop over a level plain. Even thus, by dint of their personal qualities, habits, conditions, and purposes, acted all the innumerable participants in the war. They feared, were vain, rejoiced, censured, deliberated, assuming that they knew what they were doing, and that they were acting in their own behalves, whereas they all were the involuntary tools of history, and produced certain results, which were puzzling to them, but are intelligible to us. Such is the invariable fate of all the actors in practical affairs, and they are the less free, the higher they stand in the human hierarchy.

Now the actors of the year 1812 have long ago left their places, their personal interests have disappeared without leaving a trace, and only the historical results of that time are before us.

But let us suppose that the men of Europe were compelled, under the guidance of Napoleon, to penetrate into the interior of Russia and perish there. Then all the self-contradictory, senseless, cruel activity of the participants in this war becomes intelligible to us.

Providence compelled all these men, who were striving after their personal aims, to coöperate in the accomplishment of one grand result, of which not one man (neither Napoleon nor Alexander, nor, much less, any other participant in this war) had the least idea.

Now it is clear to us what in the year 1812 was the cause of the destruction of the French army. No one will dispute that the cause of the destruction of the French troops of Napoleon was, on the one hand, their having at a late time entered, without preparation, on a winter campaign in the interior of Russia, and, on the other, the character which the war assumed from the burning of the Russian towns and from the hatred of the enemy which was instilled in the Russian nation. But at that time no one foresaw, what now is so evident, that only in this manner could have perished an army of 800,000 men, the best in the world, and led by the best of generals, in its conflict with the Russian army, which had only half its strength, and which was inexperienced and led by inexperienced generals; not only did no one foresee it, but all the efforts on the side of the Russians were continually directed toward avoiding the very things which alone could save Russia, and, on the side of the French, in spite of their experience and the so-called genius of Napoleon, every effort was made to stretch out as far as Moscow before the end of summer, that is, to do the precise thing that was to ruin them.

In the historical works on the year 1812, the French authors like to speak of the fact that Napoleon felt the danger of stretching his lines, that he was trying to give battle, and that the marshals advised him to stop in

Smolénsk, and they adduce similar arguments to prove that even then the danger of the campaign was fully appreciated; and the Russian authors like to speak still more of the fact that in the beginning of the campaign there existed a plan of a Scythian war, to consist of enticing Napoleon into the interior of Russia, and some ascribe this plan to Pfuel, some to a Frenchman, or to Toll, or to Emperor Alexander himself, pointing to notes, projects, and letters in which there are, indeed, hints at this manner of action. But all these hints of foresight are now brought forward, both on the side of the French and on the side of the Russians, because the events have justified them. If the event had not taken place, these hints would have been forgotten, like thousands and millions of contrary hints and suppositions, which then were current, but have proved incorrect, and so have been forgotten. For the issue of any event there are always so many suppositions that, no matter how it may end, there will always be found people who will say, "I told you then that it would end so," forgetting entirely that in the endless mass of suppositions made there were some that were diametrically opposed.

The suppositions about Napoleon's consciousness of the danger of extending his lines, and, on the side of the Russians, of drawing the enemy into the interior of Russia, evidently belong to this order, and only by a long stretch of the imagination can the historians ascribe such considerations to Napoleon and such plans to the Russian military leaders. All the facts absolutely contradict such assumptions. Not only had there been during the whole war no desire on the part of the Russians to entice the French into the depth of Russia, but everything had been done to arrest them from the moment they had entered the country, and not only had Napoleon not been afraid of extending his lines, but he was even rejoiced, as at a triumph, at every step of his in advance, and, quite dif-

ferently from his other campaigns, he was loth to give battle.

In the beginning of the campaign our troops are separated, and the only purpose which we have is to unite them, though there is no advantage in the union of the armies, if it is necessary to retreat and entice the enemy into the interior. The emperor is with the army in order to stir the soldiers to defend every foot of Russian soil, and not to retreat. An enormous camp at the Drissa is constructed according to Pfuel's plans, and there is no idea of retreating any farther. The emperor rebukes the commanders-in-chief for every step backward. Not the conflagration of Moscow, nor even the admission of the enemy into Smolénsk, presents itself to the emperor's imagination, and when the armies are united the Tsar is provoked because Smolénsk is captured, and because no general engagement has taken place before its walls.

Thus thinks the emperor, but the Russian military leaders and all the Russians are provoked even more at the thought that our armies are retreating into the interior of the country.

Having cut the armies in two, Napoleon moves into the interior and several times loses the chance of giving battle. In the month of August he is at Smolénsk and thinks only of advancing, although, as we now see, this advance is evidently ruinous to him.

The facts show plainly that neither did Napoleon foresee the perils in his advance to Moscow, nor did Alexander and the military leaders of Russia at that time think of enticing Napoleon, but of the contrary. The advance of Napoleon into the interior of the country did not take place by any plan (no one believed in the possibility of one), but was due to a most complicated play of intrigues, purposes, and desires in the participants in the war, who did not divine what had to be, nor what was the only salvation of Russia. Everything takes place by accident.

The armies are separated in the beginning of the campaign. We try to unite them with the evident purpose of giving battle and retarding the advance of the enemy, but in this tendency toward union, while avoiding battles with the superior forces of the enemy, and involuntarily moving away at an oblique angle, we lead the French up to Smolénsk. But it is not enough to say that we recede at an oblique angle because the French are moving between the two armies, — this angle becomes sharper still, and we recede farther, because Barclay de Tolly, an unpopular German, is hateful to Bagratión, who is to be under his command, and Bagratión, commanding the second army, tries as long as possible to keep away from a union with Barclay, merely to avoid being under his command. Bagratión is a long time in bringing about the union (though this is the main purpose of all the persons in command) because he thinks that on this march he endangers his army, and that it is most advantageous for him to retreat to the left and south, harassing the enemy from the flank and rear, and complementing his army in the Ukraine. Yet, this seems an excuse invented by him merely because he does not wish to submit to the German Barclay, who is his junior, and whom he hates.

The emperor is with the army in order to stir it, but his presence and his ignorance of what to begin, and the enormous quantity of counsellors and plans paralyze the energy of action in the first army, and the army retreats.

It is intended to stop in the Drissa camp; but suddenly Paulucci, who has an eye on the position of commander-in-chief, affects Alexander by his energy, and Pfuel's whole plan is abandoned, and the whole matter is entrusted to Barclay. But since Barclay does not inspire confidence, his power is limited. The armies are broken up, there is no concentration of command, Barclay is not popular; but, from this tangle, this decentralization, and

the unpopularity of the German commander-in-chief, there flows, on the one hand, indecision and avoidance of battles (which could not have been avoided if the armies had been united, and another than Barclay the commander-in-chief), and, on the other hand, an ever increasing irritation against the Germans, and the awakening of the patriotic spirit.

Finally the emperor leaves the army, and as the only plausible pretext is chosen the idea that his departure is necessary in order to stir the populations of the capitals to the national war. And thus this journey of the emperor to Moscow increases the strength of the Russian army threefold.

The emperor leaves the army in order not to embarrass the central power of the commander-in-chief, and hopes that more decisive measures will be taken; but the condition of the chief command is only growing weaker and more entangled. Bénigsen, the grand duke, and a swarm of adjutants-general remain with the army in order to watch the actions of the commander-in-chief, and to rouse his energy, and Barclay, feeling himself still less free under all these "eyes of the emperor," becomes more cautious about decisive actions, and avoids battles.

Barclay is for caution. The Tsesarévich hints at treason and demands a general battle. Lubomírski, Brounícki, Wlócki, and the like so fan this rumour that Barclay, under the pretext of forwarding certain documents to the emperor, sends these Polish adjutants-general away to St. Petersburg and enters into an open struggle with Bénigsen and the grand duke.

In Smolénsk the armies at last unite, in spite of Bagratión's wish.

Bagratión drives up in a carriage to the house occupied by Barclay. Barclay puts on his sash, comes out to meet him, and reports to Bagratión, who is a senior in rank. Bagratión, in a struggle of magnanimity, in spite of his

seniority, submits to Barclay; but, in so submitting, agrees with him still less. By the emperor's command, Bagratión reports to him in person. He writes to Arakchéev: "It is the will of my sovereign, but I cannot get along with the *minister* (Barclay). For the Lord's sake, send me somewhere to command a regiment, for I cannot stay here; the whole headquarters are filled with Germans, so that a Russian cannot exist, and there is no sense in it. I thought that I really was serving the emperor and my country, but it turns out that I am serving Barclay. I confess I do not want it."

A swarm of Bronnítskis, Wintzingerodes, and the like poison the relations of the commanders-in-chief still more, and there is still less union. They are getting ready to attack the French at Smolénsk. A general is sent to examine the position. This general, who hates Barclay, rides to his friend, the commander of a corps, and, staying there the whole day, returns to Barclay and thoroughly discusses the field of battle, which he has not seen.

While there are discussions and intrigues about the future field of battle, while we are looking for the French, and blundering about their position, the French stumble on Nevyeróvski's division and march up to the very walls of Smolénsk.

It is necessary to accept the unexpected battle at Smolénsk, in order to save our communications. The battle is given. Thousands on either side are killed.

Smolénsk is abandoned, despite the will of the emperor and of the whole nation. But Smolénsk is burnt by the inhabitants themselves, who are deceived by their governor, and the ruined inhabitants, showing an example to other inhabitants, go to Moscow, thinking only of their losses, and fanning the hatred for the enemy. Napoleon advances, we retreat, and that is accomplished which is to vanquish Napoleon.

II.

On the day following the departure of his son, Prince Nikoláy Andréevich called Princess Márya to him.

"Well, are you satisfied now?" he said to her. "You have made me and my son quarrel! You are satisfied! That is all you wanted! Are you satisfied? It pains me. I am old and feeble, and this is what you wanted. Rejoice, rejoice!"

After that, Princess Márya did not see her father for a week. He was ill and did not leave his cabinet. To her surprise, Princess Márya noticed that during this time he did not admit Mlle. Bourienne, either. Tíkhon was the only one who attended him.

A week later the prince came out and again began his former life, busying himself most diligently with the buildings and gardens, and giving up all his former relations with Mlle. Bourienne. His look and his cold tone when he was with Princess Márya seemed to say to her: "You see! You have lied against me to Prince Andréy, telling him about my relations with this Frenchwoman, and you have caused us to quarrel; but you see that I need neither you nor the Frenchwoman."

One-half of the day Princess Márya passed with little Nikoláy, watching his lessons, herself giving him lessons in Russian and music, and speaking with Desalles; the other part of the day she passed with books, with her old nurse, and with the God's people, who occasionally came to see her by the back porch.

Of the war Princess Márya thought just as women

always think of war. She was anxious on account of her brother who was there, and was terrified at the incomprehensible cruelty of men, which caused them to kill each other; but she did not understand the significance of the war, which to her seemed in no way to differ from previous wars. She did not understand the meaning of this war, although Desalles, her constant companion, who was passionately interested in its course, tried to expound to her his views on the matter, and although the God's people, who visited her, in their own way spoke with terror of the coming of the antichrist, and although Julie, now Princess Drubetskóy, who had again entered into correspondence with her, kept writing her patriotic letters from Moscow.

"I am writing you in Russian, my dear friend," wrote Julie, "because I hate all the French, as well as their language, which I cannot bear to hear spoken — We, in Moscow, are transported with enthusiasm for our adored emperor.

"My poor husband endures hunger and fatigue in Jewish taverns, but the news which I receive makes me still more enthusiastic.

"You have, no doubt, heard of the heroic deed of Raévski, who embraced his two sons and said: 'I will die with them, but we will not waver!' And indeed, although the enemy was twice as strong as we, we did not waver.

"We pass the time as best we can; but war-times are war-times. Princess Alína and Sophie are sitting with me for days at a time, and we, unfortunate widows of living husbands, carry on beautiful conversations while making lint; but we miss you —" and so forth.

Princess Márya did not understand the whole significance of this war, more especially because the old prince never spoke of it, did not recognize it, and laughed at dinner at Desalles, who spoke of it. The prince's tone

was so calm and convincing that Princess Márya believed him without any further reflection.

During the whole month of July the old prince was exceedingly active and even animated. He started a new garden and a new structure for the manorial servants. What worried Princess Márya was that he did not sleep much and that he had given up his habit of sleeping in the cabinet, and every day changed his resting-place. Now he ordered his camp-bed to be placed in the gallery, and now he remained on the sofa or in the easy-chair in the drawing-room, where he dozed off without undressing himself, while, not Mlle. Bourienne, but the boy Petrúsha, read to him; sometimes again he slept in the dining-room.

On the 1st of August a second letter was received from Prince Andréy. In his first letter, which had been received soon after his departure, Prince Andréy humbly asked his father's pardon for what he had allowed himself to say to him, and begged to be received in his favour again. The old prince answered him in a kind letter, and soon afterward cooled off toward the Frenchwoman. Prince Andréy's second letter, written near Vítebsk, after the French had occupied it, consisted of a short description of the whole campaign, with a plan, drawn in the letter, and of his reflections on the future course of the campaign. Prince Andréy represented to him the disadvantages of being in the neighbourhood of the theatre of war, on the very line of the advance of the army, and advised him to leave for Moscow.

On that day the old prince recalled Prince Andréy's letter, when, at dinner, Desalles mentioned that there was a rumour that the French had already entered Vítebsk.

"Have heard from Prince Andréy to-day," he said to Princess Márya. "Have you read the letter?"

"No, *mon père*," the princess replied, terrified. She could not have read a letter which she did not even know of.

"He writes about this war," said the prince, with that habitual, contemptuous smile with which he always spoke of the war.

"It must be very interesting!" said Desalles. "The prince is in a position to know —"

"Oh, how interesting!" said Mlle. Bourienne.

"Go and bring it to me," the old prince turned to Mlle. Bourienne. "You know, on the small table under the paper-weight."

Mlle. Bourienne leaped up, ready to execute the order.

"Oh, no!" he cried, frowning. "You go, Mikhaíl Iványch!"

Mikhaíl Iványch rose and went to the cabinet. But the moment he had gone out, the old prince, looking restlessly about him, threw down his napkin and went away himself.

"They do not know a thing, — they will get everything mixed up."

While he was walking out, Princess Márya, Desalles, Mlle. Bourienne, and even Nikoláy looked at one another in silence. The old prince returned at a rapid pace, accompanied by Mikhaíl Iványch, holding the letter and the plan, which he did not give to any one to read, but kept by his side.

As he passed into the drawing-room, he handed the letter to Princess Márya and, spreading before him the plan of a new building and fixing his eyes upon it, ordered her to read aloud. Having read the letter, Princess Márya looked interrogatively at her father. He looked at the plan, apparently lost in thought.

"What do you think of it, prince?" Desalles took the liberty of addressing a question to him.

"I? I?" the prince said, as though awakened disagreeably, and without taking his eyes off the plan of the building.

"It is very possible that the theatre of war will be transferred near us —"

"Ha, ha, ha! The theatre of war!" said the prince. "I have told you that the theatre of war is Poland, and the enemy will not penetrate farther than the Nyéman."

Desalles looked in surprise at the prince, who was speaking of the Nyéman, when the enemy was already at the Dnieper; but Princess Márya, who had forgotten the geographical position of the Nyéman, thought that what her father was saying was true.

"During the thaw of the snows they will drown in the swamps of Poland. They are so blind they do not see it," said the prince, apparently thinking of the campaign of 1807, which to him seemed to have happened but recently. "If Bénigsen had entered Prussia earlier, the affair would have taken a different turn — "

"But, prince," Desalles said, timidly, "the letter mentions Vítebsk — "

"Ah, the letter? Yes — " the prince said, with a dissatisfied look. "Yes — yes — " His face suddenly assumed a gloomy aspect. He was silent for a moment. "Yes, he writes that the French have been beaten, — at what river?"

Desalles lowered his eyes.

"The prince does not write anything about it," he said, softly.

"Does he not? I did not invent it myself."

All were silent for a long time.

"Yes — yes — Well, Mikhaíl Iványch," he suddenly said, raising his head and pointing to the plan of the building, "tell me how you are going to change it — "

Mikhaíl Iványch went up to the plan, and the prince, having spoken with him about the plan of the new structure, cast an angry glance at Princess Márya and Desalles, and went away to his cabinet.

Princess Márya saw Desalles's embarrassed and surprised glance, which was directed at her father, and noticed his silence, and was startled when she noticed

that her father had forgotten and left his son's letter on the table in the drawing-room; but she was afraid to speak and ask Desalles about the cause of his embarrassment and silence, or even to think of it.

In the evening Mikhaíl Iványch, having been sent by the prince, came to Princess Márya for Prince Andréy's letter which he had forgotten and left in the drawing-room. Though it was unpleasant for her to do so, she allowed herself to ask Mikhaíl Iványch what her father was doing.

"The prince is worrying," Mikhaíl Iványch said, with a respectful, though sarcastic, smile, which made Princess Márya grow pale. "The prince is very much worried about the new structure. He has read a little, and now," lowering his voice, said Mikhaíl Iványch, "he is at the bureau, — no doubt busy with the will."

Of late it had become one of the prince's favourite occupations to busy himself with his papers, which were to be left after his death, and which he called his will.

"Is he sending Alpátych to Smolénsk?" asked Princess Márya.

"Certainly. He has been waiting for awhile."

III.

WHEN Mikhaíl Iványch returned to the cabinet with the letter, the prince in spectacles, with shade over his eyes and over the candles, was sitting at an open bureau, holding papers in his extended hand and, in a somewhat solemn attitude, reading the papers ("remarks" he called them), which after his death were to be transmitted to the emperor.

As Mikhaíl Iványch entered, the prince's eyes were filled with reminiscent tears caused by the memory of the time when he had written what he now was reading. He took the letter out of the hands of Mikhaíl Iványch, put it in his pocket, straightened out his papers, and called up Alpátych, who had been waiting for some time.

On a small sheet of paper was written what he wanted in Smolénsk, and, walking up and down in the room, past Alpátych, who was waiting at the door, he began to give orders.

"First, letter paper, do you hear, eight quires, like this sample, gilt-edged — by all means like this sample; sealing-wax — according to Mikhaíl Iványch's note."

He took a few steps through the room and looked into a memorandum-book.

"Then hand the governor in person the letter about the legal document."

Then there were needed door-bolts for the new structure, of the precise pattern which the prince had invented. Then Alpátych was to order a leather box in which to put away his will.

More than two hours passed in giving him these orders. The prince still kept him. He sat down, fell to musing, and, closing his eyes, dozed off. Alpátych stirred.

"Go, go! If I need you, I will send for you."

Alpátych went out. The prince again went up to the bureau; he looked into it, touched his papers with his hand, again locked it, and sat down at the table to write the governor a letter. It was late when he got up, after sealing his letter. He wanted to sleep, but he knew that he should not fall asleep, and that the worst kind of thoughts would come to him in bed. He called Tíkhon, and walked from one room to another, in order to tell him where to make the bed for him for the night. He went around, looking into every corner.

He did not find it nice anywhere, but he felt worst of all on the sofa in the cabinet. This sofa was terrible to him, probably on account of the oppressive thoughts which he had thought when lying upon it. It was not good anywhere, but least objectionable was the corner in the sofa-room, back of the piano: he had never slept there.

Tíkhon and a lackey brought the bed and began to make it.

"Not that way, not that way!" exclaimed the prince, himself moving the bed a trifle, and then back again.

"Well, I have finished all my work, and I can rest now," thought the prince, allowing Tíkhon to undress him.

Angrily frowning from the effort which it was necessary to make in order to take off his caftan and pantaloons, the prince undressed himself, fell heavily on his bed, and seemed to be reflecting, as he looked contemptuously at his sallow, dried up legs. He was not deep in thought, but only hesitated before the necessary labour of lifting his legs and rolling over in his bed. "Oh, if these labours would only be ended soon, and *you* would dismiss me!" he thought. Pressing his lips together, he for the twenty thousandth time made this effort and lay down. But he

had barely taken up his position, when suddenly the whole bed swayed evenly up and down, as though it were breathing heavily and pushing him. This happened to him every night. He opened his eyes, which he had half-shut.

"No rest, accursed ones!" he growled at some one. "Yes, yes, there was something important, something very important, which I have saved for the night in bed. The bolts? No, I told him about them. No, something that was in the drawing-room. Princess Márya talked some nonsense, Desalles, the fool, said something. There was something in my pocket, — I do not remember what."

"Tíkhon, what did we talk about at dinner?"

"About Prince Mikhaíl."

"Keep quiet, keep quiet." The prince struck the table with his fist. "Yes, I know, Prince Andréy's letter. Princess Márya read it. Desalles said something about Vítebsk. I will read it now."

He told Tíkhon to get the letter out of his pocket, and to move up to the bed a little table with the lemonade and a twisted wax candle. He put on his glasses and began to read. Only now, in the quiet of the night, by the feeble light underneath a green shade, did he, after reading the letter, for a moment understand its meaning.

"The French are in Vítebsk! In four days' marches they may be in Smolénsk; maybe they are already there. Tíkhon!"

Tíkhon leaped up.

"No, I do not want you, no!" he shouted.

He concealed the letter under the candlestick and closed his eyes. And he saw before him the Danube, a bright noonday, rushes, a Russian camp, and he himself a young general, without a single wrinkle on his face, a wide-awake, merry, ruddy-faced man, walking into Potémkin's variegated tent. A burning feeling of envy toward the favourite, as strong as it was then, agitated him. He

recalled all the words which had been said then, during the first meeting with Potémkin. And he saw before him a plump, sallow-faced, undersized, stout woman, the empress, and recalled her smiles and words, as she kindly received him for the first time, and then her face on the catafalque, and that conflict with Zúbov, which took place at the coffin, in respect to his privilege to walk up to her hand.

"Ah, if I only could return at once to that time, and if all that is now could end soon, at once, so that I may be left in peace!"

IV.

LÝSYYA GÓRY, the property of Prince Nikoláy Andréevich Bolkónski, was within sixty versts of Smolénsk, and back of it, within three versts of the Moscow highway.

On that same evening, while the prince was giving his commands to Alpátych, Desalles asked Princess Márya for an interview, at which he informed her that, since the prince was not quite well and took no measures for his safety, while from the letter of Prince Andréy it was evident that the stay at Lýsyya Góry was not without danger, he respectfully advised her to send by Alpátych a letter to the chief of the Government in Smolénsk, begging him to inform her of the state of affairs and of the degree of danger to which Lýsyya Góry was subjected. Desalles wrote the letter for Princess Márya, and she signed it and gave it to Alpátych with the order to take it to the governor and, in case of danger, to return as fast as possible.

Having received all the orders, Alpátych, accompanied by the people of the house, and wearing a white down cap (a present of the prince's) and carrying a cane like the prince's, went out to seat himself in the leather road-carriage, which was drawn by three well-fed bays.

The large bell was tied up and the small jingling bells covered with paper. The prince permitted no one at Lýsyya Góry to travel with a bell. But Alpátych was fond of bells on a distant journey. Alpátych's courtiers,

the village scribe, the office clerk, the cook, the scullion, two old women, the Cossack lad, the coachmen, and various manorial servants saw him off.

His daughter placed chintz down pillows behind his back and under him. His old sister-in-law secretly put in a little bundle. One of the coachmen helped him in.

"Oh, the gatherings of women! The women, the women!" Alpátych spoke hurriedly and puffingly, like the prince, and seated himself in the carriage. Having given his last orders about the work to the village scribe, in which he no longer imitated the prince, Alpátych took off his hat from his bald head and three times made the sign of the cross.

"If there is anything, turn back, Yákov Alpátych! For Christ's sake, think of us!" his wife exclaimed, referring to the rumours of the war and of the enemy.

"Women, women, women's gatherings!" Alpátych mumbled, as he rode off. He kept looking at the fields, covered with the yellowing rye, or with stout green oats, or still black and about to be ploughed up again. Alpátych looked with pleasure at the remarkable crop of that year's summer grain, watched the strips of rye, which were being mowed in spots, and was making his calculations about the sowing and the harvest, and trying to think whether some command of the prince had not been forgotten.

Having fed the horses twice on the way, Alpátych, on the evening of August 4th, arrived in the city.

On the highway Alpátych met and came abreast with baggage-trains and troops. As he approached Smolénsk, he heard distant shots, but these sounds did not startle him.

What did surprise him was that, as he came near to Smolénsk, he saw a beautiful field of oats, which some soldiers were cutting down apparently to feed to the horses, and that a camp was pitched in this field: this circumstance startled Alpátych, but he soon forgot it, thinking of his own affairs.

All the interests of Alpátych's life had for more than thirty years been limited to the will of the prince, and he never emerged from that circle. Everything which did not have anything to do with the execution of the prince's orders, not only did not interest him, but did not even exist for him.

Upon arriving in Smolénsk, on the evening of the 4th of August, Alpátych stopped on the other side of the Dnieper, in the suburb of Gácha, in the tavern of Ferapóntov, with whom he had been stopping for thirty years. Ferapóntov had thirty years before, with the aid of Alpátych, bought a grove from the prince, after which he had turned merchant, and now he was possessed of a house, a tavern and a flour shop in the capital of the Government. Ferapóntov was a fat, swarthy, red-faced peasant of forty years of age, with thick lips, a thick, unshapely nose, similar bumps over his black, scowling eyebrows, and a fat belly.

Ferapóntov, in a waistcoat and chintz shirt, was standing at his shop, which opened on the street. Upon seeing Alpátych, he walked over to him.

"You are welcome, Yákov Alpátych. People are leaving the city, and you are coming in," said the tavern-keeper.

"Why do they leave it?" asked Alpátych.

"I say the people are stupid. They are afraid of the French."

"Women's talk, women's talk," said Alpátych.

"That's what I say, Yákov Alpátych. I say that there is an order not to let them in, and that's right. The peasants ask three roubles for a team, — they are forgetting the cross!"

Yákov Alpátych did not listen attentively. He ordered the samovár and hay for the horses, and, having had his fill of tea, lay down to sleep.

All night long the troops moved down the street and past the tavern. On the next morning Alpátych put on

a waistcoat, which he donned only when he was in town, and attended to his business. The sun began to shine brightly in the morning, and at eight o'clock it was already hot: a fine day for the harvest, thought Alpátych. Ever since early in the morning reports of guns could be heard beyond the city.

At eight o'clock the fusilade was followed by the reports of large guns. There were many people in the street, hurrying somewhere, and many soldiers; but just as usual, cabmen drove their horses, and merchants stood near their shops, and divine service was held in the churches. Alpátych went to the shops, the Government offices, the post-office, and to the governor. In the offices, the post-office, the shops, all spoke of the army and the enemy, who was already attacking the city; people asked each other what to do, and all tried to allay each other's fears.

Near the house of the governor, Alpátych found a very large throng of people and Cossacks, and a travelling carriage belonging to the governor. On the porch, Yákov Alpátych met two noblemen, one of whom he knew. His acquaintance, a former chief of rural police, was saying in excitement:

"This is no joke. It is all right so long as a man is alone. One poor head is bad enough, but there are thirteen in my family, and all the property — They have brought us to the verge of ruin. What kind of authorities are these? The robbers ought to be hanged —"

"You had better stop talking," said the other.

"What do I care? Let him hear it! We are not dogs," said the ex-chief. As he looked around, he noticed Alpátych.

"Ah, Yákov Alpátych, what are you doing here?"

"By order of his Serenity, on my way to the governor," replied Alpátych, proudly raising his head and putting his hand in the bosom of his coat, which he did every

time he mentioned the prince. "His Serenity has ordered me to find out about the state of affairs," he said.

"Go and find out," exclaimed the proprietor. "They have carried matters so far that you can't even get a team, nothing! Do you hear it?" he said, pointing in the direction from which the cannonade proceeded.

"They have brought us to the verge of ruin — robbers!" he said again, walking down from the porch.

Alpátych shook his head and ascended the staircase. In the waiting-room were merchants, women, and officials, who silently glanced at each other. The door of the cabinet opened, and all rose from their seats and moved forward. An official came running out. He said something to a merchant, called after him a fat official with a cross on his neck, and again disappeared through the door, evidently avoiding all the glances and questions that were directed toward him. Alpátych moved forward, and at the next appearance of the official he put one hand in his buttoned coat and, turning to the official, handed him two letters.

"To Baron Asch from General-in-chief Prince Bolkónski," he proclaimed in such a solemn and significant manner that the official turned to him and took his letters. A few minutes later the governor received Alpátych, to whom he said hastily:

"Inform the prince and princess that I knew nothing, and that I acted according to orders from the sovereign, — you see — "

He handed Alpátych a paper.

"However, since the prince is not well, my advice is for him to go to Moscow. I am going there myself. Inform him — "

But the governor did not finish his sentence. A dust-covered and perspiring officer rushed through the door and began to say something in French. The governor's face expressed terror.

"Go," he said, nodding to Alpátych, and turning at once with questions to the officer.

Eager, frightened, helpless glances were directed upon Alpátych, when he left the governor's cabinet. Listening now involuntarily to the near cannonade, which was growing stronger all the time, Alpátych hurried back to the tavern. The paper which the governor had given to Alpátych, read as follows:

"I assure you that so far Smolénsk is not endangered in the least, nor is it likely that it will be. I on one side, and Prince Bagratión on the other, are marching to unite at Smolénsk, which union will take place on the 22d, and both the armies will, with their united forces, protect their countrymen of the Government in your charge, until by their efforts the enemy of our fatherland shall be cast back, or until in their brave ranks the last soldier shall fall. You see from this that you are fully entitled to allay the fears of the inhabitants of Smolénsk, because he who is defended by two such brave armies may be sure of their victory." (Order of Barclay de Tolly to the civil governor of Smolénsk, Baron Asch, in 1812.)

The people were restlessly scurrying through the streets.

Wagons loaded to the top with domestic utensils, chairs, and safes kept driving out through the gates and down the streets. Near the house next to Ferapóntov's stood some vehicles, and women, taking leave, were howling and lamenting. A cur, barking, was circling around the horses that were hitched up.

Alpátych entered the yard with more rapid steps than usual; he went at once to the carriage-shed where stood his horses and his vehicle. The coachman was asleep; he woke him up, told him to hitch up, and went into the vestibule. In the landlord's room could be heard the weeping of children, the heartrending sobs of a woman, and Ferapóntov's cross, hoarse shouting. The cook was

fluttering about in the vestibule like a frightened chicken at the moment when Alpátych entered.

"He has killed her; he has killed the landlady! He has struck her and walloped her so!"

"What for?" asked Alpátych.

"She begged him to let her go. Naturally, she is a woman! 'Take me away,' says she, 'and do not ruin me and my children! The people,' says she, 'have all left, — why should we not?' And then he began to strike her. Oh, he beat her so, and he walloped her so!"

Alpátych seemed to nod approvingly at these words, and, not wishing to know anything more, he went to the room opposite the landlord's, where his purchases were.

"Scoundrel, murderer," just then shouted a lean, pale woman, with a child in her arms, and with her kerchief torn from her head, as she darted out of the door and ran down-stairs into the yard.

Ferapóntov came out after her, and, seeing Alpátych, he adjusted his waistcoat and hair, opened his mouth with a yawn, and went into the room with Alpátych.

"Are you going to leave now?" he asked.

Alpátych did not answer his question, nor look at the landlord; he rummaged through his purchases and asked the landlord how much he owed him for his stay.

"I'll see! Well, have you been at the governor's?" asked Ferapóntov. "What decision did you get?"

Alpátych replied that the governor had told him nothing positive.

"How can we in our business move away?" said Ferapóntov. "They ask seven roubles a team as far as Dorogobúzh, and I say that they have forgotten the cross! Selivánov had luck last Thursday: he sold his flour to the army at nine roubles a bag. Well, will you drink some tea?" he added.

While the horses were being hitched up, Alpátych and Ferapóntov drank tea and talked about the price of grain,

about the crops, and about the favourable weather for the harvest.

"It is quieting down, though," said Ferapóntov, having drunk three cups of tea, and getting up. "No doubt, our side has beaten. I told you they would not let them in. They must be in force. The other day they said that Matvyéy Iványch Plátov drove something like eighteen thousand of them into the river Márina, and they were all drowned in one day."

Alpátych picked up his purchases, handed them to the coachman, who had come in, and paid his bill to the landlord. In the gate were heard the sounds of wheels, hoofs, and bells, as the road-carriage drove away.

It was long past midday; half the street was in the shade, the other half was brightly illuminated by the sun. Alpátych looked through the window and went up to the door. Suddenly there was heard the strange sound of a distant whistle and blow, and immediately afterward there resounded the incessant din of a cannonade, which made the window-panes rattle.

Alpátych went out into the street. Two men were running toward the bridge. On all sides could be heard the whistling and striking of balls, and the bursting of grenades, which fell into the city. But these sounds were almost inaudible and did not attract the attention of the inhabitants in comparison with the sounds of the cannonade, which were heard outside the city. It was the bombardment which, at five o'clock, Napoleon had ordered opened up on the city from 130 pieces of ordnance. At first the people did not understand the meaning of this bombardment.

The sounds of the falling grenades and balls at first only roused curiosity. Ferapóntov's wife, who had not stopped whining near the shed, grew silent, and, with her babe in her arms, went out to the gate, silently looking at the people and listening to the sounds.

The cook and the shop clerk came out to the gate. All tried with cheerful curiosity to catch a glimpse of the projectiles which were borne over their heads. Several people, speaking excitedly, came around the corner.

"What power it has!" said one. "It has smashed the roof and the ceiling into small fragments."

"It has ploughed up the ground, like a pig," said another.

"It just came with terrible force, and it frightened us!"

"It was lucky for you that you jumped away, or it would have smashed you."

The people surrounded these men. They stopped and told how balls had struck a house close to them. In the meantime, other projectiles — balls, with a rapid, gloomy, whistling sound, and grenades, with a pleasing hum — kept flying above the heads of the people; but not one projectile fell near by; they were all carried past them. Alpátych was seating himself in his vehicle. The landlord stood in the gate.

"What is there that you have not seen?" he shouted to the cook, who, with her sleeves rolled up and in a red skirt, was swaying her bare elbows, as she was walking to the corner to hear what was being told there.

"How marvellous!" she kept saying. But, upon hearing the landlord's voice, she turned back, pulling down her tucked up skirt.

Again something whistled, this time very close by, like a bird flying down; a fire flashed in the street, there was an explosion, and the street was shrouded in smoke.

"Wench, what are you doing there?" exclaimed the landlord, running up toward the cook.

Just then women began to whine pitifully on all sides, a child started weeping in fright, and the people silently crowded with frightened faces around the cook. Loudest of all were heard the groans and lamentations of the cook.

"Oh, oh, oh! My little doves! My little white doves! Don't let me die! My little white doves!"

Five minutes later, no one was left in the street. The cook, with her thigh shattered by a splinter of a grenade, was carried into the kitchen. Alpátych, his coachman, Ferapóntov's wife with the children, and the janitor, were sitting in the cellar, listening to the cannonade. The boom of the ordnance, the whistling of the projectiles, and the pitiful groan of the cook, which drowned all the other sounds, did not die down for a moment. The landlady now rocked her babe, now talked to it, and now again asked all those who entered the cellar where her husband was. A shopkeeper, who came in, told her that her husband had gone with the people to the cathedral, where they were taking out the miracle-working image of Smolénsk.

At the evening twilight the cannonade quieted down. Alpátych left the cellar and stopped in the door. The evening sky, so clear before, was now shrouded in smoke. Through this smoke shone strangely the young, distant sickle of the moon. After the terrible boom of the guns, which had now died down, the city seemed sunk in a quiet, which was interrupted only by the rustling of footsteps, groans, distant cries, and the crackle of fires, which seemed to be spread over the whole city. The groans of the cook were no longer heard. On both sides rose and surged black columns of smoke from burning buildings. Through the streets soldiers in various uniforms walked and ran by in all directions, not in columns, but like ants out of a destroyed ant-hill. Alpátych saw several of them run into Ferapóntov's yard. Alpátych walked out to the gate. A regiment, crowding and hurrying, blocked the street, trying to go back.

"The city is being surrendered, — leave it!" an officer, who noticed him, said to him. He at once, shouting, turned to the soldiers:

"I will show you how to run into yards!"

Alpátych ran into the house and, calling the coachman, ordered him to drive out. Ferapóntov's whole family and all the servants followed after Alpátych and the coachman. When they saw the smoke, and even the fires of the burning buildings, now clearly discernible in the dark, the women, who had been silent, broke out into laments. As though seconding them, there were heard just such laments at the other end of the street. Alpátych and the coachman with trembling hands arranged the tangled reins and traces under the penthouse.

As Alpátych drove out of the gate, he saw some ten soldiers in Ferapóntov's open shop, filling their bags and knapsacks with wheat flour and sunflower seeds. Just then Ferapóntov returned from the street to his shop. When he saw the soldiers, he wanted to shout something, but suddenly stopped and, clasping his hair, burst out into groaning laughter.

"Pull it out, boys! Don't let the devils have it," he shouted, himself taking hold of the bags and throwing them out into the street.

Several soldiers became frightened and ran away, while others continued to fill their bags. Upon seeing Alpátych, Ferapóntov turned to him.

"Russia's fate is decided!" he cried. "Alpátych, it is decided! I will myself set fire to everything. It is decided." Ferapóntov ran into the yard.

Soldiers kept passing through the street and blocking it, so that Alpátych had to wait. Ferapóntov's wife with the children was also sitting in a cart waiting for a chance to move.

It was night now. There were stars in the sky, and occasionally the smoke-shrouded young moon could be seen. On the slope toward the Dnieper, the vehicles of Alpátych and of Ferapóntov's wife, which had been moving slowly amidst a mass of soldiers and other carriages,

were compelled to stop. Not far from the crossway, where the wagons had stopped, a house and shops were burning in a side street. The fire was burning low. The flame now died down and was lost in the black smoke, and now suddenly flamed up luridly, with wonderful clearness illuminating the people who were crowding at the crossway. Near the burning buildings there moved black figures of men, and, through the incessant crackle of the fire, could be heard conversation and shouts. Alpátych climbed down from his carriage, seeing that it would be quite awhile before his vehicle could advance, and turned into the side street to look at the fire. The soldiers kept surging to and fro past the burning buildings, and Alpátych saw two soldiers, and with them a man in a frieze overcoat, who were dragging burning logs across the street, into a neighbouring yard; others were carrying bundles of hay.

Alpátych walked over to a large crowd of people, who were standing in front of a tall granary which was burning with a bright flame. The walls were all on fire; the wall in the rear had fallen in, the shingle roof was broken, the beams were aflame. The crowd was evidently waiting to see the roof cave in. Alpátych, too, was waiting for that moment.

"Alpátych!" the old man suddenly heard somebody's familiar voice.

"O Lord, your Serenity!" replied Alpátych, who immediately recognized the voice of the young prince.

Prince Andréy, in an overcoat, sitting on a black horse, was among the crowd. He looked at Alpátych.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"Your — your Serenity," Alpátych muttered, and burst out into tears. "Your — your — are we lost? Your father — "

"How did you get here?" Prince Andréy asked him again.

At that moment a flame burst up and lighted up the pale and emaciated face of Alpátych's young master. Alpátych told him how he had been sent there, and how he had great difficulty in getting away.

"Your Serenity, are we lost?" he asked again.

Prince Andréy made no reply, but took out a memorandum-book, and, bending his knee upward, began to write with a pencil on a sheet torn out from it. He wrote to his sister:

"Smolénsk is being surrendered. Lýsyya Góry will be occupied in a week. Go at once to Moscow. Answer me the moment you leave, by sending a courier to me in Usvyázh."

Having written this, he handed it to Alpátych and gave him verbal instructions how to manage the departure of the prince, the princess, and the son with his tutor, and how and where he was to be informed at once of what was taking place. He had not finished giving these orders, when a mounted chief of the staff, accompanied by his suite, galloped up toward him.

"You are a colonel?" the chief of the staff cried, with a German accent, in a voice which was familiar to Prince Andréy.

"Houses are being set on fire in your presence, and you do nothing. What does that mean? You will be responsible," shouted Berg, who now was assistant chief of staff of the assistant chief of staff of the chief of the left flank of the infantry of the first army, — a very agreeable and distinguished place, as Berg said.

Prince Andréy looked at him and, without answering him, kept talking to Alpátych:

"Tell them that I am waiting for an answer by the 10th, and if by that time I do not get news that they have left, I shall be compelled to throw up everything and go to Lýsyya Góry."

"Prince, I am saying this," said Berg, when he rec-

ognized Prince Andréy, "because I have to carry out orders, because I always execute promptly — Please, excuse me," Berg began to justify himself.

Something crackled in the fire. The fire died down for a moment; black columns of smoke burst forth from underneath the roof. Something crashed terribly in the fire, and something immense came down with a great noise.

"Urrruru!" roared the crowd, in keeping with the crashing ceiling of the granary, from which proceeded the odour of burnt grain. The flame burst forth and illuminated the animated and weary faces of the people who were standing near the fire.

The man in the frieze overcoat raised his hands and called out:

"It is fine, boys! See her go up! Boys, it is fine!"

"That is the proprietor himself," some one said.

"Well, then," said Prince Andréy, turning to Alpátych, "transmit everything that I have told you," and, without replying a word to Berg, who stood near him in silence, he touched his horse and rode off into the side street.

V.

THE army continued to retreat from Smolénsk. The enemy followed in its tracks. On the 10th of August the regiment commanded by Prince Andréy passed along the highway, past the avenue that led to Lýsyya Góry. The weather had been hot and dry for the last three weeks. Fleecy clouds had been scudding every day across the sky, occasionally shrouding the sun; but toward evening it cleared up again, and the sun went down in a brownish red mist. Nothing refreshed the earth but a heavy dew each night. The grain on the stalk was burnt and fell out. The swamps were dried up. The cattle bellowed from hunger, being unable to find food on the sunburnt meadows. Only at night and in the forests was there any freshness, and then only as long as there was any dew. But on the road, on the highway, over which the troops marched, there was no coolness even at night, and even in the forests. The dew could not be noticed on the sandy dust of the road, which was turned up to the depth of more than half a foot. The moment day broke, the troops began to move. The baggage-train and the artillery proceeded noiselessly up to the hub, and the infantry up to the ankle, in the soft, strangling, hot dust, which had not cooled off through the night. One part of this sand dust was kneaded by the feet and wheels, while another rose in the air and stood in a cloud above the army, getting into the eyes, the hair, the ears, the nostrils, and, above all, into the lungs of the men and the animals that were moving along this road. The higher

the sun rose, the higher rose the cloud of dust, and through this fine, hot dust it was possible to look at the unclouded sun with the naked eye. The sun appeared as a large purple disk. There was no wind, and people choked in this motionless atmosphere. They marched with their noses and mouths tied up in handkerchiefs. Upon arriving in a village, they all rushed to the wells. There were fights for the water, and the wells were emptied to the mud.

Prince Andréy commanded a regiment, and the management of the regiment, the well-being of his men, the necessity of receiving and giving commands interested him. The conflagration of Smolénsk and its abandonment were an epoch for Prince Andréy. A new feeling of fury against the enemy made him forget his own sorrow. He was entirely devoted to the business of his regiment; he was solicitous about his soldiers and officers, and kind to them. In the regiment he was called "our prince," and the men were proud of him and loved him. But he was good and gentle only with the men of the regiment, with Timókhin and the like, with entirely new men in unfamiliar surroundings, with men who could not know or understand his past. The moment he came in contact with some of his former associates, on the staff, he immediately bristled up: he became malicious, sarcastic, and disdainful. Everything that connected him with his memories of the past repelled him, and all he tried to do in his relations with that former world was not to be unjust and to do his duty.

It is true, everything presented itself to Prince Andréy in a dark, gloomy light, especially after the abandonment of Smolénsk (which according to his conception could and should have been defended) on August 6th, and when his feeble father had to flee to Moscow and leave his favourite Lýsyya Góry, which he had built up and settled, a prey to the enemy; but, despite all this, Prince Andréy, thanks

to his regiment, could think of something different, of a subject which was quite independent from general questions, — of his regiment. On August 10th the column, in which was his regiment, came in a line with Lýsyya Góry. Prince Andréy had two days before received the news that his father, his son, and his sister had left for Moscow. Although Prince Andréy had nothing to do at Lýsyya Góry, he, with his customary desire to open up his wound, decided to ride down to Lýsyya Góry.

He ordered a horse saddled, and from the halting-place rode to his paternal village, where he had been born, and where he had passed his childhood. As he rode by the pond, where dozens of women, talking, used to strike the clothes with beetles and rinse them in the water, Prince Andréy noticed that there was nobody near the pond, and that the small ferry was half submerged in the water and swimming sidewise in the middle of the pond. Prince Andréy rode up to the lodge. There was no one at the stone gate, and the door was open. The paths in the garden were already overgrown, and the calves and horses were walking through the English park. Prince Andréy rode up to the hothouse. The windows were broken, and a few of the trees in the vats were turned down, while others were all dried up. He called gardener Tarás, — no one replied. Riding around the show-glasses of the hothouse, he saw that the carved fence was all broken, and the plums were all taken down and the branches with them. An old peasant (Prince Andréy had seen him at the gate in his childhood) was sitting on a green bench and weaving a bast shoe.

He was deaf and did not hear Prince Andréy as he rode up. He was sitting on the bench on which the old prince used to be fond of sitting, and near him the bast was hanging on the branches of a broken and withered magnolia.

Prince Andréy rode up to the house. Several lindens

in the old garden were cut down, and a piebald mare with her colt was walking about the rose-bushes, in front of the house. The windows of the house were all closed by shutters. One window in the lower story was open. A manorial boy, upon noticing Prince Andréy, ran into the house; Alpátych had sent his family away, and was the only one who was left in Lýsyya Góry; he was sitting at home and reading the "Lives of the Saints." Upon hearing of the arrival of Prince Andréy, he, with his spectacles on his nose, came out of the house, buttoning his coat, and hurriedly walked over to the prince. He burst out weeping, without saying a word, and kissed Prince Andréy's knee.

Then he fortified himself and began to report on the state of affairs. Everything valuable and expensive had been taken to Boguchárovo. The grain, about one hundred chétverts,[1] had also been taken away; the grass and the spring grain which had promised an unusual harvest, Alpátych said, had been mowed down green by the troops. The peasants were ruined; some of them had gone to Boguchárovo, while a few remained.

Without waiting to hear the end of the report, Prince Andréy asked:

"When did my father and sister leave?" meaning when did they leave for Moscow. Alpátych, thinking that he was asked when they had left for Boguchárovo, said that they went on the 7th, and again started to detail farm matters, and asked for orders.

"Do you command me to deliver the oats to the troops in return for a receipt? We have about six thousand chétverts left," said Alpátych.

"What shall I answer him?" thought Prince Andréy, looking at the bald head of the old man, glistening in the sun, and reading in the expression of his face the consciousness of how unseasonable his questions were, and

[1] A chétvert is equal to about six bushels.

that he was asking the questions merely to drown his own grief.

"Yes," he said.

"If you have noticed the disorder in the garden," said Alpátych, "I must say that it was impossible to avoid it: three regiments passed and stayed here overnight, most of them dragoons. I took down the rank and name of the commander, so as to enter a complaint."

"What are you going to do? Shall you remain here, when the enemy occupies it?" Prince Andréy asked him.

Alpátych turned his face toward Prince Andréy and looked at him. Suddenly he raised his hands with a solemn motion.

"He is my protector, — His will be done!" he said.

A number of peasants and manorial servants were walking over the meadow, approaching Prince Andréy with bared heads.

"Well, good-bye!" said Prince Andréy, bending down to Alpátych. "Leave this place! Take along what you can, and tell the people to go to the Ryazán or Moscow suburban estate."

Alpátych pressed close to his side and began to sob.

Prince Andréy pushed him gently aside and, touching his horse, rode at a gallop down the avenue.

In the park, the old man was still sitting as listlessly as before, like a fly on the face of the beloved dead, and tapping on the last of the bast shoe. Two girls, with plums in their laps, picked from the trees of the hothouse, rushed out from there and ran into Prince Andréy. Upon noticing the young master, the elder girl, with an expression of terror in her face, caught hold of the hand of her younger companion, and concealed herself with her behind a birch-tree, without getting time to pick up the scattered green plums.

Prince Andréy hurriedly turned away from them, fear-

ing lest they might have noticed that he had seen them. He felt sorry for this pretty, frightened little girl. He was afraid to look at her, and yet he was anxious to. A new, joyful, soothing sensation took possession of him, as he, looking at these girls, understood the existence of other, quite unfamiliar, and just as legitimate human interests as were those which occupied him. These girls were apparently bent on carrying off and eating up these green plums, and all they wished was not to be caught, and Prince Andréy sympathized with them and wished them only success. He could not keep from looking at them once more. When they considered themselves out of danger, they leaped out from their ambush, and, squeaking with their thin voices and holding up their skirts, were running merrily and rapidly over the grass of the meadow with their sunburnt, bare little feet.

Prince Andréy was a little refreshed from having ridden away from the region of the dust of the highway, on which the troops were moving. But, not far from Lýsyya Góry he again struck the road and caught up with his regiment at its halting-place near the dam of a small pond. It was two o'clock in the afternoon. The sun, a red dust-covered disk, mercilessly burnt his back through his black coat. The dust stood just as motionless over the dinning, babbling, resting troops. There was no breeze. As Prince Andréy rode over the dam, the odour of ooze and of the freshness of the pond was wafted to him. He felt like leaping into the water, no matter how dirty it was. He looked at the pond, from which were borne shouts and laughter. The small, turbid, scum-covered pond had risen considerably, flooding the dam, for it was full of the white, naked, swarming bodies of the soldiers, with their brick-red hands, faces, and necks. All this naked, white human flesh, laughing and shouting, was swarming in this dirty pool, like crucians crowded in a pail. There was merriment in this swarming, and therefore it was particularly sad.

One young, blond soldier, — Prince Andréy knew him, — of the third company, with a leather band under his calf, stepped back and made the sign of the cross, preparatory to plunging into the water; another, a swarthy, perpetually dishevelled under-officer, standing up to his waist in the water and jerking his muscular frame, was snorting with pleasure, as he was throwing water over his head with his hands, that were black up to his wrists. One could hear the sounds of dousing, splashing, and whooping.

On the banks, on the dam, in the pond, — everywhere was there the white, sound, muscular flesh. Officer Timókhin, with the little red nose, was drying himself with a towel on the dam. He felt embarrassed, as he saw the prince, but nevertheless had the courage to address him:

"It is fine, your Serenity! You ought to try it!"

"It is dirty," said Prince Andréy, frowning.

"We will clean it up for you."

And Timókhin, still undressed, ran to clean it up.

"The prince wants to take a dip."

"What prince? Our prince?" said several voices, and then they all raised such a commotion that Prince Andréy had some difficulty in calming them down. He gave as an excuse that he would take a douche in the barn.

"Flesh, bodies, *chair à canon!*" he thought, looking at his own naked body. He shivered, not from the cold, but from an incomprehensible disgust and terror at the sight of this enormous quantity of bodies plashing in the dirty pool.

On August 7th Prince Bagratión wrote as follows from his halting-place at Mikháylovka, on the Smolénsk road:

"DEAR SIR, COUNT ALEKSYÉY ANDRÉEVICH:" —

(He was writing to Arakchéev, but he knew that his

letter would be read by the emperor, and so he considered every word, as far as he was able to do so.)

"I think the minister has already reported on the abandonment of Smolénsk to the enemy. It is painful and sad, and the whole army is in despair, because a most important place has been uselessly abandoned. I, on my side, begged him personally, in the most persuasive manner, and finally I wrote to him, but nothing could convince him. I swear to you on my honour that Napoleon was as much in a bag as ever, and he might have lost half his army, instead of taking Smolénsk. Our troops have been fighting more desperately than ever. With fifteen thousand I held in check more than thirty-five thousand, and vanquished them; but he would not wait even fourteen hours. This is a disgrace and a blot on our army; and he himself, it seems to me, ought not to live. If he reports that the loss was great, — it is an untruth; maybe there were four thousand, not more, but hardly so many; and if there were ten thousand, what of it? it is war. But the enemy has lost an immense number.

"What would it have cost him to stay two days longer? They certainly would have marched away themselves, for they had no water for their men or horses. He promised me he would not retreat, and suddenly he sent me his order, which was that he was going to leave in the night. It is impossible to carry on war in such a way, and we can thus soon bring the enemy to Moscow.

"It is rumoured that you are thinking of peace. God forfend that we should make peace! After all the sacrifices and after such insane retreats to make peace! You will rouse all Russia against you, and each of us will regard it as a disgrace to wear a uniform. If it has gone so far, it is necessary to fight so long as Russia can, and while the men can stand up.

"One man, and not two, ought to command. Your

minister may be a good man in the ministry; but he is not merely a poor, but a miserable general, and the fate of our country has been entrusted to his hands — I am really losing my mind from vexation; forgive me for writing so boldly. It is evident that he who advises the emperor to conclude a peace, and to turn over the command of the army to the minister, does not love the emperor and wishes the ruin of all of us. And so I am writing the truth to you: levy the militia, for the minister in the most masterly manner is bringing a guest after him to the capital. Aid-de-camp Wolzogen is under great suspicion in the army. They say that he serves Napoleon more than us, and that he advises the minister in everything. I am not only polite to him, but even obey him as though I were a corporal, though I am older than he. This is painful; still, as I love my benefactor and Tsar, I obey. But it is a pity for the emperor that he entrusts the glorious army to such men. Consider that in our retreat we have lost more than fifteen thousand men in the hospitals and through fatigue. But if we had advanced against the enemy that would not have happened. Tell me, for the Lord's sake, what will our Russia, our mother, say, seeing that we are so frightened, and that we are delivering our good and zealous country into the hands of rascals, and inspiring every subject with hatred and humiliation? Why are we such cowards, and of whom are we afraid? It is not my fault that the minister is undecided, a coward, senseless, dilatory, and has all the bad qualities. The whole army weeps dreadfully, and curses him unto death."

VI.

Among the endless subdivisions, of which the phenomena of life are capable, there is one possible into such in which the contents prevail, and into such in which the form prevails. Among the latter, in contradistinction to the life of the village, the province, the provincial capital, even Moscow, may be classed the life of St. Petersburg, especially of its salons. This life is unchangeable. Since 1805, we had been concluding peace with Bonaparte, and quarrelling with him, we had been making constitutions and working them out, but the salons of Anna Pávlovna and of Hélène were the same that the first had been seven years, and the other five years before. At Anna Pávlovna's they spoke with the same perplexity of the successes of Bonaparte, and saw in his successes, as well as in the submission of the European sovereigns to him, a malicious plot, the only aim of which was to cause unpleasantness and unrest to that court circle, of which Anna Pávlovna was a representative. Just so at the salon of Hélène, whom Rumyántsev himself honoured with his visits, and whom he regarded as a remarkably clever woman, they talked with enthusiasm in 1812, as they had in 1808, about the great nation and the great man, and looked with pity upon the rupture with France, which, in the opinion of the people congregating in Hélène's salon, would certainly end in a peace.

Of late, after the emperor's return from the army, a little stir had been produced in these opposite salons, and

certain demonstrations took place in them against each other, but their tendencies remained the same. In the circle of Anna Pávlovna were accepted only such of the French as were uncompromising legitimists, and the patriotic idea found its expression in the statements that it was not right to frequent the French theatre, and that the maintenance of the troupe cost as much as the maintenance of a whole corps. They followed the military events eagerly, and spread such rumours as were most advantageous to our army. In the French circle of Hélène, of Rumyántsev, they denied the rumours about the cruelty of the enemy and of the war, and discussed all Napoleon's attempts to conclude a peace. In this coterie they rebuked those who advised hurried preparations for transferring to Kazán the court and the schools for girls that were under the auspices of the empress dowager. In general, the whole matter of the war was presented in Hélène's salon as empty demonstrations, which would soon end in peace, and there prevailed the opinion of Bilíbin, who now at St. Petersburg was an intimate of Hélène's house (every clever man had to be there), and who asserted that not the powder, but those who had invented it, would decide the affair. In this circle they discussed ironically and cleverly, though very cautiously, the Muscovite enthusiasm, the news of which reached St. Petersburg at the same time as the emperor.

In Anna Pávlovna's circle, on the contrary, they went into ecstasies over this enthusiasm, and spoke of it as Plutarch spoke of the ancients. Prince Vasíli, who still occupied the same important offices, formed the link between these two coteries. He called on "*Ma bonne amie,*" Anna Pávlovna, and "*dans le salon diplomatique de ma fille,*" and frequently, on account of his constant migrations from the one camp to the other, became mixed up, and said at Hélène's what he ought to have said at Anna Pávlovna's and vice versa.

Soon after the emperor's arrival, Prince Vasíli began to elaborate on the war, sharply censuring Barclay de Tolly, and being undecided who ought to be appointed as commander-in-chief. One of the guests, known under the name of "*un homme de beaucoup de mérite*," said that on that day he had seen Kutúzov, who had been appointed chief of the St. Petersburg militia to preside at the treasury during the enlistment of the soldiers, and he took the liberty of cautiously expressing his assumption that Kutúzov would be the very man who would satisfy all the demands.

Anna Pávlovna smiled a sad smile and remarked that Kutúzov never did anything but cause the emperor annoyances.

"I talked and talked in the meeting of the nobility," Prince Vasíli interrupted her, "but they paid no attention to me. I told them that his selection as chief of militia would not please the emperor. They paid no attention to me. It is nothing but a mania," he continued. "And before whom? We do this simply because we want to ape the stupid transports of Moscow," said Prince Vasíli, getting for a moment mixed up, and forgetting that at Hélène's it was necessary to make light of the Muscovite enthusiasm, while at Anna Pávlovna's it was proper to admire it. But he at once corrected himself. "Is it right for Count Kutúzov, the oldest general in Russia, to preside at the treasury? *Et il en restera pour sa peine!* Is it possible to appoint as commander-in-chief a man who cannot mount a horse, who falls asleep at the council, a man of the very worst of habits? He has shown himself in a fine light at Bucharest! I leave out of consideration his qualities as a general, but how can one at such a moment appoint a decrepit, yes, a blind man, neither more nor less? A fine general a blind man will be! He does not see a thing. He is so blind you may play blind man's buff with him!"

No one made any reply to this.

On June 24th this was quite true; but on July 29th Kutúzov was made a prince. His princely dignity could have meant that they wished to be rid of him, and therefore Prince Vasíli's judgment continued to be correct, though he did not hasten now to express his views. But on August 8th a committee, composed of Field-Marshal General Saltykóv, Arakchéev, Vyazmítinov, Lopúkhin, and Kochubéy, met to deliberate on the affairs of the war. The committee decided that the failures were due to the multiplicity of commands, and, although the persons composing the committee knew that Kutúzov was in disfavour with the emperor, they, after a short consultation, proposed to appoint Kutúzov as commander-in-chief of the armies and of all the territory occupied by the troops.

On August 9th Prince Vasíli again met "*l'homme de beaucoup de mérite*" at Anna Pávlovna's. "*L'homme de beaucoup de mérite*" was very attentive to Anna Pávlovna, being desirous of an appointment as curator of a school for girls. Prince Vasíli entered the room with the expression of a lucky victor, of a man who has obtained the ends of his wishes.

"*Eh bien, vous savez le grande nouvelle. Le Prince Koutouzoff est maréchal.* All the dissensions are ended. I am so happy, so glad! *Enfin voilà un homme,*" he said, significantly, and casting a stern glance at all those who were present in the drawing-room.

"*L'homme de beaucoup de mérite,*" in spite of his desire to get the place, could not keep from reminding Prince Vasíli of his former judgment. (This was not polite to Prince Vasíli in Anna Pávlovna's drawing-room, and to Anna Pávlovna, who herself had received the news with joy; still, he could not restrain himself.)

"*Mais on dit qu'il est aveugle, mon prince?*" he said, reminding Prince Vasíli of his own words.

"*Allez donc, il y voit assez,*" Prince Vasíli said, in his

deep and rapid voice, with a clearing of his throat, with which he decided all difficult questions. "*Allez, il y voit assez*," he repeated. "What gives me especial pleasure," he continued, "is that the emperor has given him full power over all the armies, over the whole country, — a power which no commander-in-chief before him has had. He is another autocrat," he concluded, with a victorious smile.

"God grant it, God grant it!" said Anna Pávlovna.

"*L'homme de beaucoup de mérite*," still a novice in court society, wished to flatter Anna Pávlovna by reconciling her former opinion and this present statement, and so he said:

"They say that the emperor gave this power to Kutúzov reluctantly. *On dit qu'il a rougit comme une demoiselle à laquelle on lirait Joconde, en lui disant: 'Le souverain et la patrie vous decernent cet honneur.'*"

"*Peut-être que le cœur n'était pas de la partie*," said Anna Pávlovna.

"Oh, no, no," Prince Vasíli warmly took his part. Now he would not yield Kutúzov to any one. According to his opinion, Kutúzov was not only good, but he was admired by everybody. "No, that cannot be, because the emperor has known how to value him before," he said.

"God grant only that Kutúzov," said Anna Pávlovna, "may take the real power, and allow nobody to put sticks in the wheels, *des bâtons dans les roues*."

Prince Vasíli at once saw who was meant by "nobody." He said in a whisper:

"I know for sure that Kutúzov has made it a peremptory condition that the heir-apparent shall not be with the army. *Vous savez ce qu'il a dit à l'Empereur?*" And Prince Vasíli repeated the words which Kutúzov was said to have used to the emperor, "I cannot punish him when he does wrong, nor reward him when he does right." — "Oh, he is a very clever man, that Prince Kutúzov, *je le connais de longue date*."

"They even say," said "*l'homme de beaucoup de mérite*," who had not yet acquired the tact of a courtier, "that his Serenity has made it an absolute condition that the emperor himself should not be with the army."

The moment he said this, Prince Vasíli and Anna Pávlovna in a twinkle turned away from him and looked sadly at each other, with a sigh at his naïveté.

VII.

WHILE this was going on in St. Petersburg, the French had already passed through Smolénsk and were getting nearer and nearer to Moscow. Napoleon's historian, Thiers, like all the other historians, says in defence of his hero that Napoleon was involuntarily attracted to Moscow. He is right, as are all those historians who seek for an explanation of historical events in the will of one man; he is as right as are the Russian historians who assert that Napoleon was drawn to Moscow by the skill of the Russian generals. In addition to the law of retrospect, which presents the past as a preparation for a given fact, we have here at work mutuality, which mixes up the whole affair. A good player, who has lost at chess, is sincerely convinced that his loss is due to his blunder, and he looks for that blunder in the beginning of his game, forgetting that in every move of his, during the course of the whole game, there were just such mistakes and that not one of his moves has been faultless. The mistake, to which his attention is drawn, is noticeable to him only because his antagonist has profited by it. How much more complicated is the game of war, which takes place under certain conditions of time, where it is not a question of guiding lifeless machines by the will of one person, but where everything flows from an endless number of conflicts among various arbitrary wills!

After Smolénsk Napoleon sought a battle beyond Dorogobúzh, at the Vyázma, then at Tsárevo-Zaymíshche;

but, by an endless number of circumstances, the Russians were unable to accept it before Borodinó within 112 versts of Moscow.

At the Vyázma Napoleon gave his orders to move directly upon Moscow. "*Moscou, la capitale asiatique de ce grand empire, la ville sacrée des peuples d'Alexandre, Moscou avec ses innombrables églises en formes de pagodes chinoises,*" this *Moscou* gave no rest to Napoleon's imagination. On the march from the Vyázma to Tsárevo-Zaymíshche, Napoleon rode on horseback on his cream-coloured, bob-tailed trotter, accompanied by the Guard, the pages, and the adjutants. The chief of the staff, Berthier, was left behind in order to put questions to a Russian captive taken by the cavalry. Accompanied by Lelorme d'Ideville, the interpreter, he galloped and caught up with Napoleon and with a cheerful face stopped his horse.

"*Eh bien?*" said Napoleon.

"*Un cosaque de Plátov* says that Plátov's corps is uniting with the large army and that Kutúzov has been appointed commander-in-chief. *Très intelligent et bavard.*"

Napoleon smiled and ordered that this Cossack be given a horse and brought into his presence. He wished himself to talk with him. A few adjutants galloped away, and an hour later, Denísov's servant, who had been turned over to Rostóv, Lavrúshka, in his orderly's blouse, astride on a French cavalry saddle, with a roguish, drunken, and merry face, rode up to Napoleon. Napoleon ordered him to ride by his side, and began to ask him:

"Are you a Cossack?"

"A Cossack, your Honour."

"The Cossack, ignorant of the company in which he was, for Napoleon's simplicity had nothing about it which might reveal the presence of a sovereign to an Oriental imagination, conversed with the greatest familiarity on

the affairs of the present war," says Thiers, in relating this incident. In reality, Lavrúshka, who on the day before had been intoxicated and had left his master without a dinner, had been flogged and sent to a village for chickens, but had given himself up to marauding, and was taken prisoner by the French. Lavrúshka was one of those coarse, impudent lackeys, who have had all kinds of experiences, who regard it as their duty to do everything basely and slyly, who are ready to do any kind of service to their master, and who cunningly divine their master's bad thoughts, especially their vanity and pettiness.

Having fallen into the company of Napoleon, whose personality he knew well and recognized at once, Lavrúshka was not in the least embarrassed, and only tried to do a good turn to his new masters.

He knew full well that it was Napoleon himself, and Napoleon's presence could not embarrass him any more than that of Rostóv, or of the sergeant-major with the rods, because he had nothing of which either the sergeant-major or Napoleon could deprive him.

He told Napoleon everything that was being talked about among the orderlies. Much of it was true. But when Napoleon asked him what the Russians thought, whether they would vanquish Bonaparte, or not, Lavrúshka half-shut his eyes and became pensive.

He saw some cunning in this question, just as people of Lavrúshka's type always see cunning in everything, and so he frowned and grew silent.

"It is like this: if there is to be a battle," he said, thoughtfully, "and soon, — you will win. That's right. But if three days pass, or more, then it means that the battle will be delayed."

This was translated to Napoleon as follows:

"*Si la bataille est donnée avant trois jours, les Français la gagnerait, mais que si elle serait donnée plus tard, Dieu*

sait ce qui en arriverait," Lelorme d'Ideville translated with a smile.

Napoleon did not smile, though he was apparently in the best frame of mind, and had these words repeated to him.

Lavrúshka noticed this, and, to make him merry, pretended not to know who he was.

"We know that you have Bonaparte, — he has beaten everybody in the world, but with us it will be a different matter," he said, himself not knowing why or how the boastful patriotism had found its way into his words. The translator interpreted these words to Napoleon without the ending, and Bonaparte smiled. "*Le jeune cosaque fit sourire son puissant interlocuteur,*" says Thiers. After riding a few steps in silence, Napoleon turned to Berthier and told him that he wanted to see what effect would be produced "*sur cet enfant du Don*" by the news that the man with whom this "*enfant du Don*" was talking was the emperor himself, the same emperor who had written his immortal, victorious name on the pyramids.

This information was transmitted.

Lavrúshka (seeing that this was done in order to startle him, and that Napoleon thought that he would get frightened), in order to please his new masters, immediately pretended to be surprised and stunned, and let his eyes bulge out, and looked as though he were being taken to be flogged.

"Napoleon's interpreter had barely finished," says Thiers, "when the Cossack, seized by blank amazement, did not speak another word, and marched with his eyes riveted on this conqueror, whose name had penetrated to him across the steppes of the Orient. All his loquacity suddenly disappeared, to make place for a sentiment of naïve and taciturn admiration. Having rewarded him, Napoleon set him free, like a bird which is returned to its native fields."

Napoleon rode on, dreaming of that *Moscou*, which so occupied his imagination, while "the bird returned to its native field" galloped back to the outposts, preparing in advance a story to tell his people of everything that had not happened. But what had really taken place he did not wish to tell, for the reason that it did not seem to him worthy of being told. He rode out to the Cossacks, asked them where the regiment was, which was part of Plátov's detachment, and toward evening found his master, Nikoláy Rostóv, who was stationed at Yánkovo, and who was on the point of mounting his horse, in order to take a pleasure ride with Ilín to the neighbouring villages. He gave Lavrúshka another horse and took him along with him.

VIII.

PRINCESS MÁRYA was in Moscow and out of danger,— so Prince Andréy thought.

After Alpátych had returned from Smolénsk, the old prince suddenly seemed to regain his senses. He ordered the militia called from the villages, armed them, and wrote the commander-in-chief a letter, in which he informed him of his firm intention of remaining at Lýsyya Góry to the last extremity and of defending himself, leaving it to his consideration whether measures should be taken or not to defend Lýsyya Góry, where one of the oldest Russian generals would be taken prisoner or killed. He also informed his household that he would stay at Lýsyya Góry.

While remaining himself, the prince gave orders to have the princess and Desalles, with the young prince, sent to Boguchárovo, and thence to Moscow. Princess Márya, frightened by the feverish, sleepless activity of her father, which took the place of his former negligence, did not have the heart to leave him alone, and for the first time in her life permitted herself not to obey him. She refused to depart, and so a terrible storm of the prince's fury descended on her head. He brought up against her everything in which he was unjust to her. In his attempt to accuse her, he told her that she had worn him out, that she had caused the discord between him and his son, that she had base suspicions of him, that she regarded it as the problem of her life to poison his existence, and he

sent her out of his cabinet, saying that it did not make any difference to him whether she would leave or not. He told her that he did not want to know of her existence, and warned her never to show herself before his eyes.

Princess Márya was delighted because, in spite of her fears, he did not send her away by force, but only commanded her not to show herself before his eyes. She knew that it proved that in the secrecy of his heart he was glad that she did not leave, but was going to stay at home.

On the day after the departure of Nikoláy, the old prince in the morning dressed himself in his full uniform and got himself ready to be driven to the commander-in-chief. The carriage was already waiting. Princess Márya saw him leave the house in his uniform and all his decorations, and go into the garden to review the armed peasants and manorial servants. Princess Márya was sitting at the window, listening to his voice, which was heard from the garden. Suddenly several people with frightened faces came running out of the avenue.

Princess Márya rushed out on the porch, and down the flower path to the avenue. A large mass of the militia and the manorials was moving toward her, and in the middle of this throng several men were holding up and dragging along the old man in his uniform and decorations. Princess Márya ran up to them, and, in the play of light which fell in small circles through the shade of the linden avenue, she could not account to herself for the change which had taken place in his countenance. What she did see was that the former stern and determined expression of his face had given way to one of timidity and submissiveness. Upon seeing his daughter, he moved his impotent lips and uttered a râle. It was impossible to understand what it was he wanted. He was raised on the men's arms and carried to his cabinet, where he

was placed on the sofa of which he had of late been so afraid.

The doctor, who was called, bled him that same night, and announced that the prince had a stroke of paralysis in his left side. It became more and more dangerous to remain in Lýsyya Góry, and on the day following the stroke the prince was taken to Boguchárovo. The doctor went with him. When they arrived at Boguchárovo, Desalles and the young prince had already left for Moscow.

The old man, disabled by the paralysis, getting neither better nor worse, remained for three weeks in the same state, in the new house which Prince Andrey had built at Boguchárovo. He was out of his mind; he looked like a disfigured corpse. He kept muttering something, with a jerking motion of his brows and lips, and it was not possible to make out whether he comprehended what surrounded him, or not. One thing was sure, namely, that he suffered, and that he felt the necessity of saying something. But what it was, nobody could tell: whether it was some caprice of the infirm and half-demented man, whether it referred to the general course of affairs, or whether it had anything to do with family matters.

The doctor said that the restlessness which he showed was of no consequence, that it had only a physical significance; but Princess Márya thought (and the fact that her presence always increased his restlessness only confirmed her in her supposition) that he wished to tell her something.

He was evidently suffering, both physically and morally. There was no hope for his recovery. It was impossible to have him taken elsewhere. And what if he should die on his way? "Would not the end, absolutely the end, be best?" Princess Márya sometimes thought. She watched him day and night, almost without sleeping, and, though it is terrible to say so, she frequently watched him not with the desire of discovering symptoms of improvement,

but with the wish of discovering symptoms of the approaching end.

However strange it was for the princess to confess to herself this feeling, it was nevertheless in her. But what was more terrible still for Princess Márya was that since her father's illness (if not earlier, when, expecting something to happen, she had made up her mind to stay with him) there had awakened in her all her dormant and forgotten personal wishes and hopes. That which had not occurred to her for years, — thoughts of a free life without the fear of her father, even thoughts of the possibility of love and domestic happiness, constantly hovered in her imagination like the temptations of the devil. Though she warded them off, she was continually assailed by the questions of how she would now, after *this*, arrange her life. These were the temptations of the devil, and she knew it. She knew that prayers were the only weapon against him, and she tried to pray. She stood in the attitude of prayer, looked at the images, pronounced the words of prayer, but was not able to pray. She felt that she was now moving in another world of a difficult and free activity of life, which was quite different from that moral world, in which she had been enclosed before, and in which prayers had been her best consolation. She could not pray or weep, and was oppressed by the cares of life.

It grew dangerous to remain longer at Boguchárovo. On all sides rumours were abroad about the approaching French, and in one village, within fifteen versts of Boguchárovo, an estate had been pillaged by French marauders.

The doctor insisted that the prince ought to be taken away; the marshal of the nobility sent an official to Princess Márya, to persuade her to leave as soon as possible; the chief of the rural police arrived at Boguchárovo and gave her the same advice, saying that the

French were within forty versts, that French proclamations were being distributed in the villages, and that if the princess did not leave with her father by the 15th, he would not be responsible for anything.

On the 15th the princess decided to leave. The cares of the preparation, the giving of orders, for which all turned to her, took up her whole day. The night from the 14th to the 15th she passed, as usual, without undressing herself, in the room adjoining the one in which the prince was lying. She awoke several times and heard his groaning and mumbling, the creaking of his bed, and the steps of Tíkhon and the doctor, who turned him over. She listened several times at the door, and it seemed to her that he was mumbling louder than ever, and that he had been turned over oftener than usual. She could not sleep and several times went up to the door, listening, on the point of entering, and still unable to make up her mind. Though he could not speak, Princess Márya saw and knew that every expression of anxiety about him was disagreeable to him. She had noticed that he turned away dissatisfied from her glance, which now and then was instinctively and stubbornly directed at him. She knew that her appearance at night, at an unusual hour, would only excite him.

Never before had she been so sorry for him, and never had she felt so terribly about losing him. She recalled her whole life with him, and in every word and action of his she discovered an expression of his love for her. Now and then, amidst these recollections, there broke into her imagination the temptations of the devil, — the thoughts of what would be after his death, and how her new, free life would arrange itself. But she repelled these thoughts in horror. Toward morning he grew quieter, and she fell asleep.

She awoke late. That sincerity of thought which one has at waking showed her clearly what it was in the ill-

ness of her father which interested her most. She awoke, listened to what was taking place behind the door, and, hearing his groans, said to herself with a sigh that it was still the same.

"What is it that I want? I want his death," she exclaimed in horror to herself.

She dressed herself, washed herself, prayed, and went out on the porch. At the porch stood the unhitched carriages, into which things were being put away. It was warm and cloudy. Princess Márya stopped awhile on the porch, still horrified at the baseness of her soul and trying to arrange her thoughts before going in to see him.

The doctor came down the stairs and walked over to her.

"He feels better to-day," said the doctor. "I have been looking for you. It is possible to make out a few words of what he says, — his head is clearer. Come! He is calling you — "

Princess Márya's heart beat so strongly at this bit of news that she grew pale and had to lean against the doorpost in order not to fall down. To see him, to speak with him, to fall under his glance now that the soul of Princess Márya was brimful of terrible criminal temptations, was both painfully agreeable and terrible for her.

"Come!" said the doctor.

Princess Márya went to her father and walked over to his bed. He lay high on his back, with his small, bony hands, with their lilac-coloured knotty veins, on the coverlet, with his left eye looking straight and his right eye turned awry, and with motionless eyebrows and lips. He was all so lean, so small, and so pitiable! His face looked dried up or melted, and its features were all diminished. Princess Márya walked over to him and kissed his hand. His left hand pressed hers in such a way that it was evident he had long been waiting for her. He jerked her hand, and his brows and lips moved angrily.

She looked at him in fright, trying to guess what it was he wanted of her. When she changed her position and moved up to him in such a way that his left eye could see her face, he became calmer and for a few seconds did not take his eye off her. Then his lips and tongue began to move, sounds were heard, and he began to speak, looking timidly and imploringly at her, apparently being afraid that he would not be understood by her.

Princess Márya strained all her powers of attention as she looked at him. The comical labour with which he turned his tongue caused Princess Márya to lower her eyes and with difficulty to repress her tears which rose with a lump in her throat. He said something, several times repeating his words. Princess Márya could not understand them; but she endeavoured to divine what he was saying, and inquiringly repeated his words.

The doctor thought that he could make out his words, and so he asked: "Is the princess afraid?" He shook his head negatively and again repeated his incomprehensible syllables.

"I have a pain in my heart," was what Princess Márya guessed it to be, and she repeated these words.

He gave an affirmative grunt, took her hand, and began to press it to the different parts of his breast, as though trying to find the proper place for it.

"Thoughts and thoughts! About you —" he then said better and more distinctly than before, when he was satisfied that he was understood. Princess Márya pressed her head against his hand, trying to conceal her sobs and tears.

He moved his hand over her hair.

"I have been calling you all night —" he said.

"If I had only known —" she said through tears. "I was afraid to come in."

He pressed her hand.

"Did you not sleep?"

"No, I did not," said Princess Márya, with a negative shake of her head. Instinctively submitting to her father, she now tried to speak, like him, in signs, rather than words, and it seemed to her that she could not well move her tongue.

"Darling," or "my friend," Princess Márya could not make out what he was saying; but it was evident from his glance that he was using a word of endearment such as he had never before employed. "Why did you not come?"

"And I have been wishing for his death!" thought Princess Márya. He was silent.

"Thank you — daughter, friend — for everything, for everything — forgive — thanks — forgive — thank you!" And tears began to course down his cheeks. "Call Andréy," he suddenly said, and with this question there came into his face an expression of something childishly timid and incredulous. He seemed to know himself that this request had no meaning. At least, Princess Márya thought so.

"I have had a letter from him," replied Princess Márya.

He looked at her timidly in surprise.

"Where is he?"

"He is with the army, *mon père*, at Smolénsk."

He shut his eyes and was silent for a long time; then he nodded affirmatively, as though in reply to his doubts and in confirmation of having understood and recalled everything, and opened his eyes.

"Yes," he said, clearly and softly. "Russia is lost! They have ruined it!" And he again began to sob, and the tears gushed from his eyes. Princess Márya was unable to endure it any longer, and she, too, wept, looking at his face.

He again shut his eyes. His sobs stopped. He pointed toward his eyes with his hand; Tíkhon understood him, and dried them.

Then he opened his eyes and said something which nobody was able for a long time to make out, and which Tíkhon finally comprehended and translated. Princess Márya had been trying to explain the meaning of his words from what he had been saying before. She thought that he was speaking of Russia, or of Prince Andréy, or of her, or of his grandchild, or of his death, and so she could not divine his words, which in reality were, "Put on your white dress, I love it."

Having made out these words, Princess Márya sobbed out louder still, and the doctor, taking her arm, led her out of the room on the terrace, asking her to compose herself and to attend to the preparations for the departure. When Princess Márya had left the prince, he once more began to speak of his son, of the war, of the emperor. He angrily twitched his brows, and began to raise his hoarse voice, and had his second and last stroke.

Princess Márya stopped on the terrace. It had cleared up; the sun shone brightly and warmly. She could not understand, or think, or feel a thing, except her passionate love for her father, — a love which she thought she had not known before.

She ran into the garden and, sobbing, rushed down to the pond, over the paths which had been bordered by Prince Andréy with young linden-trees.

"Yes — I — I — wished for his death! Yes, I wanted him to die soon — I wanted to regain my composure — What will become of me? What good will my calm do me when he is no more?" Princess Márya muttered aloud, striding rapidly through the garden and pressing her hands against her breast, from which escaped convulsive sobs. Having made a circle through the garden and arrived again at the house, she saw Mlle. Bourienne (who had remained at Boguchárovo and did not wish under any consideration to leave it) and an unfamiliar man coming up toward her. This man was the marshal of the

county's nobility, who had come in person to see Princess Márya and to impress on her the necessity of an immediate departure. Princess Márya listened to him, without understanding what he was saying; she took him to the house, offered him breakfast, and sat down with him. Then, asking him to excuse her, she went up to the door of the old prince. The doctor came out to her with an agitated face, and told her that she could not come in.

"Go, princess, go, go!"

Princess Márya again went into the garden, where she sat down in the grass at the foot of a hill, near the pond, where she could not be observed. She did not know how long she remained there. The sound of a woman's feet running down the path brought her to her senses. She rose and saw that Dunyásha, her chambermaid, who evidently was running to find her, suddenly stopped as though frightened at the sight of her mistress.

"Please, princess — the prince —" Dunyásha said, in a broken voice.

"I am coming at once," the princess hastened to say, giving Dunyásha no time to finish her sentence. She ran to the house, trying not to look at Dunyásha.

"Princess, the will of God is being done, you must be prepared for everything," said the marshal, meeting her at the door.

"Let me alone, — it is not true," she cried angrily at him. The doctor wanted to stop her. She pushed him aside and ran to the door. "Why do these men with the frightened faces stop me? I need nobody! And what are they doing here?" She opened the door, and the glaring daylight in the room, which had been half-darkened before, frightened her. In the room were women and the nurse. They moved away from the bed, letting her pass. He was lying on the bed as before, but the stern expression of his calm face made Princess Márya stop on the threshold.

"No, he has not died, it cannot be!" said Princess Márya. She went up to him, and overcoming the terror which had taken possession of her, pressed her lips against his cheek. But she immediately drew back from him. In a twinkle all the power of tenderness, which she had felt for him, was gone, giving way to a sensation of terror in the presence of that which was before her. "He is no longer! He is gone, and here, in the place where he was, there is something strange and hostile, a terrible, horrifying, repulsive mystery!" And, covering her face with her hands, Princess Márya fell into the arms of the doctor, who was supporting her.

In the presence of Tíkhon and the doctor, the women washed that which had been he, tied a kerchief about his head that the gaping mouth might not become stark, and with another kerchief bound the sprawling legs. Then they dressed him in his uniform with the decorations, and placed the small, shrivelled body on the table. God knows who thought of all this, and when, but everything took place as though it were natural. At night, candles were burning around the coffin; on the coffin there was a shroud; juniper twigs were strewn on the floor; under the shrivelled head of the dead man a printed prayer was placed, and in a corner sat a sexton, reading the Psalter.

Just as horses startle and crowd and snort about a dead horse, so people, both friends and strangers, were crowding in the drawing-room about the coffin: there were the marshal, and the elder, and the women, and all with staring eyes and frightened faces made the sign of the cross and bowed, and kissed the cold, stark hand of the old prince.

IX.

Boguchárovo had always been, previous to Prince Andréy's settlement there, an absentee estate, and the peasants of Boguchárovo, therefore, had an entirely different character from those at Lýsyya Góry. They differed from them in speech, and attire, and manners. They were called steppe peasants. The old prince used to praise them for their patience at work, whenever they came to Lýsyya Góry to assist in the harvest, or to dig ponds and ditches, but did not love them because of their wildness.

Prince Andréy's late stay in Boguchárovo, with his innovations, — hospitals, schools, and diminution of tenant pay, — had not softened their manners, but, on the contrary, had only strengthened those features of their character which the old prince had denominated "wildness." There were always current among them indistinct rumours about inscribing them all among the Cossacks, or about a new faith to which they would soon be converted, or about some imperial document, or about the oath to Paul Petróvich in the year 1797 (in regard to which it was said that their freedom was granted even then, but that the masters had taken it away), or about the enthronement of Peter Feódorovich, which would take place seven years hence, when everything would be so free and so simple that there would not be anything. The rumours of the war and of Bonaparte and his invasion were in their minds connected with just such indistinct conceptions about the antichrist, the end of the world, and the "clean" freedom.

In the neighbourhood of Boguchárovo there were large

villages belonging to the Crown or to landed proprietors with tenant peasants. There were very few proprietors living in that locality: there were also very few manorial servants and literate persons, and so one could observe here better than elsewhere those mysterious streams of Russian popular life, the causes and meaning of which are inexplicable to contemporaries. One of these phenomena was the movement, which had appeared among the peasants of this locality some twenty years before, to migrate to some warm rivers. Hundreds of peasants, among them some from Boguchárovo, suddenly began to dispose of their cattle and to travel with their families in a southeasterly direction. Just as people migrate across the ocean, so these men, with their wives and children, went there, to the southeast, where none of them had been before. They started in caravans, or bought their emancipation one by one, or ran away there, toward the warm rivers. Many of them were punished and sent to Siberia; many died on the road of cold and hunger; many returned themselves, and the movement died out, as it had begun, without any apparent cause. But the undercurrent did not cease flowing among these people and was gathering for a new manifestation, which was to appear just as strangely, unexpectedly, and at the same time just as simply, naturally, and strongly. Then, in the year 1812, it was apparent to a man who lived in close contact with the masses, that this undercurrent was very active and about to break forth into a new manifestation.

Alpátych, who had arrived at Boguchárovo a little while before the demise of the old prince, noticed that the masses were agitated and that, contrary to what was taking place at Lýsyya Góry and in a radius of sixty versts from it, where the peasants ran away, leaving their villages to be destroyed by the Cossacks, the peasants of the steppes, at Boguchárovo, were said to be in communication with the French, received from them certain documents which

were current among them, and remained in their villages. He learned from loyal manorial servants that peasant Karp, who had been driving a government team, and who had a great influence in the meetings of the Commune, had returned with the news that the Cossacks were destroying the villages, from which the villagers departed, while the French did not touch them. He knew also that another peasant had brought the day before from the village of Visloúkhov, where the French were stationed, a paper from a French general, in which the inhabitants were informed that no harm would befall them, and that they would be paid for everything taken from them, if they did not run away, but remained. In proof of this, the peasant had brought with him one hundred roubles in assignats (he did not know that they were counterfeit), which he had received in advance for his hay.

Finally, what was more important still, Alpátych knew that on the very morning of the day when he ordered the elder to furnish teams to take the princess's baggage away from Boguchárovo, there had been a meeting of the Commune, at which it had been decided not to furnish the teams, but to wait. Time, however, was pressing. The marshal insisted, on August 15th, the day of the prince's death, that Princess Márya should leave at once, as it was getting dangerous. He said that after the 16th he would not be responsible for anything. He left on the evening of the prince's death, but promised to be back the next day, to attend the funeral. But he could not come on the following day, because he had received the information that the French had unexpectedly advanced, and he had only time enough to take his family and his valuables away from his estate.

For thirty years, Boguchárovo had been managed by Dron. Dron was one of those physically and morally sound peasants, who, as soon as they reach manhood, let their beards grow, and live to sixty or seventy years,

without a gray hair or the loss of a tooth, and who are as strong at sixty as they were at thirty.

Dron, soon after the migration to the warm rivers, in which movement he had taken part with the rest, was made village mayor, in which dignity he presided without reproach for twenty-three years. The peasants were more afraid of him than of the master. The masters, both the old and the young princes, and the manager respected him and jokingly called him minister. During the whole time of his service, Dron had not once been drunk or ill; never, neither after sleepless nights, nor after any great labour, did he show the least fatigue, and, though he did not know how to read or write, he never forgot a single sum of money or amount of puds in the enormous loads of grain which he sold, nor a single rick of grain in any desyatína of the Boguchárovo fields.

This same Dron was called up by Alpátych, who had arrived from the ruined Lýsyya Góry estate, on the day of the prince's funeral, and was ordered to furnish twelve horses for the carriages of the princess and eighteen teams for the baggage, which was to be taken away from Boguchárovo. Though the peasants were tenants, this order, in Alpátych's opinion, ought to have met with no difficulty, because there were 230 hearths in Boguchárovo, and the peasants were well-to-do. But the elder Dron, having heard the command, lowered his eyes in silence. Alpátych named the peasants whom he knew, and from whom he ordered him to take the teams.

Dron replied that the horses of these peasants were hired out. Alpátych mentioned other peasants. But, according to Dron's statement, these had no horses, either: some were hauling government goods, others were disabled, while the horses of others again had died from lack of feed. It was Dron's opinion that it would be impossible to get any horses, either for the baggage or for the carriages.

Alpátych looked attentively at Dron and frowned. Just as Dron was an exemplary elder, so Alpátych had not in vain managed the prince's estates for twenty years, and was an exemplary manager. He was in the highest degree endowed with a fine sense of discrimination in respect to the needs and instincts of the people with whom he had to deal, and so he was an excellent manager. Looking at Dron, he comprehended at once that Dron's answers were not the expression of Dron's thought, but of that general disposition of the Boguchárovo Commune, which had also affected the elder. At the same time he knew that Dron, who had managed to save a small fortune, and who was hated by the Commune, would naturally waver between two camps, — that of the master and of the peasants. He had noticed that wavering in his look, and so Alpátych, frowning, moved up to Dron.

"Listen, Dron!" he said. "Don't talk nonsense to me! His Serenity, Prince Andréy Nikoláevich himself, has ordered me to send all the people away, and not to leave them to the enemy, — and there is an order from the Tsar to this effect. Who remains is a traitor to the Tsar. Do you hear?"

"I do," replied Dron, without raising his eyes.

Alpátych was not satisfied with this answer.

"Oh, Dron, it will go badly with you!" said Alpátych, shaking his head.

"As you will!" Dron said, gloomily.

"Oh, Dron, stop it!" Alpátych repeated, taking his hand out of the bosom of his coat, and with a solemn gesture pointing with it to the floor under Dron's feet. "I not only see through you, but I can see three arshíns down underneath you," he said, looking at Dron's feet.

Dron became confused, cast a hurried glance at Alpátych, and again lowered his eyes.

"Leave that nonsense, and tell the people to leave their homes and go to Moscow, and get the horses by

to-morrow for the prince's caravan, and don't go yourself to the meeting. Do you hear?"

Dron suddenly fell down before his feet.

"Yákov Alpátych, deliver me! Take the keys from me, and for Christ's sake let me give up my office!"

"Stop!" Alpátych said, sternly. "I can see three arshíns underneath you," he repeated, knowing full well that his skill in looking after the bees, his knowledge of the proper time to sow the oats, and the fact that for twenty years he had managed to please the old prince, had long ago earned for him the reputation of a wizard, and that wizards were supposed to possess the property of seeing three arshíns beneath a man.

Dron got up and wanted to say something, but Alpátych interrupted him:

"What are you all up to, eh? What do you mean to do, eh?"

"What shall I do with the people?" asked Dron. "They are all stirred up. I have been telling them — "

"Telling them!" said Alpátych. "Are they drinking?" he asked, curtly.

"They are all stirred up, Yákov Alpátych: they have brought the second keg."

"Listen! I will go at once to the chief of the rural police, and you inform the people to stop it all and furnish the teams."

"Yes, sir," replied Dron.

Yákov Alpátych did not insist any longer.

He had been in contact with the people long enough to know that the chief means of getting them to obey was not to show any suspicion that they would not obey. Having obtained from Dron the humble "Yes, sir!" Yákov Alpátych was satisfied, though he was not only in doubt, but was almost convinced that the teams would not be furnished without the assistance of a company of soldiers.

Indeed, by evening the teams had not been collected. There was again a meeting at the tavern, and it was decided there to drive the horses into the woods and not to furnish the teams. Without saying anything to the princess, Alpátych ordered his own baggage taken off from the carts which had arrived with him from Lýsyya Góry and the horses used for the carriages of the princess, while he himself drove away to see the authorities.

X.

After her father's funeral, Princess Márya locked herself in her room and did not admit any one. A maid went up to her door to say that Alpátych had come to ask her orders in regard to the departure. (This happened before Alpátych's conversation with Dron.) Princess Márya half-raised herself from the sofa, on which she was lying, and said through the closed door that she would never go anywhere, and asked to be let alone.

The windows of the room in which Princess Márya was lying looked out on the west. She was lying on the sofa with her face to the wall and, fingering the buttons on the leather cushion, saw nothing but this cushion, and her indistinct thoughts were concentrated only on this: she was thinking of the irretrievableness of death and of her own moral baseness, which she had not known before, and which had manifested itself in her during the illness of her father. She wanted to pray, but did not dare to; she did not dare to turn to God with her soul in that condition, in which it was then. She lay for a long time in that position.

The sun had passed over on the other side of the house and with its slanting evening rays, which fell through the open windows, lighted up the room and part of the morocco cushion on which Princess Márya was looking. The march of her thoughts suddenly stopped. She raised herself unconsciously, fixed her hair, got up, and went to the window, instinctively inhaling the freshness of the clear, breezy evening.

"Yes, now it is convenient for you to enjoy the evening! He exists no longer, and nobody will disturb you," she said to herself, and, dropping down in a chair, she fell with her head on the window-sill.

Somebody called her in a gentle and soft voice from the side of the garden, and kissed her head. She looked up. It was Mlle. Bourienne, in a black dress trimmed for mourning. She softly walked over to Princess Márya, kissed her with a sigh, and immediately began to weep. Princess Márya looked at her. She thought of all her former conflicts with her and of her jealousy of her; she also recalled how *he* had of late changed in respect to Mlle. Bourienne and how he could not bear to see her, and, consequently, how unjust those reproaches had been which Princess Márya had in her heart been making her. "What right have I, who wished for his death, to sit in judgment over any one?" she thought.

Princess Márya vividly imagined the position of Mlle. Bourienne, who of late had been removed from her society, but who at the same time was dependent on her and lived in a strange house. She began to feel sorry for her. She cast an inquiring and tender glance at her and stretched forth her hand. Mlle. Bourienne burst out into tears, kissed the princess's hand, and began to speak of the sorrow which had befallen the princess, making herself a participant in her grief. She said that her only consolation in her sorrow was the fact that the princess allowed her to share it with her. She said that all existing misunderstandings ought to disappear before the great bereavement, that she felt herself pure in the sight of all, and that *he* could see from there her love and gratitude. The princess listened to her, without understanding her words, but now and then looking up to her and catching the sound of her voice.

"Your situation is doubly terrible, princess," Mlle. Bourienne said, after a moment's silence. "I understand

that you have not been able to think of yourself; but I am obliged to do this for you through the love I bear you. Has Alpátych come to see you? Has he spoken with you about your departure?" she asked.

Princess Márya made no reply. She did not comprehend who was to travel, and whither. "How could one undertake anything now, or think of anything? What difference does it make?" She made no reply.

"Do you know, *chère Marie*," said Mlle. Bourienne, "do you know that we are in imminent danger, that we are surrounded by the French? It is dangerous to travel now. If we do, we shall certainly be taken captives, and God knows —"

Princess Márya looked at her companion without understanding what she was saying.

"Oh, if you only knew how little I care now," she said. "Of course, I should not like to leave *him* for anything — Alpátych did say something to me about leaving — Speak to him! I cannot and do not want to know anything —"

"I have spoken to him. He hopes that we shall be able to start to-morrow; but I think it would be better now to stay here," said Mlle. Bourienne, "because, confess, *chère Marie*, that it would be terrible to fall into the hands of the soldiers or rioting peasants on the road."

Mlle. Bourienne drew out of her reticule a proclamation (printed not on common Russian paper) of the French General Rameau, enjoining the inhabitants not to leave their homes, and promising them due protection by the French authorities. This she handed to the princess.

"I think it will be best to address this general," said Mlle. Bourienne, "and I am sure that you will receive proper consideration."

Princess Márya read the paper, and dry sobs twitched her face.

"Through whom did you receive this?" she said.

"No doubt they found out that I was a Frenchwoman by name," Mlle. Bourienne said, blushing.

Princess Márya, with the paper in her hand, rose from the window and with a pale face left the room and went to Prince Andréy's former cabinet.

"Dunyásha, send to me Alpátych, Dron, or somebody!" said Princess Márya, "and tell Amáliya Kárlovna not to come to see me," she added, when she heard Mlle. Bourienne's voice. "Let us leave at once! Immediately!" said Princess Márya, terrified at the thought of being left in the power of the French.

"If Prince Andréy knew that she was in the power of the French! She, the daughter of Prince Nikoláy Andréevich Bolkónski, to ask General Rameau to offer her protection, and for her to accept his benefactions!" This thought terrified her, made her shudder, blush, and experience entirely unfamiliar outbursts of anger and pride. She vividly saw the whole magnitude of her trouble and, what was worse, the humiliation of her position. "They, the French, will take their abode in this house; General Rameau will occupy the cabinet of Prince Andréy; for amusement they will rummage through his letters and papers, and will read them. Mlle. Bourienne *lui fera les honneurs de Boguchárovo.* I shall be given a room for charity's sake; the soldiers will open my father's fresh grave, in order to take off his crosses and stars; they will tell me of their victories over the Russians, and will express their feigned sympathy for my sorrow —" Princess Márya did not think her own thoughts, but felt herself under obligations to think the thoughts of her father and her brother. For her personally it did not make any difference where they stopped, or what might become of her; but she, at the same time, felt herself to be the representative of her deceased father and of Prince Andréy. She instinctively thought their thoughts and felt their

feelings. She felt it her duty to do what they would have said, what they would have done. She went into the cabinet of Prince Andréy and, essaying to be permeated by his thoughts, reflected on her position.

The demands of life, which she had regarded as annihilated with the death of her father, suddenly arose before Princess Márya with a new, unknown force, and took possession of her.

Agitated and red in her face, she paced in the room, asking now for Alpátych, now for Mikhaíl Iványch, now for Tíkhon, and now for Dron. Dunyásha, the nurse, and all the maids were quite unable to tell her anything as to how much truth there was in what Mlle. Bourienne had told her. Alpátych was not at home: he had left to find the authorities. Mikhaíl Iványch, the architect, who was called in, came into the presence of Princess Márya with sleepy eyes, and could not tell her a thing. He replied to her with the same smile of consent, with which he had become accustomed in the course of fifteen years to reply to the questions of the old prince, without expressing his opinion, so that it was impossible to get any definite results from his answers. The old valet, Tíkhon, with drawn and fallen face, which bore the impress of an incurable grief, replied, "Yes, miss," to all of Princess Márya's questions, and with difficulty restrained his tears, every time he looked at her.

Finally Elder Dron entered the room and, bowing low before the princess, stopped near the door.

Princess Márya crossed the room and stopped in front of him.

"Dron," said Princess Márya, who saw in him her staunch friend, the same Dron who every year brought her from the Vyázma Fair an especial kind of cookies, which he handed her every time with a smile. "Dron, now, after our misfortune —" she began. But she stopped, being unable to proceed.

"We all walk under God's protection," he said, with a sigh.

They were silent for awhile.

"Dron, Alpátych has gone somewhere, and I have nobody to turn to, — is it true what I am told, that I cannot leave?"

"Why not, your Serenity, you may travel — " said Dron.

"I was told that it is dangerous on account of the enemy. My dear, I cannot do anything, I do not understand anything, — I have no one with me. I want to leave by all means to-night, or early to-morrow morning."

Dron was silent. He looked stealthily at Princess Márya.

"There are no horses," he said, "and I told Yákov Alpátych so."

"Why not?" asked the princess.

"It is all on account of the scourge sent by God," said Dron. "Such horses as we had have been taken for the army, and others have died, it being a bad year. We not only have nothing to feed the horses on, but we shall have to starve ourselves! Some people have not had anything to eat for three days. We have nothing, — they have ruined us completely."

Princess Márya listened attentively to what he was telling her.

"The peasants are ruined? They have no bread?" she asked.

"They are starving," said Dron. "Let alone the teams — "

"Why did you not tell me, Dron? Is it not possible to assist them? I will do everything I can — "

It seemed strange to Princess Márya to think that now, at the moment that such a grief filled her heart, there could be rich people and poor people, and that the rich should not assist the poor. She had a dim recollec-

tion that there was such a thing as manorial grain, and that this was given to the peasants. She knew also that neither her brother nor her father would have refused to aid the peasants; but she was afraid she might make some mistake in her words in reference to this distribution of the grain, which she was contemplating. She was glad that a pretext for some care presented itself to her, and that for its sake it was not disgraceful for her to forget her grief. She began to ask Dron for the details of the want of the peasants, and of what the manor of Boguchárovo had in store.

"You have some manorial grain, belonging to my brother, have you not?" she asked.

"The manorial grain has not been touched," he said, proudly. "Our prince has ordered us not to sell it."

"Give it to the peasants, — give them all they need: I permit you to do so in the name of my brother," said Princess Márya.

Dron made no reply and drew a deep sigh.

"Distribute this grain to them, if there is enough for them. Give them all. I so command you in the name of my brother, and tell them that what is ours belongs to them. We will spare nothing for them. Tell them so!"

Dron looked fixedly at the princess, while she was speaking.

"Free me, motherkin, for God's sake! Tell them to receive the keys from me!" he said. "I have served for twenty-three years, and have done no wrong. Free me, for God's sake!"

Princess Márya did not understand what it was he wanted her to do, and what it was he wanted to be freed from. She replied to him that she had never doubted his loyalty, and that she was always ready to do everything for him and the peasants.

XI.

Two hours later Dunyásha came to the princess with the news that Dron had come and that all the peasants had gathered near the granary at the princess's command, wishing to have a talk with the mistress.

"I have never called them," said Princess Márya. "All I did was to tell Dron to distribute the grain to them."

"For the Lord's sake, princess dear, drive them away, and do not go out to them! It is nothing but a deception —" said Dunyásha, "and when Yákov Alpátych arrives, we shall leave — but you, please — "

"What deception?" the princess asked, in surprise.

"I will tell you, if you will only listen to me, for the Lord's sake. You may ask the nurse, too. They say they do not agree to leaving here at your command."

"What are you talking about? I have never ordered them to leave —" said Princess Márya. "Send Dron to me!"

Dron came and confirmed Dunyásha's words: the peasants had come at the princess's command.

"I have never sent for them," said the princess. "You must have made a mistake. I only told you to distribute the grain to them."

Dron heaved a sigh and made no reply.

"If you so order, they will leave," he said.

"No, no, I will go out to see them!" said Princess Márya.

In spite of Dunyásha's and the nurse's advice not to go out. Princess Márya stepped out on the porch. Dron,

Dunyásha, the nurse, and Mikhaíl Iványch followed after her.

"No doubt they think I have offered them the grain on condition that they remain here, while I go away and leave them to the mercy of the French," thought Princess Márya. "I will promise them a monthly allowance and quarters in the Moscow suburban estate; I am sure Andréy would have done even more in my place," she thought, as she walked up in the twilight to the throng which was gathered in the pasture near the granary.

The crowd formed a denser circle and the hats were swiftly taken off. Princess Márya, lowering her eyes and tripping on her dress, walked over close to them. The eyes of so many old and young men were directed upon her, and there were so many different persons there, that Princess Márya could not see a single face, and, as she felt the necessity of speaking at once to every one, she did not know what to do. But the consciousness of being the representative of her father and her brother again gave her strength, and she boldly began her speech:

"I am very glad that you have come," said Princess Márya, without raising her eyes, and feeling how rapidly and how strongly her heart was beating. "Dron told me that the war has ruined you. This is our common sorrow, and I will spare nothing in order to assist you. I myself shall leave because it is dangerous here — and the enemy is near — because — I give you everything, my friends, and ask you to take everything, all our grain, so that you may suffer no want. And if you have been told that I give you the grain that you may stay here, it is an untruth. On the contrary, I ask you to leave here with all your families and all your possessions and to go to our Moscow suburban estate, where I promise you I will take care of you so that you may not suffer. You will be given homes and grain there."

The princess stopped. Sobs were heard in the crowd.

"I am not doing this on my account," continued the princess, "but in the name of my deceased father, who was a good master to you, and for my brother, and for his son."

She stopped again. Nobody interrupted her silence.

"We have a common sorrow, and we will divide with you. All that is mine belongs to you," she said, watching the faces which were in front of her.

All eyes were directed upon her, with a similar expression, the meaning of which she could not make out. Whether it was curiosity, devotion, gratitude, or fright and mistrust, — the expression on all the faces was one and the same.

"We are very much satisfied with your favours, only it is not proper for us to take the manorial grain," a voice was heard in the rear.

"Why?" asked the princess.

No one made any reply, and Princess Márya, looking at the throng, noticed that all the eyes were lowered, the moment she met their glances.

"Why do you not want it?" she asked again. Nobody replied.

Princess Márya felt ill at ease during the silence; she tried to catch somebody's glance.

"Why do you not speak?" the princess turned to an old man, who, leaning on a cane, was standing in front of her. "Tell me if you think that something else is to be done. I will do anything," she said, having caught his eyes. But he, as though angry at this, dropped his head entirely, and said:

"Why should we agree? We do not want the grain."

"Why should we abandon everything? We do not agree to it — We do not give our consent. We are sorry for you, but we do not give our consent. Go yourself!" voices were heard on different sides. And again the same expression appeared on the faces of all the people present,

but now it certainly was not the expression of curiosity and gratitude, but of grim determination.

"Evidently you have not understood," Princess Márya said, with a sad smile. "Why do you not want to go? I promise to give you houses, and to feed you. Here the enemy will ruin you — "

But the voices of the crowd drowned hers.

"We do not give our consent, — let him destroy us! We do not take your grain, we do not give our consent!"

Princess Márya again tried to catch somebody's eyes, but not one glance was directed at her; their eyes apparently evaded her. She felt strange and ill at ease.

"I declare, she wants to enslave us! Destroy our homes, and become her slaves! Indeed! 'I will give you grain!' says she," were heard the voices in the throng.

Princess Márya, lowering her head, left the circle and went to the house. She repeated her order to Dron to have the horses ready by the next morning, and went to her room, where she was left with her thoughts.

XII.

Princess Márya sat that night for a long time at the open window of her room, listening to the sounds of the peasants' conversations, which were borne from the village, but she did not think of them. She felt that no matter how much she might think of them, she would not understand them. She was only thinking of her grief, which now, after the interruption produced by the cares of the present, had become the past for her. She now could recall things, could weep and pray. With sundown the wind died down. It was a calm, fresh night. At midnight the voices began to quiet down; a cock crowed; the full moon rose behind the lindens; there rose a fresh, white mist and dew; and stillness reigned over the house.

One after another there rose before her the pictures of the immediate past, — of her father's illness and last minutes. She now dwelt on these images with a sad joy, in horror warding off only the last form of his death which, she felt, she was not able to contemplate even in her imagination during that quiet and mysterious hour of the night. These pictures appeared to her with such clearness and with such details that they seemed to her now a reality, now the past, and now the future.

She thought vividly of the moment when he had his stroke, and was dragged along by the arms in the garden at Lýsyya Góry, and muttered something with his impotent tongue, jerked his gray eyebrows, and looked restlessly and timidly at her.

"He wanted to tell me on that day what he told me

later on the day of his death," she thought. "He always thought what he told me then." And now she thought in all its details of the night at Lýsyya Góry preceding his paralytic stroke, when, having a presentiment of misfortune, she had remained with him, against his will. She did not sleep and in the night went on tiptoe down-stairs, and, going up to the door of the flower-room, where her father slept that night, listened to his voice. He was speaking with Tíkhon in a fatigued voice. He was saying something about the Crimea, about warm nights, and about the empress. Evidently he wanted to talk. "Why did he not call me? Why did he not permit me to be with him in Tíkhon's place?" Márya had thought then, and she thought so now. "He will now never tell anybody all that was in his heart. Never again will that minute return for him and for me, when he might tell all that there was on his mind, and I, and not Tíkhon, should have listened to him and have comprehended him. Why did I not enter the room then?" she thought. "Maybe he would have told me what he told me later on the day of his death. He then asked Tíkhon twice about me. He wanted to see me, and I stood there, behind the door. It was hard and sad for him to speak with Tíkhon, who did not understand him. I remember how he spoke with him about Líza, as though she were alive, — he had forgotten that she was dead, and Tíkhon reminded him that she had died, and he called out, 'Fool!' He was oppressed. I heard him groan behind the door, as he lay down on his bed, and called out, 'My God!' Why did I not go in then? What would he have done to me? What should I have lost? Maybe he would have been consoled, and would have spoken that word to me." And Princess Márya pronounced aloud that word of endearment which he had spoken to her on the day of his death. "Darling!" Princess Márya repeated the word, and burst out into tears which brought alleviation to her soul. She

now saw his face before her, — not that face which she had known ever since she could remember, and which she had always seen from a distance, but that timid and feeble face, which she, bending down to his mouth in order to hear what he was saying, for the first time made out with all its wrinkles and details.

"Darling," she repeated.

"What was he thinking about when he said that word? What does he think now?" the question suddenly occurred to her, and, in response to it, she saw him before her with that expression on his face, which he had in his coffin, where his head was tied with a white kerchief. And that terror, which had seized her then, as she touched him and convinced herself that it was not he, but something mysterious and repugnant, took possession of her even now. She wanted to think of something else, and wanted to pray, but was unable to do anything. She looked with her large, open eyes at the moonlight and at the shadows, expecting any moment to see his dead face, and she felt that the quiet, which lay over the house, fettered her.

"Dunyásha!" she whispered. "Dunyásha!" she exclaimed in a wild voice, and, tearing herself away from the stillness, she ran to the maids' room, meeting on the way the nurse and the maids, who were running toward her.

XIII.

On August 17th Rostóv and Ilín, accompanied by Lavrúshka, who had just returned from the French captivity, and by a hussar orderly, left their halting-place of Yánkovo, within fifteen versts of Boguchárovo, in order to take a look at the country, — and incidentally to test Ilín's newly bought horse, and to find out whether there was not some hay in the villages.

Boguchárovo had for three days been between two hostile armies, so that it was as easily reached by the Russian rear-guard as by the French vanguard, and so Rostóv, as a cautious commander of a squadron, wanted to anticipate the French in obtaining the provisions which were still left at Boguchárovo.

Rostóv and Ilín were in the merriest of moods. On their way to Boguchárovo, to the estate of a prince with its manor, where they expected to find a large number of manorial servants and pretty girls, they kept asking Lavrúshka about Napoleon, and laughing at his stories, or they raced, in order to test Ilín's horse.

Rostóv did not know that the village to which they were going was the estate of the very Bolkónski who had been the fiancé of his sister.

Rostóv and Ilín for the last time started a race on the slope of a hill leading to Boguchárovo, and Rostóv, who outraced Ilín, was the first to reach the street of the village.

"You beat me," said Ilín, red with exhaustion.

"Yes, I was ahead of you on the meadow, and here, too," Rostóv replied, patting his sweating Don charger with his hand.

"But I, on my French horse, your Serenity," Lavrúshka said behind them, calling his cart dobbin a French horse, "could have beat you, but I did not want to put you to shame."

They rode at a pace to the granary, where a large crowd of peasants was gathered.

A few of the peasants took off their hats, while some looked at the riders, without donning theirs. Two old, lank peasants, with wrinkled faces and scanty beards, came out of the tavern, and, smiling, walked up to the officers with a waddling gait, and singing a nonsense song.

"Fine fellows!" Rostóv said, laughing. "Have you any hay?"

"They all look alike —" said Ilín.

"A most hap-py con-ver-sa-tion," one of the peasants was singing with a merry smile.

A peasant left the crowd and went up to Rostóv.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"We are Frenchmen," Ilín replied, laughing. "Here is Napoleon himself," he said, pointing to Lavrúshka.

"So you are Russians?" the peasant asked.

"How great are your forces?" asked another, a peasant of low stature, coming out from the crowd.

"Very great," replied Rostóv. "What are you gathered for?" he added. "Is it a holiday?"

"The old men have come together to discuss communal matters," replied the peasant, walking away from him.

Just then two women appeared on the road from the manor, and with them came a man in a white hat. They were walking up to the officers.

"The one in the pink dress is mine, — you must not cut me out!" said Ilín, when he noticed Dunyásha, who was running up in a determined way.

"She will be ours!" Lavrúshka said to Ilín, with a wink.

"What do you wish, my beauty?" said Ilín, smiling.

"The princess begs to be informed of what regiment you are and what your name is."

"This is Count Rostóv, commander of a squadron, and I am your humble servant."

"Con-ver-sa-tion!" sang the drunken peasant, with a happy smile, and looking at Ilín, who was talking to the girl. Immediately after Dunyásha, Alpátych came up to Rostóv, having doffed his cap at a distance.

"I take the liberty of troubling your Honour," he said, with due respect, but with comparative disdain for the youth of the officer, while placing his hand in the bosom of his coat. "My mistress, the daughter of General-in-chief Prince Nikoláy Andréevich Bolkónski, deceased the 15th of this month, finding herself in difficulty on account of the ignorance of these persons," he pointed to the peasants, "begs you — Will it not please you," Alpátych said, with a sad smile, "to ride a little to one side, for it is not convenient in the presence —" Alpátych pointed to the two peasants who hovered about him, like flies about a horse.

"Ah! Alpátych! Ah, Yákov Alpátych! Fine! Forgive us, for Christ's sake! Fine, eh?" said the peasants, with merry smiles at him. Rostóv looked at the drunken peasants and himself smiled.

"Maybe this amuses your Serenity?" Yákov Alpátych said, staidly, pointing with his free hand to the old men.

"No, there is little amusement in this," said Rostóv, riding away. "What is the matter?" he asked.

"I take the liberty of informing your Serenity that the ignorant people of this village do not wish to let the mistress out of her estate, and threaten to unhitch the horses, so that everything has been packed since morning, and her Serenity cannot move."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Rostóv.

"I have the honour of reporting the actual facts," repeated Alpátych.

Rostóv dismounted from his horse, and, giving it to the orderly, went with Alpátych to the house, asking him in the meantime for the details of the case. Indeed, the offer of grain, made to the peasants on the previous evening, the princess's explanation with Dron and with the meeting had so spoiled matters that Dron gave up his keys, joined the peasants, and did not make his appearance in response to Alpátych's command. Furthermore, in the morning, when the princess ordered the carriages to be hitched up, in order to depart, the peasants came out to the granary in a large throng and sent word that they would not let the princess out of the village, that there was an order not to leave, and that they would unhitch the horses. Alpátych went out to reason with them, but he was told (Karp spoke more than the rest; Dron did not show up in the crowd) that the princess could not be sent out, because there was an order about it; but if the princess remained, they would serve her as of old and would obey her in everything.

Just as Rostóv and Ilín came galloping through the village, Princess Márya, in spite of the dissuasion of Alpátych, of the nurse, and of the maids, ordered the horses hitched up, and was on the point of leaving, but, upon seeing the cavalrymen passing through the village, — she took them for Frenchmen, — the coachmen ran away, and the women in the house began to weep.

"Father, protector! God has sent you," spoke the joyous voices, as he passed through the antechamber.

Princess Márya, disconsolate and exhausted, was sitting in the parlour, when Rostóv was led into her presence. She did not understand who he was, what he was doing, or what would become of her. Seeing his Russian face, and recognizing by his carriage and his first few words that he belonged to the same circle with herself, she

looked at him with her deep, beaming glance, and began to speak with a voice which faltered and trembled from agitation. To Rostóv there appeared something romantic in this meeting. "A defenceless, grief-stricken maiden, alone, left to the mercy of coarse, riotous peasants! What strange fate has brought me here!" thought Rostóv, listening to her and looking at her. "What meekness, what nobility in her features and in her expressions!" he thought, as he listened to her timid story.

When she told him that all this had happened on the day following the funeral of her father, her voice faltered. She turned away, and then she suddenly cast an inquiring and frightened look at him, fearing lest he might take her words as a desire to enlist his sympathy. Tears stood in Rostóv's eyes. Princess Márya noticed them, and gratefully cast a beaming glance at Rostóv, which made him forget the plainness of her face.

"Princess, I cannot express to you how happy I am that I have accidentally come here, and that I shall have an opportunity of showing you my readiness to serve you," said Rostóv, rising. "You may depart, and I pledge my honour that not a single man will dare to cause you any unpleasantness, if you will only permit me to be your convoy."

And, bowing politely, as one bows to ladies of royal blood, he walked toward the door. By the respectfulness of his tone Rostóv seemed to show that, in spite of his regarding it as a happiness to cultivate her acquaintance, he did not wish to profit by her misfortune, in order to approach her.

Princess Márya understood and appreciated this tone.

"I am very, very thankful to you," the princess said, in French, "but I hope that it was all only a misunderstanding, and that nobody is to blame for it." The princess suddenly began to weep. "Pardon me," she said.

Rostóv, frowning, bowed once more and left the room.

XIV.

"WELL, is she nice? No, my dear, the pink one is my beauty, — her name is Dunyásha — " But, looking at Rostóv's face, Ilín grew silent. He saw that the thoughts of his hero and commander had an entirely different trend.

Rostóv looked grimly at Ilín and, without answering him, rapidly strode down toward the village.

"I will show them! I will show those robbers!" he said to himself.

Alpátych, trotting along with a swimming motion, so as to avoid running, with difficulty caught up with Rostóv.

"What decision has it pleased you to make?" he said, coming abreast with him.

Rostóv stopped and, compressing his fists, suddenly moved up threateningly against Alpátych.

"Decision? What decision? Old fool!" he shouted at him. "What have you been doing, eh? The peasants are rioting, and you cannot manage them? You yourself are a traitor. I know you! I will flay you all alive — " and, as though fearing lest he should expend all his supply of rage uselessly, he left Alpátych and hurriedly moved on. Alpátych, suppressing the feeling of insult, followed after Rostóv with his swimming motion, and continued to impart to him his reflections. He told him that the peasants were stubborn, that at the present moment it was not wise to oppose them without a sufficient military command, and that it would be best first to send for a detachment of soldiers.

"I will give them a detachment! I will oppose them," Nikoláy said, senselessly, choking from an unreasonable animal anger and from the necessity of finding vent for this anger. Without reflecting what he would do, he unconsciously moved toward the crowd with a rapid, determined gait. The nearer he approached them, the more Alpátych felt that his reckless act might bear good fruit. The same was felt by the peasants, as they looked at his rapid and firm gait and determined, scowling face.

After the hussars had reached the village and Rostóv had gone in to see the princess, confusion and discord took possession of the crowd. A few peasants began to say that the newcomers were Russians, and that they might be offended because the lady had not been permitted to depart. Dron was of the same opinion; but the moment he expressed it, Karp and some other peasants attacked the former elder.

"How many years have you been lording it over the Commune?" Karp shouted at him. "You don't care. You will dig up your pot and will take it with you, not caring much whether our homes are destroyed or not."

"We have been told not to leave our homes, and not to take away as much as a puff of smoke, — that is the end of it!" cried another.

"It was your turn to send a son to the army, but you were sorry for your fine lad," a little old man suddenly began to speak rapidly, attacking Dron, "but my Vánka you had shaven a soldier. Oh, we shall all die!"

"Precisely, we shall die!"

"I don't go against the Commune," said Dron.

"Exactly, you are not against it: you have fattened your belly on it!"

The two lank peasants were still talking. The moment Rostóv, accompanied by Ilín, Lavrúshka, and Alpátych, approached the crowd, Karp, sticking his fingers behind his belt and smiling slightly, stepped forward. Dron,

on the contrary, went to the rear, and the throng grew more compact.

"Oh, there! Who is your elder?" shouted Rostóv, walking up to the crowd at a rapid gait.

"The elder? What do you want him for?" asked Karp.

But he had not finished his words, when his cap flew off from him, and his head was bent sidewise from a terrible blow.

"Hats off, traitors!" Rostóv shouted, in a resonant voice. "Where is the elder?" he cried, in a preternatural voice.

"He is calling for the elder — Dron Zakhárych, you!" were heard a few hasty and submissive voices, and the caps were taken off one after another.

"We cannot riot, we carry out orders," muttered Karp, and several voices in the rear suddenly spoke out at the same time:

"The old men have decreed that, since there are so many of you, the authorities — "

"What, you are still talking? — Riot! Murderers! Traitors!" Rostóv shrieked senselessly, taking Karp by the collar. "Bind him, bind him!" he shouted, though there was no one to bind him but Lavrúshka and Alpátych.

Nevertheless, Lavrúshka ran up to Karp and caught him behind by his arms.

"Shall I call our soldiers from the foot of the hill?" he cried.

Alpátych turned to the peasants, calling two of them out by name, to bind Karp. The peasants came out submissively from the crowd and began to ungird themselves.

"Where is the elder?" shouted Rostóv.

Dron, with pale and frowning face, stepped forward.

"Are you the elder? Bind him, Lavrúshka," cried Rostóv, as though this order, too, would find no obstacles.

And, indeed, two more peasants came out and began to bind Dron, who, as though to aid them, took off his belt and handed it to them.

"All of you, listen to me!" Rostóv turned to the peasants. "March home at once, and let me not hear your voices again!"

"We did not mean any offence. We did it only through ignorance. It was only our stupidity — I kept saying that it was not right," were heard the voices, rebuking each other.

"I told you so," said Alpátych, reasserting his rights. "It is not good, boys!"

"It is our stupidity, Yákov Alpátych," replied the voices, and the crowd at once began to disperse through the village.

The two bound peasants were taken to the manor yard. The drunken peasants followed them.

"Oh, what a shame to look at you!" said one of them, turning to Karp.

"How could you have spoken so to the masters? What did you expect? Fool!" confirmed the other. "Really, you are a fool!"

Two hours later the teams stood in the yard of the Boguchárovo manor. The peasants industriously carried out the things from the manor, and packed them away in the carts, and Dron, who at the request of Princess Márya was let out from the closet, where he had been locked up, stood in the yard and gave his orders to the peasants.

"Don't pack it so badly," said one of the peasants, a tall man, with a round, smiling face, receiving a small safe from a chambermaid. "It cost money. Why do you slam it down that way under the rope? It will only get rubbed. I do not like things this way. Let everything be honest and according to the law. Like this, under the mat, and cover it with hay, — now it is right."

"Just see what a lot of books!" said another peasant, who was carrying out the bookcases of Prince Andréy. "Don't catch at anything! The books are heavy, though, boys!"

"Yes, those who wrote them did not loaf!" said a tall, round-faced peasant, with a significant wink, pointing to the lexicons which were lying on top.

Rostóv, who did not wish to obtrude his acquaintance on the princess, did not go to see her, but remained in the village, waiting for her departure. When he saw that the carriages of Princess Márya had started from the house, Rostóv mounted, and accompanied her on horseback to the road that was occupied by our armies, which was within twelve versts of Boguchárovo. In Yánkovo, he respectfully bade her farewell in the tavern, and for the first time allowed himself to kiss her hand.

"Are you not ashamed?" he said, blushingly, to Princess Márya, in response to her expression of gratitude for her salvation (as she called this act). "Any officer of the police would have done as much for you. If we had only to fight the peasants, we should not have let the enemy get so far," he said, being ashamed of something, and trying to change the subject. "I am happy that I have had the opportunity to get acquainted with you. Good-bye, princess! I wish you happiness and consolation, and I hope we shall meet under more fortunate conditions. If you do not wish to make me blush, please do not thank me!"

But if the princess did not thank him in words, she thanked him with the whole expression of her face, which was beaming with gratitude and tenderness. She was absolutely convinced that she certainly would have perished, both from the rioters and the French, and that he had subjected himself to most evident and most terrible perils in order to save her; and still more convinced

was she that he was a man of an exalted and noble soul, who was able to understand her position and her bereavement. His kindly, honest eyes, with the tears standing in them, as she, weeping herself, spoke of her loss, did not leave her imagination.

When she bade him good-bye and was left alone, she suddenly was conscious of tears in her eyes, and now there appeared to her, not for the first time, the strange question whether she did not love him.

On her road to Moscow, though the princess's condition was not a joyful one, Dunyásha, who was riding in the same carriage with her, noticed more than once that the princess frequently put her head out of the carriage and joyfully and sadly smiled at something.

"What difference if I should love him?" thought Princess Márya.

Though she felt ashamed to confess to herself that she was the first to fall in love with a man who, perhaps, would never love her, she consoled herself with the thought that no one would ever find it out, and that she could not be blamed if to the end of her life she, without telling to any one, should love him whom she had loved for the first and last time.

Now and then she recalled his glances, his sympathy, and his words, and happiness did not seem impossible to her. It was then that Dunyásha noticed that she smiled and looked out of the window of the carriage.

"How strange that he should have come to Boguchárovo, and at that particular moment!" thought Princess Márya. "And his sister had to refuse Prince Andréy!" And in all this Princess Márya saw the will of Providence.

The impression which Princess Márya had produced on Rostóv was an agreeable one. When he thought of her, he felt happy, and when his comrades, having learned of his adventure at Boguchárovo, joked him, saying that when he went for hay he had caught one of the richest

matches in Russia, Rostóv grew angry. He was angry because the thought of marrying the charming, gentle Princess Márya, with her immense property, more than once crossed his thoughts. For himself personally Nikoláy could not wish a better wife than Princess Márya: his marrying her would make the countess, his mother, happy, and would mend the affairs of his father; and, Nikoláy felt sure it would make Princess Márya happy.

But Sónya? And the promise? And it was on this account that Rostóv was angry, when they joked him about Princess Bolkónski.

XV.

When Kutúzov took the command of the armies, he thought of Prince Andréy, to whom he sent an order to report at headquarters.

Prince Andréy arrived at Tsárevo-Zaymíshche on the very day and at the time of the day when Kutúzov was reviewing the troops for the first time. Prince Andréy stopped in the village at the house of the priest, near which stood the carriage of the commander-in-chief. He sat down on a bench to wait for his Most Serene Highness, as everybody now called Kutúzov. In the field back of the village could be heard the sounds of regimental music and the roar of an immense number of voices shouting, "Hurrah!" to the new commander-in-chief. Near the gate, within ten paces from Prince Andréy, stood two orderlies, a courier, and a majordomo, taking advantage of the prince's absence and of the beautiful weather. A swarthy, bearded, small lieutenant-colonel of hussars rode up to the gate and, looking at Prince Andréy, asked him whether his Most Serene Highness was quartered there and whether he would soon be back.

Prince Andréy told him that he did not belong to the staff of his Highness, and had himself just arrived. The lieutenant-colonel of hussars turned to a dressed-up orderly, and the orderly of the commander-in-chief told him, with that peculiar disdain with which orderlies of commanders-in-chief speak to officers:

"What? His Most Serene Highness? He will be here soon, no doubt. What do you wish?"

The lieutenant-colonel of hussars smiled into his moustache at the tone of the orderly, dismounted from his horse, turned it over to his own orderly, and with a slight bow walked over to Bolkónski. Bolkónski made room for him on the bench. The lieutenant-colonel sat down near him.

"Are you yourself waiting for the commander-in-chief?" said the lieutenant-colonel of hussars. "They say that he is accessible to all, thank God. For with the sausage-eaters it is simply terrible! Ermólov had good reason to ask to be promoted to the rank of a German. Now, perhaps, Russians will have a chance to say something. The devil knows what they have been doing. We have been doing nothing but retreat. Have you been in the campaign?" he asked.

"I not only had the pleasure," replied Prince Andréy, "of taking part in the retreat, but I have also lost in this retreat everything which was dear to me, not to mention my estates and my native home, namely, my father who died from grief. I am from the Government of Smolénsk."

"Ah? You are Prince Bolkónski? Very happy to make your acquaintance: Lieutenant-Colonel Denísov, better known by the name of Váska," said Denísov, pressing the hand of Prince Andréy and with especial attention scrutinizing Bolkónski's face. "Yes, I have heard," he said, with compassion, and, after a moment's silence, he continued: "This is a Scythian war. This is all very nice, except for those who suffer from it. Ah, so you are Prince Bolkónski?" He shook his head. "Very glad, prince, very glad to make your acquaintance," he added, again with a sad smile, as he pressed his hand.

Prince Andréy knew Denísov from the accounts Natásha had given him about her first fiancé. This reminiscence now pleasantly and painfully transferred him to

those morbid sensations, of which he had not been thinking of late, but which still were in his soul. Of late he had received so many other and such serious impressions, such as the abandonment of Smolénsk, his arrival at Lýsyya Góry, the recent news about his father's death, and had experienced so many different sensations, that these reminiscences had not come to him for a long time, and when they did come, they no longer affected him as of old. For Denísov that series of reminiscences which was evoked by the name of Bolkónski was a remote, poetic past, when, after the supper and Natásha's singing, he, himself not knowing how, proposed to the fifteen-year-old girl. He smiled at the recollection of that time and at his love for Natásha, and immediately passed over to that which now interested him passionately and exclusively. This was a plan of the campaign, which he had thought out, while serving in the outposts during the retreat. He had presented that plan to Barclay de Tolly, and now he intended to present it to Kutúzov. His plan was based on this: the French line of operation was too extended, and so, instead of acting from the front, or, while acting from the front, essaying to bar their progress, it was necessary to harass their communications. He began to explain his plan to Prince Andréy.

"They cannot keep up all this line. It is impossible, and I promise to break through it. Give me five hundred men, and I will break through it, you will see! Nothing but a partisan war can succeed!"

Denísov got up and, making gestures, expounded his plan to Bolkónski. In the middle of the exposition, the shouts of the army, more discordant and more extended, and blending with the music and the songs, were heard on the reviewing ground. Trampling and shouting were heard in the village.

"He is coming," exclaimed a Cossack, who was standing at the gate. "He is coming!"

Bolkónski and Denísov moved up to the gate, where stood a group of soldiers (the guard of honour) and saw Kutúzov, who was coming down the street, riding on a small bay horse. An enormous suite of generals followed him. Barclay rode almost by his side; a crowd of officers ran after them and around them, and cried, "Hurrah!"

First the adjutants rode into the yard. Kutúzov impatiently spurred on his horse, which was going at an amble under his heavy weight, and, constantly nodding his head, kept putting his hand to the cap which he wore, — a white, visorless one with a red band, belonging to the chevalier guards. Riding up to the guard of honour, which consisted of a lot of fine-looking grenadiers, most of whom were decorated, and seeing them present arms, he for a moment looked silently at them with his stubborn eye of a commander, and then turned around to the group of generals and officers who surrounded him. His face suddenly assumed a thin expression; he shrugged his shoulders with a gesture indicative of perplexity.

"The idea of retreating, and retreating with such fine fellows!" he said. "Well, good-bye, general," he added, urging on his horse through the gate, past Prince Andréy and Denísov.

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!" they shouted back of him.

Since Prince Andréy had last seen him, Kutúzov had grown stouter still, and his face looked swollen. But the familiar white eye, and the wound, and the expression of fatigue in his face were the same. He wore a long uniform (the whip hung on a thin leather strap down his shoulder) and a white cap of the chevalier guards. He sat on his lively horse, lolling and swaying heavily from side to side. "Whew — whew — whew," he gave a barely audible whistle as he rode into the yard. On his face was expressed the contentment of a man who wants to take a rest after his presentation. He took his left foot out of

his stirrup, lurching forward with his whole body and scowling from the effort, with difficulty drew it over the saddle, bent his knee, grunted, and let himself down to the Cossacks and adjutants who were supporting him.

He adjusted himself, looked around with his half-closed eyes, and glanced at Prince Andréy, apparently not recognizing him, and with his lurching motion started toward the porch. "Whew, whew, whew!" he whistled, and again looked at Prince Andréy. The impression produced on him by Prince Andréy's face only after a few seconds (as is frequently the case with old men) connected itself in his recollection with Prince Andréy's personality.

"Good morning, prince, good morning, my dear! Come!" he spoke wearily, looking about him. He ascended the steps which creaked under his weight. He unbuttoned his coat and sat down on the bench which was standing on the porch.

"How is your father?"

"I received yesterday the news of his death," Prince Andréy said, curtly.

Kutúzov looked at Prince Andréy with wide-open eyes and with an expression of terror, then took off his cap and made the sign of the cross. "The kingdom of heaven be his! The will of God be done on all of us!" He drew a deep breath with full lungs, and grew silent. "I have loved and respected him greatly, and I sympathize with you with all my heart." He embraced Prince Andréy, pressed him against his fat breast, and held him so for a long time. When he let him go, Prince Andréy saw that Kutúzov's flabby lips were trembling, and that there were tears in his eyes. He drew a sigh and leaned both his hands against the bench, in order to raise himself.

"Come, come to my room! We will have a talk!" he said; but just then Denísov, who was as little timid in the presence of his superiors as he was in the sight of the enemy, in spite of being stopped by the adjutants near

the porch, who spoke to him in an angry whisper, boldly ascended the steps, with a clatter of his spurs. Kutúzov, still leaning his hands on the bench, cast a dissatisfied glance at Denísov. Denísov gave his name and informed his Highness that he had a communication to make to him, which was of great importance to the good of the country. Kutúzov began to look at Denísov with a weary glance and with a gesture which betrayed his vexation, and, folding his hands over his abdomen, repeated: "For the good of the country? What is it? Speak!" Denísov blushed like a girl (it was so strange to see this bearded, drunken old face flushing crimson) and boldly began to expound his plan of cutting the enemy's line of operation between Vyázma and Smolénsk. Denísov had lived in that part of the country and knew the locality well. The plan seemed unquestionably good, especially under the persuasiveness of his words. Kutúzov kept looking at his feet, and now and then looked at the yard of the neighbouring house, as though he expected something disagreeable to come from there. And indeed, while Denísov was speaking, a general, carrying a portfolio under his arm, emerged from that house.

"Well," Kutúzov exclaimed in the middle of Denísov's exposition, "are they ready?"

"Ready, your Highness," said the general.

Kutúzov shook his head, as though saying, "How is one man to manage it all!" and continued to listen to Denísov.

"I give you the word of honour of a Russian officer," said Denísov, "that I will break Napoleon's communications."

"What relation of yours is Kiríll Andréevich Denísov, chief of the commissariat?" Kutúzov interrupted him.

"My uncle, your Highness."

"Oh! We were such friends!" Kutúzov said, merrily. "Good, good, my dear, stay here with the staff! We

will talk about it to-morrow." He nodded his head to Denísov and turned away and stretched out his hand for the papers which Konovnítsyn had brought him.

"Would not your Highness like to go into the house?" the general of the day said, in a dissatisfied tone of voice "It is necessary to look at some plans, and to sign certain papers."

An adjutant, coming out of the house, reported that everything was ready inside. But Kutúzov apparently wanted to enter the house free from work. He frowned.

"No, bring everything out here, my dear! Bring out a little table, and I will look at it here!" he said. "Do not go away!" he added, turning to Prince Andréy.

Prince Andréy remained on the porch, listening to the report of the general of the day.

During the report, Prince Andréy heard the whispering of a woman and the rustling of a silk gown within. Looking several times in that direction, he observed behind the door a full-formed, ruddy-faced, pretty woman, in a rose-coloured dress and with a lilac silk kerchief on her head, with a dish in her hands, evidently waiting for the commander-in-chief to come in. Kutúzov's adjutant informed Prince Andréy in a whisper that it was the hostess, the wife of the pope, who was waiting to receive his Highness with bread and salt. Her husband had received him with the cross at church, and she was to receive him at home. "She is very pretty," the adjutant added, with a smile. Kutúzov looked around at these words.

Kutúzov was listening to the report of the general of the day (the chief subject of which was a censure of the position at Tsárevo-Zaymíshche) in precisely the same manner in which he had listened to Denísov, and in the same way as he had seven years before listened to the debates of the Austerlitz council of war. Apparently he listened because he had ears, which, even though one of

them was plugged with a piece of a cable, could not shut out sounds; but it was evident that nothing of what the general was telling him could either surprise or interest him, and that he knew in advance what they were going to tell him, and that he listened only because he had to listen to it, as to a service in a church. Everything Denísov had told him was to the point and clever. Everything the general of the day was telling him was still more to the point and more clever still, but it was obvious that Kutúzov despised knowledge and cleverness, and that he knew something different that was to decide the matter, — something apart from knowledge and reason. Prince Andréy carefully watched the face of the commander-in-chief, and the only expression which he could observe on it was that of tedium, and of curiosity about what the whispering of the woman behind the door might mean, and a desire to preserve decorum. It was evident that Kutúzov despised cleverness and knowledge, and even the patriotic sentiment which Denísov had evinced, but he despised them not because of any superior cleverness, knowledge, and sentiment (for he did not even try to give evidence of these), but because of something else. He despised them because of his age and experience in life.

One order which Kutúzov had added to that report had reference to the marauding of the Russian troops. The general of the day at the end of the report presented a paper for his Most Serene Highness to sign; it offered the landed proprietors redress for reaped green oats, by petitioning against the chiefs of the army.

Kutúzov smacked his lips and shook his head, as he listened to this affair.

"Pitch it into the stove. Let me tell you once for all, my dear," he said, "you must pitch all these affairs into the fire. Let them harvest the grain and burn wood, if they prosper from it! I do not order nor permit it, but

likewise I cannot hold them to account for it. We cannot get along without it. When the wood is cut the chips fly." He looked once more at the document. "Oh, that German precision!" he muttered, shaking his head.

XVI.

"Now it is all done," said Kutúzov, signing the last paper. Rising heavily and smoothing out the folds of his white, puffed-up neck, he advanced toward the door with a merry face.

The wife of the pope, with her blood rushing to her face, took hold of the dish, which she did not give him in time, although she had been so long ready. She made a low bow and took it up to Kutúzov.

Kutúzov's eyes were half-closed; he smiled, touched her chin with his hand, and said:

"What a beauty! Thank you, my little dove!"

He fetched a few gold coins out of the pocket of his pantaloons, and placed them on the dish. "Well, how are you getting on?" Kutúzov asked, walking to the room set aside for him. The pope's wife, smiling a dimpled smile on her ruddy face, walked after him to her own room. An adjutant came out to Prince Andréy on the porch and invited him to breakfast; half an hour later Prince Andréy was again called to Kutúzov. Kutúzov was lying in an easy chair, his uniform being still unbuttoned. He was holding a French book in his hand. When Prince Andréy entered the room, he put in a knife to mark the place, and turned the book down. It was "*Les Chevaliers du Cygne*," a work by Madame de Genlis, as Prince Andréy found out from the cover.

"Sit down, sit down, and we will talk!" said Kutúzov. "It is sad, very sad. Remember, my dear, that I am your father, your second father."

Prince Andréy told Kutúzov everything which he

knew about the decease of his father, and about what he had seen at Lýsyya Góry, when he visited it.

"See what they have brought us to!" Kutúzov suddenly said, in an agitated voice, evidently forming a clear picture, from Prince Andréy's recital, of the condition in which Russia then was.

"Give me time, give me time!" he added, with a grim expression on his face, and, apparently not wishing to prolong this conversation, which agitated him, he said: "I have called you, because I want you to stay with me."

"I thank your Highness," replied Prince Andréy, "but I am afraid that I am no longer any good for the staff," he said, with a smile which Kutúzov noticed. "Above all," added Prince Andréy, "I am used to the regiment. I like my officers, and I think my men like me. I should feel sorry to leave my regiment. If I decline the honour of being with you, you must believe me —"

Kutúzov's puffed-up face was lighted up by an intelligent, kindly and, at the same time, sarcastic smile. He interrupted Bolkónski.

"I am sorry, for I need you; but you are right, you are right. We do not need anybody here. There are always plenty of counsellors, but no men. The regiments would be something quite different, if all the counsellors served in the regiments, as you do. I remember you at Austerlitz. I remember, I remember what you did with the flag," said Kutúzov, and a flush of joy came over Prince Andréy's face at the mention of it. Kutúzov drew Prince Andréy to him by his hand, offering him his cheek, and again Prince Andréy saw tears in the eyes of the old man. Though he knew that Kutúzov was prone to weep, and that he was kind to him and pitied him, wishing to express his sympathy for him in his loss, he was both flattered and pleased at this reminiscence of the battle of Austerlitz.

"God protect you on your own path! I know your

path is the path of honour." He was silent. "I was sorry for you in Bucharest: I had to send for you." Changing the conversation, Kutúzov began to speak of the Turkish war and the peace which had been concluded. "I have been rebuked enough," said Kutúzov, "for the war, and for the peace — but everything came out all right. *Tout vient à point à celui qui sait attendre.* There were just as many counsellors there as there are here," he continued, returning to the counsellors, who apparently interested him. "Oh, the counsellors, the counsellors!" he said. "If I had listened to them all, there would have been no peace in Turkey, and the war would not be finished yet. They wanted to do everything in a hurry, but what is done in a hurry sometimes turns out to be a long business. If Kámenski had not died, he would have been ruined. He stormed the fortresses with thirty thousand men. It is not hard to take a fortress, but it is hard to win a campaign. For this it is not necessary to storm and attack, but to have patience and bide your time. Kámenski sent his soldiers against Rushchuk, but I sent out nothing but patience and time, and I took more forts than Kámenski, and made the Turks eat horse-flesh. So will the French. Take my word for it," Kutúzov said, becoming animated and striking his breast: "They will eat horse-flesh yet." And again his eyes were dimmed by tears.

"But it will be necessary to accept battle, will it not?" asked Prince Andréy.

"It will be necessary, if all demand it, — there will be no way out — But believe me, my dear, there are no stronger enemies than patience and time; they will do everything, but the counsellors *n'entendent pas de cette oreille, voilà le mal.* Some want it, others don't. What is to be done?" he asked, apparently waiting for an answer. "What would you want me to do?" he repeated, and his eyes sparkled with a deep, intelligent expression.

"I will tell you what to do," he said, since Prince Andréy had not yet made any reply. "I will tell you what to do. *Dans le doute, mon cher,*" he was silent for a moment, "*abstiens-toi,*" he said, scanning his words. "Well, good-bye, my dear. Remember that I bear your loss with you with all my heart, and that I am not for you a Serene Highness, not a prince, and not a commander-in-chief, but a father. If you need anything, come straight to me! Good-bye, my dear!"

He embraced and kissed him once more. And before Prince Andréy left the room, Kutúzov drew a sigh of relief and picked up his unfinished novel by Madame de Genlis, "*Les Chevaliers du Cygne.*"

How and why it had happened, Prince Andréy was unable to explain; but after this meeting with Kutúzov he returned to his regiment, reassured as to the general state of affairs and as to the man to whom they had been entrusted. The more he saw the absence of all personal interests in this old man, in whom there seemed to be left only the habits of passions and, instead of a mind that groups events and makes deductions, the mere ability to contemplate calmly the course of events, the more he was satisfied that everything would be as it ought to be. "There will be nothing of his own in this matter. He will not invent anything, will undertake nothing," thought Prince Andréy, "but he will listen to everything, will take note of everything, will put everything in its place, will not hamper anything that is good, and will prevent anything harmful from happening. He understands that there is something more powerful and significant than his will, — and that is the inevitable march of events, and he knows how to see them and how to understand their meaning, and in view of this meaning he knows how to renounce his participation in these events, and his personal will, which is directed to something else. Above all," thought Prince Andréy, "one feels like believ-

ing him because he is a Russian, in spite of the novel by Genlis and his French proverbs, and because his voice trembled as he said, 'See what they have brought us to!' and because he started weeping as he said that he would make them eat horse-flesh." On this feeling, dimly experienced more or less by everybody, was based that unanimity and general assent which accompanied the popular selection of Kutúzov for commander-in-chief, which was contrary to court considerations.

XVII.

After the emperor's departure from Moscow, life there began to flow in its habitual order, and the stream of this life was so much like that of every day that it was hard to remember the past days of patriotic enthusiasm and transports, and hard to believe that Russia was really in danger, and that the members of the English club were at the same time sons of their country, ready for any sacrifice in its behalf. The one thing which recalled the universal patriotic enthusiasm which had been manifested during the stay of the emperor was the demands made by the sacrifices in men and money, which, as soon as they had been made, were clothed in a legal, official form and seemed to be inevitable.

With the approach of the enemy to Moscow, the view held by the Muscovites in respect to their condition not only showed no greater seriousness, but, on the contrary, greater levity, as is always the case with people who see a great peril approaching them. When a danger is imminent, two voices always speak with equal strength in the soul of a man: one very sensibly says that a man should carefully consider the quality of the danger and the means for freeing himself from it; another says more sensibly still that it is too hard and too painful to think of the danger, while it is not in man's power to foresee everything and to save himself from the common march of events, and that therefore it is better to turn away from the calamity, so long as it has not yet appeared, and to think only of pleasure. In solitude man generally

submits to the first voice; in society, on the contrary, to the second. Even thus it now happened with the inhabitants of Moscow. For a long time there had not been so much gaiety in Moscow as during that year.

Rostopchín's broadsides, with the heading representing a tavern, a saloon-keeper, and the Moscow burgher Kárpushka Chigirín, "*who, having been a soldier and having taken a dram too much, heard that Bonaparte intended to march against Moscow, whereupon he grew angry and cursed all the French with base words, and went out of the tavern and began to speak under the eagle to the assembled people,*" were read and discussed on a par with the last *bout-rimé* of Vasíli Lvóvich Púshkin.

At the club, men gathered in the corner room to read these broadsides, and some were pleased to read how Kárpushka made fun of the French, saying "*that they will puff up from the cabbage, will burst from the porridge, and will choke from the beet soup, and that they are all midgets, and that one woman will pitch three of them on a fork.*" A few did not approve of this tone, saying that it was contemptible and stupid. They told stories about Rostopchín having sent all Frenchmen and even strangers out of Moscow, and that there were spies and agents of Napoleon among them; these stories were told mainly in order to retail those clever words which Rostopchín uttered at their deportation. The strangers were despatched in a boat to Nízhni-Nóvgorod, and Rostopchín said to them: "*Rentrez en vous-même, entrez dans la barque et n'en faites pas une barque de Caron.*" They also said that all the government officials had been sent out of Moscow, and to this they added Shinshín's joke that for this alone Moscow ought to be grateful to Napoleon. They said that Mamónov's regiment would cost him eight hundred thousand, that Bezúkhi had spent an even larger sum on his soldiers, and that the best part of Bezúkhi's act was that he himself would put on a uniform

and would ride at the head of his regiment, and would not charge anything to those who should come to look at him.

"You never spare a soul," said Julie Drubetskóy, picking up and pressing down a mass of freshly made lint with her thin, ring-covered fingers.

Julie was getting ready to leave Moscow on the following day, and now gave her parting evening entertainment.

"Bezúkhi *est ridicule*, but he is so good, so charming! What pleasure do you find to be so *caustique?*"

"A fine!" said a young man in a militia uniform, whom Julie called "*mon chevalier*," and who was going with her to Nízhni-Nóvgorod.

In Julie's circle, as in many other societies in Moscow, it had been agreed to speak only Russian, and those who made use of any French words had to pay a fine to the committee of voluntary contributions.

"Another fine for the Gallicism," said a Russian writer, who was present in the drawing-room. "'The pleasure to be' is not Russian."

"You spare nobody," Julie continued to speak to the militiaman, without paying any attention to the remark of the author.

"For '*caustique*' I am to blame," she said, "and I shall pay, but for the pleasure to tell you the truth I am ready to pay again; for the Gallicisms I am not responsible," she turned to the author, "I have neither the money nor the time that Prince Golítsyn has, to hire a teacher and study Russian."

"Ah, here he is!" said Julie. "*Quand on*— No, no," she turned to the officer of the militia, "you will not catch me. When we speak of the sun we see his beams," said the hostess, smiling graciously to Pierre. "We have just been speaking of you," Julie said, with that freedom in lying which is characteristic of society women.

"We said that your regiment, no doubt, will be better than Mamónov's."

"Oh, please do not speak to me about my regiment," replied Pierre, kissing the hand of the hostess and sitting down by her side. "I am sick of it."

"You will certainly command it in person!" said Julie, exchanging a sly and sarcastic glance with the officer of the militia.

In Pierre's presence the officer of the militia was no longer so *caustique*, and in his face there was an expression of perplexity as to what Julie's smile might mean. In spite of his absent-mindedness and good nature, Pierre's personality at once put a stop to all attempts at ridiculing him in his presence.

"No," Pierre answered, smiling, and surveying his huge, fat body. "The Frenchmen would find it too easy to hit me, and besides, I am afraid I could not climb on a horse."

Among the subjects raked up for conversation, Julie's company also hit on the Rostóvs.

"They say their affairs are in a pretty bad shape," said Julie. "And he, the count, is such a scatterbrain. The Razumóvskis wanted to buy his house and suburban estate, and the matter has been drawn out so long! He asks too big a price."

"I have heard that the sale will be consummated in a few days," somebody remarked. "Though, I must say, it is reckless to buy anything in Moscow now."

"Why?" asked Julie. "Do you really think there is any danger for Moscow?"

"Why do you depart?"

"I? How strange! I am leaving because — well, because everybody is leaving, and because I am not a Joan of Arc, and not an Amazon."

"All right. Give me some more rags!"

"If he knows how to manage things, he will be able to

pay all his debts," the officer of the militia continued in reference to Rostóv.

"He is a good old man, but a very *pauvre sire*. Why do they live here so long? They wanted to go to the country long ago. Natásha, I think, is well now," Julie addressed Pierre, with a sly smile.

"They are waiting for their younger son," said Pierre. "He entered Obolénski's regiment of Cossacks and for that purpose went to Byélaya Tsérkov, where the regiment is forming. Now he has been transferred to my regiment, and he is expected any day. The count intended to leave some time ago, but the countess would not leave Moscow until her son arrived."

"I saw them the other day at the Arkhárovs. Natásha has grown pretty again and is making merry. She sang a romance. How easily some people get over things!"

"Get over what?" Pierre asked, with dissatisfaction.

Julie smiled.

"You know, count, such knights as you are are to be found only in the novels of Madame Souza."

"What knight?" Pierre asked, blushing.

"Please don't, dear count! *C'est la fable de tout Moscou. Je vous admire, ma parole d'honneur.*"

"A fine! A fine!" said the officer of the militia.

"All right. I can't tell you how tedious it is!"

"*Qu'est ce qui est la fable de tout Moscou?*" Pierre, rising, said angrily.

"Please don't, count! You know!"

"I know nothing," said Pierre.

"I know that you have been friendly with Natásha, and therefore — No, I, I am a greater friend of Vyéra's. *Cette chère Véra.*"

"*Non, madame,*" Pierre continued, in a dissatisfied voice. "I have by no means taken upon myself the rôle of Natásha Rostóv's knight, and I have not been at their

house for nearly a month. But I do not understand the cruelty —"

"*Qui s'excuse, s'accuse,*" said Julie, smiling, and waving the lint. In order to have the last word, she at once changed the conversation. "I heard to-day that poor Márya Bolkónski arrived yesterday in Moscow. Have you heard? She has lost her father."

"Really? Where is she? I should like very much to see her," said Pierre.

"I passed last evening with her. She will leave to-night or to-morrow with her nephew for the suburban estate."

"How is she?" asked Pierre.

"So so, sad. Do you know who saved her? It is a whole romance: Nikoláy Rostóv. She was surrounded, and they wanted to kill her, and had wounded some of her men. He rushed in and saved her —"

"Another romance!" said the officer of the militia. "Really, this universal flight is causing all the old maids to get married. Catiche is one, and Princess Bolkónski is another."

"Do you know, I think that she is *un petit peu amoureux du jeune homme.*"

"A fine! A fine! A fine!"

"But how are you going to say that in Russian?"

XVIII.

WHEN Pierre returned home, he was handed two of Rostopchín's broadsides, which had been brought out that day.

The first gave the information that the rumour that Count Rostopchín had forbidden people to leave Moscow was false, and that, on the contrary, Count Rostopchín was glad to see the ladies and merchants' wives leaving Moscow. "There will be less fear, less gossip," said the broadside, "but I shall forfeit my life if the scoundrel gets into Moscow." These words convinced Pierre for the first time that the French would be there. The second broadside informed the inhabitants that our headquarters were at Vyázma, that Count Wittgenstein had conquered the French, but that, since many inhabitants wished to arm themselves, there were weapons offered them in the arsenal, such as sabres, pistols, and guns, which they could get at a reasonable price. The tone of the broadsides was no longer as jocular as in the former Chigirín conversations. Pierre fell to musing over these broadsides. It was obvious that the terrible thunder-cloud, which he had invoked with all the powers of his soul, and which at the same time caused him instinctive terror, was approaching.

"Shall I enter military service and go into the army, or shall I wait?" Pierre asked himself this question for the hundredth time. He took a pack of cards, which was lying on his table, and began to play solitaire.

"If this solitaire comes out," he said to himself, shuf-

fling the cards and looking up, "if it comes out, it means — What does it mean?"

He had not yet decided what it meant when outside the door of the cabinet he heard the voice of the elder princess, asking whether she could enter.

"Then it will mean that I must go to the army," Pierre finished. "Come in, come in!" he added, turning to the princess.

(The elder princess, the one with the long waist and the petrified face, continued to live in Pierre's house; the two younger ones had married.)

"Pardon me, *mon cousin*, for having come to see you," she said, in a voice of mingled rebuke and agitation. "Some decision must be made at last. What will it be? Everybody has left Moscow, and the people are getting riotous. Are we going to stay?"

"On the contrary, everything seems to be favourable, *ma cousine*," Pierre said, with that habitual jesting, which he, bearing in embarrassment his rôle of benefactor to the princess, had assumed in relation to her.

"Yes, very favourable, thank you! Várvara Ivánovna has told me to-day how our troops are distinguishing themselves. Great honour it does them! The people are rioting, and have quit obeying; even my maid is saucy to me. Soon they will begin to strike us. You can't walk in the streets. But worse than all, in a day or two the French will be here, — why should we wait? I ask you only for this, *mon cousin*," said the princess, "order them to take me to St. Petersburg. Such as I am, I cannot live under Bonaparte's rule."

"But, *ma cousine*, where do you get your information from? On the contrary —"

"I will not submit to your Napoleon. Others may do as they please — If you will not do it —"

"Yes, I will. I will give the order at once."

The princess was apparently annoyed because there was

no one to be angry with. She whispered something and sat down on a chair.

"But you are getting false reports," said Pierre. "In the city everything is quiet, and there is no danger. I have just read —" Pierre showed the princess the broadsides. "The count writes that he will forfeit his life if the enemy gets into Moscow."

"Ah, that count of yours!" the princess said, with malice. "He is a hypocrite, a rascal, who has himself instructed the people to start rioting. Did he not write in these stupid broadsides, 'Whoever it be, yank him by his hair to the lockup!' How stupid! 'Whoever takes him,' says he, 'shall receive honour and glory.' That is what he has brought us to with his sweet speeches. Várvara Ivánovna told me that a crowd almost killed her because she spoke in French —"

"That is so. But you take everything so much to heart," said Pierre, beginning to lay out the solitaire.

Although the solitaire came out, Pierre did not go into the army, but remained in deserted Moscow in the same turmoil and indecision, with fear and, at the same time, with joy, expecting something terrible.

On the following night the princess departed, and Pierre's chief manager came to inform him that it was impossible to procure the amount demanded for furnishing the uniforms of the regiment, if one estate were not sold. His manager reminded him in general that all these plans about the regiment would ruin him. Pierre with difficulty concealed a smile, while listening to the words of the manager.

"Sell it!" he said. "What is to be done? I cannot refuse now."

The more critical was the condition of all affairs, especially of his own, the more obvious it was, and the more agreeable to Pierre, that the catastrophe which he had been expecting was near at hand. There was hardly any

one of his acquaintances left in Moscow. Julie had gone, and so had Princess Márya. Of his close friends only the Rostóvs were still in Moscow, but Pierre did not visit them.

On that day Pierre, to divert himself, drove to the village of Vorontsóvo to look at the large balloon which Leppich was building for the destruction of the enemy, and the trial balloon which was to be sent up on the next day. This balloon was not yet ready; as Pierre learned, it was being built at the request of the emperor. The emperor had written to Count Rostopchín about this balloon as follows:

"As soon as Leppich is ready, you will choose for his boat a crew of reliable and intelligent men, and you will despatch a courier to General Kutúzov, to inform him of it. I have communicated with him about it. Please enjoin Leppich to be very careful about the place where he will descend the first time, lest he be mistaken and fall into the hands of the enemy. It is indispensable that he should combine his movements with those of the commander-in-chief."

On his return home from Vorontsóvo, Pierre crossed the Bolótnaya Square, where he saw a crowd at the Judgment Place. He stopped his cab and got out. It was the public whipping of a French cook accused of being a spy. The whipping had just taken place, and the executioner was untying from the bench a pitifully groaning, stout man with red whiskers, wearing blue stockings and a green camisole. Another culprit, lean and pale, was standing near by. Both, to judge from their faces, were Frenchmen. With a frightened and ailing expression, like the one on the countenance of the lean Frenchman, Pierre pushed his way through the crowd.

"What is it? Who? For what?" he asked.

But the attention of the crowd, consisting of officials, burghers, merchants, peasants, women in cloaks and small

furs, was so eagerly concentrated on that which was going on in the Judgment Place that no one made any reply to him. The stout man rose, frowningly shrugged his shoulders, and, apparently wishing to express firmness, began to put on his camisole, without looking around him; but suddenly his lips trembled, and he burst out into tears, from anger at himself, as people of a sanguine temperament weep. The crowd began to speak loudly, in order, as Pierre thought, to drown the feeling of compassion in themselves.

"He is some prince's chef — "

"Well, mcossioo, evidently the Russian sauce is tart for a Frenchman, — it has put his teeth on edge," said a wrinkled scribe, who was standing near Pierre, just as the cook began to weep. The scribe looked around him, apparently expecting to see his joke appreciated. A few laughed, while some continued to look in fright at the executioner, who was undressing the other man.

Pierre began to snivel and to scowl, and, turning rapidly around, he went back to his cab, all the time muttering something to himself, both while he was walking and taking his seat in the cab. During his ride he several times shuddered and exclaimed so loudly that the coachman asked him:

"What do you wish?"

"Whither are you driving?" Pierre shouted at the coachman, who was turning into the Lubyánka.

"You ordered me to drive to the commander-in-chief," replied the coachman.

"Stupid! Beast!" shouted Pierre, who hardly ever called his coachman names. "I told you to drive home; and go there as fast as you can, idiot! I must leave this very day," he muttered to himself.

At the sight of the chastised Frenchman and of the crowd which surrounded the Judgment Place, Pierre decided so definitely that he could no longer remain in

Moscow and that he would at once join the army, that it appeared to him that either he had told the coachman about it, or that the coachman ought to have known it.

Upon reaching home, Pierre informed his all-knowing coachman, Evstáfevich, who could do almost anything and whom all Moscow knew, that he was going to leave in the evening for Mozháysk, in order to join the army, and ordered him to send his mounts to him there. All this could not be done in a day, and so, at the representations of Evstáfevich, Pierre had to put off his departure till the next day, so as to give the teams a chance to start out on the road.

On the 24th it cleared up after some bad weather, and in the afternoon Pierre left Moscow. In the night, while changing horses at Perkhúshkovo, Pierre learned that during that evening a great battle had been fought. He was told that the earth had trembled there, at Perkhúshkovo, from the reports of the guns. To his questions who had won, no one was able to give any answer. (It was the battle of the 24th at Shevardinó.) At daybreak Pierre drove up to Mozháysk.

All the houses of Mozháysk had troops quartered in them, and at the tavern, where Pierre was met by his groom and coachman, there was no room in the house: every available space was occupied by officers.

In Mozháysk and beyond Mozháysk stood and marched the troops. Cossacks, foot-soldiers, cavalrymen, wagons, caissons, ordnance were seen on all sides. Pierre hastened to drive ahead as fast as possible, and the farther he left Moscow behind him, and the deeper he penetrated into this sea of troops, the more he was seized by alarm and by an unfamiliar new sensation. It was similar to the sensation which he had experienced in the Slobódski palace during the appearance of the emperor, a feeling that it was necessary to undertake something and to make sacrifices. He now experienced the agreeable consciousness

that everything which formed the happiness of man, the comforts of life, wealth, even life itself, was nonsense, which it was a joy to give up in comparison with something — with what, Pierre could not tell, nor could he make it clear to himself for whom and for what he found it so charming to sacrifice everything. He was not interested in that for which he wanted to make the sacrifices, but the sacrifice itself afforded him a novel, pleasurable sensation.

XIX.

On the 24th took place the battle at the redoubt of Shevardinó; on the 25th not one shot was fired on either side; on the 26th the battle of Borodinó was fought.

Why and how were the battles given and accepted at Shevardinó and at Borodinó? Why was the battle of Borodinó fought? Neither for the French nor for the Russians did it have the least significance. The most immediate result of it was, and had to be: for the Russians, that we got nearer to the ruin of Moscow (of which we were afraid more than of anything in the world), and for the French, that they came nearer to the ruin of their whole army (of which they, too, were afraid more than of anything in the world). This result was quite evident then, and yet Napoleon gave, and Kutúzov accepted, this battle.

If the generals had been guided by reason, Napoleon, it seems, ought to have seen clearly that, in advancing more than two thousand versts and accepting battle with the probable outcome of losing one-fourth of his army, he was marching to his certain ruin; and it should have appeared just as clear to Kutúzov that by accepting the battle and himself risking the loss of one-fourth of his army, he certainly would lose Moscow. For Kutúzov this was mathematically clear, just as it is clear that if in a game of chess I have one piece less and make an exchange, I shall certainly lose, and that therefore I must make no even exchange.

When my antagonist has sixteen pieces, and I only

fourteen, I am only one-eighth weaker than he; but when I exchange thirteen pieces, he will be three times as strong as I.

Up to the battle of Borodinó, our forces stood in relation to those of the French approximately as five to six, and after the battle as one to two, that is, before the battle as 100,000 to 120,000, and after the battle as 50,000 to 100,000. And yet clever and experienced Kutúzov accepted the battle. Napoleon, on the contrary, the gifted general, as he is called, gave a battle in which he lost one-fourth of his army, and thus stretched his lines even farther than before. If it shall be said that by taking Moscow he expected to finish the campaign, as he had done in the case of Vienna, we can adduce many arguments against it. The historians of Napoleon themselves say that he wanted to stop soon after Smolénsk, that he knew the danger of his extended position and that the capturing of Moscow would not be the end of the campaign, because from Smolénsk on he saw in what condition the Russian cities were left to him, and because he did not receive a single answer to his repeated declarations that he wished to carry on negotiations.

In giving and accepting the battle of Borodinó, Kutúzov and Napoleon acted independently of their wills and senselessly. But the historians later subordinated the accomplished facts to cleverly concocted arguments about the foresight and genius of the generals, who of all the involuntary tools of the world's events were the most slavish and involuntary of actors.

The ancients have left us examples of heroic poems, in which the heroes form the whole interest of history, and we have not yet been able to get used to the idea that for our human times such history has no meaning.

To the other question of how the battle of Borodinó and the preceding battle of Shevardinó were given there is an extremely false conception, just as definite and

well known. All the historians describe the affair in the following manner:

The Russian army in retreating from Smolénsk was looking for the best possible position for a general battle, and such a position it found at Borodinó.

The Russians had fortified this position in advance on the left of the road (from Moscow to Smolénsk), almost at a right angle with it, from Borodinó to Útitsa in the very place where the battle took place.

In front of this position was placed the fortified outpost on the Shevardinó Mound, in order to keep watch on the enemy. On the 24th Napoleon attacked the outpost and took it; on the 26th he attacked the whole Russian army, which occupied its position on the field of Borodinó.

Thus the histories tell, but it is quite untrue, and anybody may convince himself so, who wants to acquaint himself with the facts in the case.

The Russians had not been looking for a better position, but, on the contrary, in their retreating passed many positions which were better than the one at Borodinó. They did not stop at any of these positions, because Kutúzov did not wish to accept a position which he did not choose, and because the demand for a national battle had not yet found sufficient expression, and because Milorádovich had not yet joined him with his militia, and for innumerable other reasons. It is a fact that the former positions had been stronger, and that the position at Borodinó (where the battle was given) was not only not strong, but for some reason was no more of a position than any other spot in the Russian Empire, at which one might point on a map at haphazard with a pin.

The Russians not only had not fortified the position of the field of Borodinó, on the left, at a right angle with the road (that is, the place where the battle actually took place), but they had even never thought before the 25th of August of the year 1812 that the battle would take

place on that spot. This is proved by the fact that there were no fortifications there before the 25th, and that those which were begun on the 25th and 26th were never finished; secondly, as to the location of the Shevardinó redoubt: it has no meaning in front of the position where the battle was accepted. Why was this redoubt fortified more strongly than any other point? And why were all efforts exhausted on the 24th in defending it until late at night, with a loss of six thousand men? A Cossack patrol would have been sufficient to keep watch on the enemy. In the third place, a further proof that the position where the battle took place had not been foreseen and that the Shevardinó redoubt was not the advance point of this position is found in the fact that Barclay de Tolly and Bagratión were convinced until the 25th that the Shevardinó redoubt was the *left* flank of the position, and that Kutúzov himself, in his report written just after the battle, called the Shevardinó redoubt the *left* flank of the position. Only much later, when the reports on the battle of Borodinó were written at leisure, they invented (no doubt, in order to explain away the blunder of the commander-in-chief, who was supposed to be impeccable) that unjust and strange declaration that the Shevardinó redoubt served as an *advance* post (whereas it was only a fortified point of the left flank), and that the battle of Borodinó was accepted by us in a fortified position, chosen in advance, although it took place in an entirely unexpected and almost unfortified place.

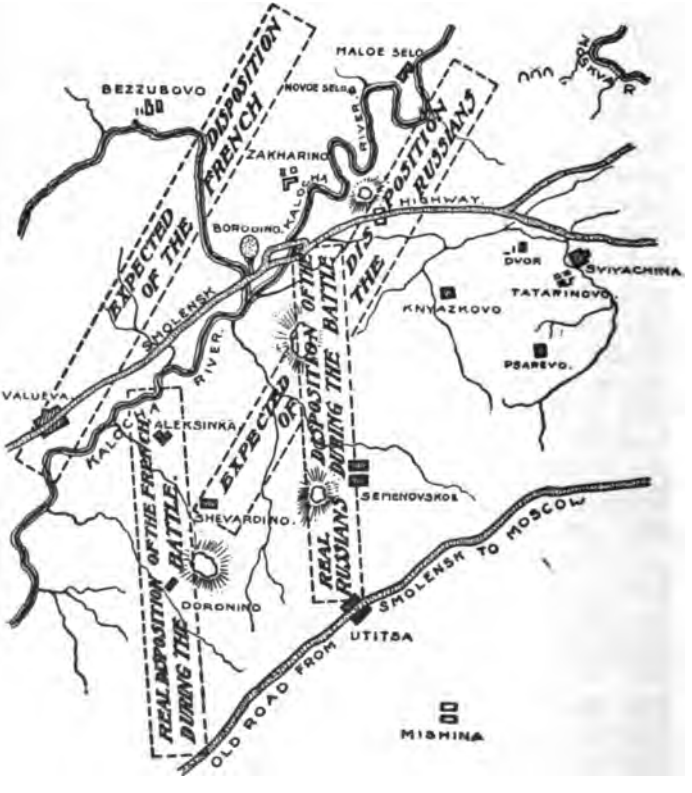
The matter obviously was like this: the position had been chosen along the river Kolócha, which cuts the highway not at a right, but at an oblique angle, so that the left flank was at Shevardinó, the right near Nóvoe Seló, and the centre at Borodinó, at the confluence of the rivers Kolócha and Vóyna. This position, protected by the river Kolócha, for an army whose purpose it was to stop

the enemy who was moving on the Smolénsk road to Moscow, is manifest to any one who will look at the field of Borodinó, forgetting how the battle actually took place.

Napoleon, who on the 24th rode up to Valúevo, did not see (as histories tell) the position of the Russians from Útitsa to Borodinó (he could not see it, because it did not exist); nor did he see the outpost of the Russian army, but, in pursuing the Russian rear-guard to the left flank of the Russian position, he came upon the Shevardinó redoubt and unexpectedly to the Russians took his army across the Kolócha. The Russians, having had no time to give a general battle, retreated with their left flank from the position which they had intended to occupy, and took up a new position, which had not been foreseen and was not fortified. Passing over to the left of the Kolócha and to the left of the road, Napoleon shifted the whole future battle from the right to the left (from the standpoint of the Russians), and transferred it to the field between Útitsa, Seménovskoe, and Borodinó (to that field which presented no other advantages of position than any other field in Russia), and on that field took place the battle of the 26th. In a rude form the plan of the proposed battle and of the actual battle will be as follows:

If Napoleon had not ridden out on the evening of the 24th to the Kolócha, and had not ordered an attack on the redoubt that very evening, but had begun the attack on the following morning, no one would have doubted that the Shevardinó redoubt was the left flank of our position, and the battle would have taken place as we had expected it. In this case we should have defended more stubbornly still the Shevardinó redoubt, which was our left flank: we should have attacked Napoleon at the centre or on the right, and on the 24th would have taken place the general battle in the position which had been fortified and foreseen. But since the attack on our left flank took place in the evening, soon after the retreat of

our rear-guard, that is, immediately after the battle at Grídneva, and since the Russian generals did not wish, or were not yet prepared, to begin the general battle on the evening of the 24th, the first and chief action of the



battle of Borodinó was lost on the 24th, and obviously led to the loss of the one which was given on the 26th.

After the loss of the Shevardinó redoubt, toward the morning of the 25th, we found ourselves without a posi-

tion on the left flank and were placed under the necessity of deflecting our left wing and hastily fortifying it wherever it happened to be.

Not only did the Russian troops stand on August 26th under the protection of weak, unfinished fortifications, but the disadvantage of their position was increased by the fact that the Russian military leaders, without fully recognizing the accomplished fact (the loss of the position on the left flank and the transference of the whole future field of battle from the right to the left), remained in their extended position from Nóvoe Seló to Útitsa, and, in consequence of this, were compelled during the battle to move their troops from the right to the left. Thus, the Russians had, during the whole battle, only half as strong forces opposed to the French army, which was directed against our left wing. (The actions of Poniatówski against Útitsa and of Uvárov on the right flank of the French formed separate actions in the whole course of the battle.)

Thus, the battle of Borodinó took place quite differently from the way it is described (in the attempt to conceal the blunders of our military leaders, thus minimizing the glory of the Russian army and people). The battle of Borodinó did not take place in a chosen and fortified position with slightly weaker forces on the side of the Russians, but, on account of the loss of the Shevardinó redoubt, was accepted by the Russians in an open, almost unfortified locality, with forces only half as strong as those commanded by the French, that is, under conditions under which it was unthinkable to fight for ten hours and make the battle undecisive, or even to preserve the army for three hours from absolute annihilation and flight.

XX.

On the 25th, Pierre drove out of Mozháysk. On the incline of a very steep and crooked hill, which led out of the city, past a cathedral on the right, in which service was being held and bells were ringing, Pierre climbed out of his carriage and went on foot. Back of him a regiment of cavalry, with singers in front, was coming down the hill. Toward him ascended a train of carts with the men wounded in the engagement of the day before. The peasant drivers, shouting to their horses and cracking their whips, kept running from one side to another. The carts, in each of which three or four wounded men were lying or sitting, jolted against the cobblestones of the pavement along the steep incline. The wounded, bandaged with rags, pale, with compressed lips and knit brows, holding on to the rounds of the carts, were jolted and knocked against each other in the carts. Nearly all looked with naïve, childish curiosity at Pierre's white hat and green dress coat.

Pierre's coachman shouted angrily at the convoy of the wounded to keep to one side. The regiment of cavalry, descending the hill with songs, pressed against Pierre's carriage and took up the whole road. Pierre stopped, pressing against the wall which the hill formed at the roadside. The sun did not reach that spot on account of a jutting ledge, and it was cold and damp there; overhead was a bright August morning, and the ringing of the bells sounded merry. One team with wounded soldiers stopped

at the edge of the road, close to Pierre. The driver, in bast shoes, ran out of breath up to his cart, put a stone under the tire-less hind wheels, and began to adjust the traces on his horse, which had stopped.

A wounded old soldier, with his arm in a sling, who was walking back of the cart, put his unharmed hand on the cart and looked at Pierre.

"Well, countryman, will they deposit us here? Or will it be in Moscow?" he said.

Pierre was so much lost in thought that he did not hear the question. He was looking now at the regiment of cavalry, which had fallen in with the convoy of the wounded, and now at the cart, near which he was standing and in which two wounded men were sitting and one was lying, and it seemed to him that here, in them, lay the solution of the question that interested him. One of the soldiers sitting in the cart had evidently been wounded in the cheek. His whole head was wrapped in rags, and one cheek was of the size of a child's head. This soldier kept looking at the cathedral and making the sign of the cross. The other, a young lad, a recruit, blond and white, as though he had absolutely no blood in his face, looked at Pierre with an arrested, kindly smile; the third was lying on his face, and his countenance could not be seen. The mounted singers just then passed the cart.

"Oh, it's lost — and the bristly head —"

"And living in a stranger's land —" they sang a soldier's dancing song. As though seconding them, but in another style of merriment, the metallic sounds of the church-bells were borne through the air. And in still another style of merriment, the burning rays of the sun bathed the summit of the hill on the opposite side. But under the ledge, near the cart with the wounded and the gasping horse, where Pierre was standing, it was damp, gloomy, and sad.

The soldier with the swollen cheek looked angrily at the singers.

"Oh, what dudes!" he said, reproachfully.

"I have seen not only soldiers, but even peasants to-day! They are driving even the peasants," said the soldier who was standing behind the cart, turning to Pierre, with a sad smile. "They don't make any distinction now — They want to press forward with the whole nation, in short, it is Moscow. They want to make an end of it."

In spite of the indistinctness of the soldier's words, Pierre understood everything he wanted to say, and nodded his head approvingly.

The road was cleared, and Pierre went down-hill and drove on. Pierre kept looking on both sides of the road, trying to discover familiar faces, and meeting only with unfamiliar, military faces from all kinds of regiments, who looked with equal surprise at his white hat and green dress coat.

After journeying for about four versts, he met his first acquaintance, and he cheerfully addressed him. This acquaintance was one of the chief physicians of the army. He was travelling in a small vehicle toward Pierre, sitting beside a young doctor. Upon recognizing Pierre, he stopped his Cossack, who was sitting on the box in the place of a coachman.

"Count! Your Serenity, how did you get here?" asked the doctor.

"I just wanted to see —"

"Yes, yes, there will be something to see —"

Pierre got out of his carriage and, stopping, spoke with the doctor, to whom he expressed his intention of taking part in the battle.

The doctor advised Bezúkhi to go straight to his Most Serene Highness.

"What is the use of being in some forgotten place

during the battle," he said, exchanging a glance with his young companion, "when his Most Serene Highness knows you and will receive you favourably. Do this, my friend," said the doctor.

The doctor looked weary, and as though in a hurry to get away.

"You think so?— I wanted to ask you where the position is," said Pierre.

"The position?" said the doctor. "That is not my department. When you cross Tatárinovo, you will see them digging there a great deal. Walk up the mound, and you will see from there," said the doctor.

"Is it visible from there? If you —"

But the doctor interrupted him, and moved up on his seat.

"I should like to take you there, but, upon my word" (the doctor pointed to his throat), "I am galloping to the commander of the corps. You know how it is! To-morrow there will be a battle. Out of the one hundred thousand men, at least twenty thousand will be wounded; and we have no stretchers, no cots, no assistants, no doctors for more than six thousand. We have ten thousand carts, but something else, too, is needed; do as you please —"

The strange thought that out of the thousands of sound, living men, both young and old, who were looking at his hat in joyful surprise, there were some twenty thousand who were certainly doomed to wounds and death (maybe the same that he now saw), staggered him.

"They will perhaps die to-morrow, so why do they think of anything else but death?" and suddenly, by a mysterious affiliation of ideas, he saw vividly before him the slope of the Mozháysk hill, the carts with the wounded, the slanting rays of the sun, and heard the ringing of the bells and the singing of the cavalrymen.

"The cavalrymen are on their way to a battle and meet the wounded, and yet they do not stop for a moment to

think of what is in store for them, but ride by and wink to the wounded men. And there are twenty thousand of these who are destined to die, and they marvel at my hat! It is terrible!" thought Pierre, proceeding on his way to Tatárinovo.

In front of a landed proprietor's house, on the left of the road, stood carriages, wagons, crowds of orderlies, and guards. Here his Most Serene Highness was stationed. But when Pierre arrived there he was not in, and there was hardly any one of the staff there. They were all in church attending prayers. Pierre drove on to Górki.

Driving up the hill and into the short village street, Pierre saw for the first time the peasant militia with crosses on their caps and in white shirts, who, with loud conversation and laughter, animated and perspiring, were working at something on the right of the road, on an immense grass-covered mound.

Some of them were digging up the hill with spades, others were taking the dirt away in wheelbarrows over planks, while others again stood and did nothing.

Two officers were standing on the mound and giving them orders. Upon seeing these peasants, who evidently were still enjoying their new military duties, Pierre again thought of the wounded soldiers at Mozháysk, and it became clear to him what the soldier had meant to convey when he said, "They want to press forward with the whole nation." The sight of these bearded peasants working in the field, with their odd, clumsy boots, their sweaty necks, their slanting shirt-openings, unbuttoned here and there, so that beneath them could be seen their sunburnt shoulder-bones, acted on Pierre more powerfully than all he had heard and seen heretofore about the solemnity and significance of the present moment.

XXI.

PIERRE got out of his carriage, and, passing the working militiamen, ascended the hill, from which, as the doctor had said, could be seen the field of battle.

It was eleven o'clock in the morning. The sun stood a little to the left and back of Pierre and, through the clear, rarefied air, illuminated the panorama which lay before him in the form of an amphitheatre.

In the upper part of this amphitheatre, and to the left, meandered, cutting it, the Smolénsk highway, which went through a village with a large church, within five hundred steps in front of the mound and below it (this was Borodinó). The road went past this village over a bridge and, over slopes and hills, wound higher and higher to the village of Valúevo, which could be seen about six versts distant, and where Napoleon was now stationed. Beyond Valúevo the road disappeared in a yellowing forest on the horizon. In this forest, composed of birch and fir trees, toward the right of the general direction of the road there glistened in the sun the distant cross and bell-tower of the Kolócha monastery. In all this azure vista, to the right and left of the woods and road, the smoky camp-fires and indefinable masses of our troops and of those of the enemy could be seen in various places. To the right, along the beds of the Kolócha and the Moskvá, the locality was precipitous and mountainous. In the ravines thus formed, the villages of Bezzúbovo and Zakhárino could be seen in the distance. Toward the left the ground was more

level; there were grain-fields there, and one could see a smoking, burnt-down village, Seménovskoe.

Everything which Pierre saw to the right and left was so indefinite, that neither the left nor the right side of the field entirely satisfied his expectations. Everywhere there was not a field of battle, such as he had expected to see, but fields, clearings, troops, forests, camp-fire smokes, villages, mounds, brooks, and, no matter how much he tried, he was unable to find such a thing as positions, and could not even distinguish our troops from those of the enemy.

"I must ask some one who knows," he thought, and he turned to an officer, who was looking with curiosity at his unsoldierly, immense figure.

"Permit me to ask you," Pierre turned to the officer, "what village is this in front of us?"

"Burdinó, or something like it," said the officer, turning with a question to his companion.

"Borodinó," the other corrected him.

The officer, evidently happy to have a chance to talk, moved up toward Pierre.

"Are our men there?" asked Pierre.

"Yes, and over there are the French," said the officer. "There they are, over there! You can see them!"

"Where, where?" asked Pierre.

"You can see them with the naked eye. There." The officer showed him with his hand the smoke which could be seen on the left, beyond the river, and on his face appeared that stern and serious expression which Pierre had seen on many countenances which he had met.

"Oh, those are the French! And there?" Pierre pointed to the left at a mound, near which troops were visible.

"Those are our men."

"Oh, ours! And there?" Pierre pointed to another, a distant mound, with a large tree near a village, which

could be seen in the gorge, and near which camp-fires were burning and something black was looming up.

"This is again *he*," said the officer. (It was the Shevardinó redoubt.) "Yesterday it was ours, but now it is *his*."

"Where, then, is our position?"

"Position?" said the officer, with a smile of satisfaction. "I can tell you that exactly, because I have built all our fortifications. You see, our centre is at Borodinó, over there." He pointed to a village with a white church, which was in front of them. "Here is the ford across the Kolócha. Over there, you see, where the rows of mowed grass are still lying in the meadow, is the bridge. That is our centre. Our right flank is over there" (he pointed abruptly to the right, far into the ravine), "there is the Moskvá River, and there we have constructed three powerful redoubts. The left flank —" here the officer stopped. "You see, this is hard to explain to you — Yesterday our left flank was over there, at Shevardinó, over there where you see the oak; now we have drawn back the left wing, — over there you see the village and the smoke, — that is Seménovskoe, and over here," he pointed to Raévski's Mound. "But I doubt whether the battle will take place here. *His* having taken the troops over here is only a ruse; *he* will, no doubt, go around on the right of the Moskvá. Wherever it may be, we shall miss a good many to-morrow," said the officer.

An old under-officer, who had approached the officer during his explanation, waited in silence for his superior to finish speaking; but at this juncture, he, apparently dissatisfied with the words of the officer, interrupted him.

"We must go for the gabions," he said, sternly.

The officer seemed to be embarrassed, as though he understood that it was proper to think that many would be missed on the following day, but that it was not proper to speak of it.

"All right, send the third company again for them," hurriedly said the officer.

"And who are you? One of the doctors?"

"No, I am just looking on," said Pierre. And Pierre went down-hill, again past the militiamen.

"Ah, the accursed ones!" said the officer, who was following him, putting his fingers to his nose and running past the workmen.

"There they are!— They are carrying it— They are coming — Here they are — They will be here in a minute," several voices were suddenly heard exclaiming, and the officers, soldiers, and militiamen ran ahead, along the road.

Up the hill from Borodinó ascended the church procession. In front, the infantry marched in parade order along the dusty road, with bared heads and reversed arms. Behind the infantry could be heard church singing.

Soldiers and militiamen, without their caps, ran past Pierre, to meet the procession.

"They are carrying the Virgin! The protectress! The Virgin of the Íver Church!"

"The Virgin of Smolénsk," somebody corrected him.

The militiamen, both those who were in the village and those who were working in the battery, threw away their spades and ran toward the church procession. Back of the battalion, which was marching on the dusty road, marched the clergy in vestments, an old man in a cowl, accompanied by the ministrants and the choir. Behind him soldiers and officers carried a large, black-faced image, surrounded by gold foil. It was the image which had been taken away from Smolénsk, and which since then had been following the army. Back of the image, all around it, in front of it, on all sides, bareheaded groups of military men were walking, running, and making low obeisances.

Upon reaching the summit, the image stopped; the

men who had carried the image on canvas were relieved by another set; the sextons again lighted the incense, and the Te Deum began. The hot rays of the sun beat down vertically; a faint, fresh breeze played with the hair of the bared heads and with the ribbons with which the image was adorned; the singing resounded softly in the open. An enormous mass of officers, soldiers, and militiamen, baring their heads, surrounded the image. Back of the priest and the sexton, on a cleared place, stood the notabilities. A bald-headed general, with the cross of St. George on his neck, was standing directly behind the priest's back and, without crossing himself (apparently he was a German) was impatiently waiting for the end of the Te Deum, which he considered it necessary to listen to, no doubt in order to rouse the patriotism of the Russian nation. Another general stood in a soldierly attitude and, swaying his hand in front of his chest, was surveying the crowd in front of him. In this circle of notabilities, Pierre, who was standing among a group of peasants, recognized several acquaintances; but he did not look at them; his whole attention was absorbed in watching the serious expression of the faces in this crowd of soldiers and militiamen, who were looking at the image with equal eagerness. The moment the weary sextons (who were singing the twentieth Te Deum) began to sing in an indolent and habitual voice, "Mother of God, save Thy slaves from calamity," and the priest and deacon proceeded, "for we all in God have recourse to Thee, as an indestructible wall and protection," there burst forth on all the faces the consciousness of the solemnity of the impending moment, the same which he had observed at the foot of the hill in Mozháysk, and occasionally on many, many faces which he had seen on that morning, and the heads were lowered oftener and oftener, the hair fluttered, and there were heard sobs and the striking of crosses against the breast.

The throng which surrounded the image suddenly opened up and pressed against Pierre. Somebody, evidently a distinguished personage, to judge from the haste with which the men stepped aside, was walking over to the image.

It was Kutúzov, who had been examining the position. On his way back to Tatárinovo he went up to hear the Te Deum. Pierre immediately recognized Kutúzov from his peculiar figure, which distinguished him from all the rest.

In his long coat over an extremely fat body, with stooping shoulders, white unbared head, and white, maimed eye in a puffed-up face, Kutúzov, with his ducking and waddling gait, entered the circle and took up his position back of the priest. He made the customary sign of the cross, reached the ground with his hand, and, heaving a deep sigh, lowered his gray head. Back of Kutúzov was Bénigsen and the suite. In spite of the presence of the commander-in-chief, who attracted the attention of all the higher ranks, the militiamen and soldiers, without looking at him, continued to pray.

When the Te Deum was over, Kutúzov went up to the image, heavily sunk down on his knees, bowing to the ground, and for a long time tried vainly to overcome his weight and feebleness while rising. His gray head twitched in the effort. Finally he got up and with a childishly naïve puckering of the lips kissed the image and again made an obeisance, while touching the ground with his hand. The generals followed his example; then the officers, and after them, crowding each other, stepping on each other's feet, gasping and nudging, with agitated faces, the soldiers and militiamen made their way to the image.

XXII.

SWAYING in the crush, in which he was caught, Pierre looked around him.

"Count, Pierre Kirílllych! How did you get here?" somebody exclaimed.

Pierre looked around. Borís Drubetskóy, brushing with his hands the knees which he had soiled (apparently he, too, had kissed the image), walked over to Pierre, with a smile. Borís was elegantly dressed, with a shade of campaign militarism. He wore a long coat and a whip over his shoulder, just as Kutúzov carried his.

In the meantime Kutúzov went up to the village and sat down in the shade of the nearest house on a bench, which a Cossack had darted away to bring, and which another quickly covered with a rug. An enormous, brilliant suite surrounded the commander-in-chief.

The image moved on, accompanied by the throng. Pierre stopped within thirty paces of Kutúzov, talking all the time with Borís.

Pierre explained to him his intention of taking part in the battle and examining the position.

"Do like this," said Borís. "*Je vous ferai les honneurs du camp.* You will see everything best from a place where Count Bénigsen will be. I am attached to him. I will report to him. If you wish to take in the position, come along with us: we shall ride out to the left flank at once. Then we shall return, and I beg you to stay with me overnight. We will have a party.

You are acquainted with Dmítri Sergyéich, are you not? He stays over there," he pointed to the third house in Górki.

"But I should like to see the right flank. They say that it is very strong," said Pierre. "I should like to ride down from the Moskvá River and see the whole position."

"That you can do later, but the main thing is the left flank —"

"Yes, yes. And can't you show me where the regiment of Prince Bolkónski is?" asked Pierre.

"Of Andréy Nikoláevich? We shall pass it, and I will take you to him."

"What about the left flank?" asked Pierre.

"To tell you the truth, *entre nous*, our left flank is God knows in what condition," said Borís, confidentially, lowering his voice. "Count Bénigsen had intended something quite different. He had intended to fortify that mound over yonder, and in a different way — but," Borís shrugged his shoulders, "his Most Serene Highness did not want to, or somebody dissuaded him. You know —" Borís did not finish his sentence, because just then Kaysárov, Kutúzov's adjutant, went up to Pierre. "Ah, Paísi Sergyéich!" said Borís, turning to Kaysárov with an easy smile. "I am trying to explain the position to the count. It is remarkable how his Most Serene Highness could have so well guessed the intentions of the French."

"Are you speaking of the left flank?" asked Kaysárov.

"Yes, yes, precisely. Our left flank is now very, very strong."

Although Kutúzov drove all superfluous people out of the staff, Borís, after the changes produced by Kutúzov, had managed to hold his position at the headquarters. Borís found a place with Count Bénigsen. Count Bé-

nigsen, like all the men to whom Borís had been attached, regarded the young Prince Drubetskóy as a priceless man.

In the command of the army there were two distinct, diametrically opposed parties: that of Kutúzov, and that of Bénigsen, the chief of the staff. Borís was attached to this latter party, and no one knew so well how to lavish expressions of servile respect for Kutúzov and, at the same time, to give it to be understood that the old man was unimportant, and that the whole business was carried on by Bénigsen. In any case, as the result of the engagement of the following day great rewards would be distributed and new men would be brought forward. For this reason Borís had been in a state of irritable animation on that day.

After Kaysárov, other acquaintances came up to see Pierre, and he had scarcely time to answer all the questions about Moscow, with which they overwhelmed him, and to hear all the stories which they told him. But it seemed to Pierre that the cause of the agitation which was expressed on the countenances of some of them lay more in the questions of personal success, and he could not forget that other expression of agitation which he had seen on other faces, and which spoke not of personal interests, but of the general interests of life and death. Kutúzov noticed Pierre's figure and the group which was collected about him.

"Call him to me," said Kutúzov.

An adjutant transmitted the wish of his Most Serene Highness, and Pierre walked over to the bench. But before he reached it, a militiaman of the rank and file went up to Kutúzov. It was Dólokhov.

"What is this man doing here?" asked Pierre.

"He is the kind of a beast that will get through any place!" was the reply given to Pierre. "He has been degraded. Now he has to bob up. He has submitted some

projects, and in the night he has gone to the enemy's outposts — but he is a brave fellow!"

Pierre took off his hat and respectfully bowed to Kutúzov.

"I decided that if I had myself announced to your Most Serene Highness, you would send me away or would tell me that you knew already what I had to report, and then I could not come again —" said Dólokhov.

"Yes, yes!"

"And if I am right, I shall be useful to my country, for which I am prepared to die."

"Yes, yes!"

"And if your Serenity needs a man who will not spare his hide, I beg you to think of me. I may be of some use to your Serenity."

"Yes, yes," repeated Kutúzov, looking at Pierre with a smiling, narrowing eye.

Just then Borís, with his courtier agility, moved out with Pierre in the neighbourhood of the authorities, and in the most natural manner possible and softly, as though continuing a conversation, said to Pierre:

"The militiamen have put on clean white shirts, to prepare themselves for death. What heroism, count!"

Borís said this obviously in order to be heard by his Most Serene Highness. He knew that Kutúzov would listen to these words, and, indeed, his Most Serene Highness turned to him:

"What are you saying there about the militia?" he asked Borís.

"Your Highness, they have put on white shirts, to prepare themselves for the morrow, for death."

"Ah! Charming, rare people!" said Kutúzov, and, closing his eyes, he shook his head. "Rare people!" he repeated, with a sigh.

"You want to smell powder?" he said to Pierre. "Yes, it is a pleasant odour. I have the honour of being

an admirer of your wife, — is she well? My halting-place is at your service." And, as often is the case with old men, Kutúzov began to look around absent-mindedly, as though forgetting everything which it was necessary for him to say or do.

Apparently recalling what he had been looking for, he beckoned to Andréy Sergyéich Kaysárov, his adjutant's brother, to come up to him.

"How, how, how do Márin's verses, written on Gerákov, run? How? 'In the academy a teacher.' Say them, say them to me," said Kutúzov, evidently getting ready to have a laugh.

Kaysárov recited the verses. Kutúzov, smiling, nodded his head to keep time with them.

As Pierre walked away from Kutúzov, Dólokhov, moving up to him, took his hand.

"I am very glad to meet you here, count," he said aloud to him and without being embarrassed by the presence of strangers, speaking with especial determination and solemnity. "On the eve of the day, when God knows who of us will be left alive, I am glad to have a chance to tell you that I am sorry for those misunderstandings which have existed between us, and I wish you would have nothing against me. I beg you to forgive me."

Pierre, smiling, looked at Dólokhov. Dólokhov, with tears appearing in his eyes, embraced and kissed Pierre.

Borís said something to his general, and Count Bénigsen turned to Pierre and invited him to ride down with him along the line.

"It will be interesting for you," he said.

"Yes, very interesting," said Pierre.

Half an hour later Kutúzov left for Tatárinovo, and Bénigsen with his suite, among whom was also Pierre, rode down the line.

XXIII.

From Górki Bénigsen descended the highway to the bridge, which the officer had indicated to Pierre from the mound, as the centre of the position, and near which rows of mown grass with the odour of new hay were lying on the bank. They rode over the bridge to the village of Borodinó, where they turned to the left and passed an enormous quantity of troops and ordnance, and rode up to a high mound, on which the militia were digging the earth. It was a redoubt, which had not yet a name, but which later received the name of the Raévski redoubt or the Mound Battery.

Pierre paid no especial attention to this redoubt. He did not know that this place would be more memorable to him than all the other spots of the field at Borodinó. Then they crossed the ravine and reached Seménovskoe, where the soldiers were dragging away the last logs from the houses and grain kilns. Then, down and up hill, they passed through some rye which was knocked down and broken, as though struck by hail, along a road which the artillery had just made over the lumps of a newly ploughed field, toward the flèches which were still in process of construction.

Bénigsen stopped on the flèches and began to look ahead at the Shevardinó redoubt, which but the day before had been ours, and on which he now saw several riders. The officers said that it was Napoleon himself or Murat. All looked eagerly at that group of mounted men. Pierre, too, looked in that direction, essaying to

divine which one of those barely visible men was Napoleon. Finally the riders descended from the mound and disappeared.

Bénigsen turned to a general who had come up to him and began to explain to him the whole position of our troops. Pierre listened to Bénigsen's words, straining all his mental powers in order to comprehend the whole essence of the impending battle, but he felt with bitterness that his mental powers were not sufficient for it. He did not understand a thing. Bénigsen quit talking, and, noticing the figure of attentive Pierre, he suddenly turned to him and said:

"This, I suppose, is not interesting to you."

"On the contrary, it is very interesting," Pierre said, not quite honestly.

From the flèches they rode along the road, still more to the left, which wound through a dense young birch forest. In the middle of this forest a cinnamon-coloured, white-legged rabbit leaped out on the road in front of them, and, frightened by the trample of a large number of horses, became so confused that it kept running along the road in front of the riders, rousing their general attention and laughter, and only when several voices shouted at it did it take to the bushes at the sides and disappear in the thicket. Having ridden about two versts through the forest, they rode out into a clearing, where stood the troops of Tuchkóv's corps, which was to defend the left flank.

Here, on the extreme left of the flank, Bénigsen spoke much and with animation, and gave some orders which, as Pierre thought, were very important from a military point of view. In front of the position of Tuchkóv's troops there was an eminence. This was not occupied by any troops. Bénigsen loudly criticised this mistake, saying that it was senseless to leave unoccupied a commanding height and to place the troops at the foot of it.

Several generals expressed the same opinion. One especially spoke with military ardour about having been placed there for slaughter. Bénigsen ordered in his own name the troops moved up the height.

This disposition on the left flank made Pierre still more doubt his ability to understand matters of war. As he listened to Bénigsen and to the generals, who condemned the position of the troops at the foot of the hill, Pierre fully comprehended them and shared their opinion; but for this very reason he was unable to understand how the one who had placed them there at the foot of the hill could have made such a palpable and coarse blunder.

Pierre did not know that these troops had not been stationed there for the defence of the position, as Bénigsen thought, but for the sake of a concealed ambush, that is, in order that they might remain unnoticed and could suddenly strike the advancing enemy. Bénigsen did not know it, and moved up the troops according to his own combinations, without saying anything to the commander-in-chief about it.

XXIV.

Prince Andréy, on that clear August evening of the 25th, lay, leaning on his arm, in a broken shed of the village of Knyázkovo, on the edge of the position of his regiment. Through the opening of the shattered wall he was looking at a strip of thirty-year-old birches running down the fence, with their lower branches lopped off, at the field with its demolished oat-ricks, and at the shrubbery along which could be seen the smoke rising from the camp-fires, — the soldier kitchens.

No matter how narrow, useless, and hard his life appeared to him, he, just as seven years before at Austerlitz, felt agitated and irritated on the eve of the battle.

The orders for the next day's battle had been given and received by him. There was nothing else to do. But the simplest, clearest, and, therefore, the most terrible thoughts gave him no rest. He knew that the impending battle was to be the most terrible of all in which he had taken part, and the possibility of death for the first time in his life vividly, almost with certainty, clearly and terribly presented itself to his soul, without any relation to vital interest, without any reflection as to the effect it would have upon others, but only in relation to himself. And from the height of this perception that which formerly had tormented and interested him suddenly was illuminated by a cold white light, without shadows, without perspective, without distinction of contours. His whole life presented itself to him like a magic lantern, into which he had long looked through a glass and under

artificial illumination. Now he suddenly saw these badly painted pictures without a glass, and in the bright daylight.

"Yes, yes, there they are, those false images that have agitated and delighted and vexed me," he said to himself, rummaging in his imagination through the chief pictures of his magic lantern of life, looking at them in this cold white light of day, the clear thought of death. "There they are, those coarsely drawn figures, which have seemed so beautiful and so mysterious. Glory, the common good, love of woman, the fatherland itself, — how great these pictures did appear to me! How filled with deep meaning! And all this is so simple, so pale and coarse in the cold white light of the morning which, I feel sure, is breaking for me." Three chief sorrows of his life in particular arrested his attention: his love of a woman, the death of his father, and the French invasion, which now embraced half of Russia. "Love! That girl who seemed to me to be filled with some mysterious powers! Really! I loved her, and I made poetic plans of love and of happiness with her. — Oh, dear boy!" he suddenly exclaimed in anger. "Of course! I believed in some kind of an ideal love, which was to have preserved her faithfulness to me for a whole year of my absence. Like the gentle dove of the fable, she was to pine away for me during our separation. But it is all much simpler — It is all terribly simple and abominable!

"My father, too, built in Lýsyya Góry, thinking that it was his place, his lands, his air, his peasants; but Napoleon came and, not knowing of his existence, pushed him off the road like a chip, and his Lýsyya Góry and his whole life went to pieces. Princess Márya says that it is all a trial sent from above. What is the trial for, since he is and will be no longer? He will never be again! He is gone. For whom, then, is this trial? The fatherland, the ruin of Moscow! To-morrow I shall be

killed, — not by a Frenchman even, but by a Russian, just as yesterday a soldier discharged a gun near my very ear, and the French will come, will take me by my feet and head, and will pitch me into a ditch that I may not smell under their very noses, and new conditions of life will arise, which will be just as natural to others, and I shall not know of them, and I shall be no more."

He looked at the strip of the birches with their immovable yellow and green leafage and white bark, which glistened in the sun. "To die — that they should kill me to-morrow — that I should not be — that everything should be, but not I!" He vividly presented to himself the absence of himself from this life. And these birches, with their lights and shadows, and these curly clouds, and this smoke from the camp-fires, — all this about him was suddenly transformed for him and appeared something terrible and threatening. A chill ran up his spine. He rose rapidly, went out of the shed, and began to walk around.

Voices were heard behind the shed.

"Who is there?" Prince Andréy asked.

Red-nosed Captain Timókhin, Dólokhov's former commander of a company, but now, on account of the scarcity of officers, the commander of a battalion, timidly walked into the shed. An adjutant and the treasurer of the regiment came in after him.

Prince Andréy hurriedly got up, listened to what the officers had to report to him, himself gave them certain orders, and was on the point of dismissing them, when outside of the shed was heard a familiar, lisping voice.

"*Que diable!*" was heard the voice of a man, who had stumbled against something.

Looking out of the shed, Prince Andréy saw Pierre, who was advancing toward him. He had tripped up against a stick and had come very near falling. It displeased Prince Andréy to see people from his circle, espe-

cially Pierre, who reminded him of those heavy moments which he had gone through during his last stay in Moscow.

"I declare!" he said. "By what fate? I did not expect you!"

While he was saying this, his eyes and the expression of his face were more than dry, — there was a hostility in them, and Pierre at once noticed it. He had been approaching the shed in a most agitated condition of soul, but, when he saw the expression on Prince Andréy's countenance, he felt embarrassed and ill at ease.

"I came — you know — I came — it interests me —" said Pierre, who on that day had so often repeated the word "interest." "I wanted to see a battle."

"Yes, yes. And what do the brother Masons say about the war? How is it to be avoided?" Prince Andréy said, sarcastically. "Well, how is Moscow? How are my people? Have they, at last, arrived at Moscow?" he asked, seriously.

"They have. Julie Drubetskóy told me so. I went to see them, but did not find them. They had left for the suburban estate."

XXV.

THE officers wanted to bow themselves out, but Prince Andréy, as though wishing not to be left with his friend without witnesses, proposed to them that they should sit down and drink tea. Benches and tea were brought in. The officers not without surprise looked at Pierre's immense, stout figure, and listened to his stories about Moscow and about the disposition of our troops, which he had had occasion to examine. Prince Andréy was silent, and his countenance was so unpleasant that Pierre addressed the good-natured commander of the battalion Timókhin, rather than Bolkónski.

"So you have grasped the whole position of our troops?" Prince Andréy interrupted him.

"Yes, — that is, how?" said Pierre. "Not being a military man, I am unable to say that I have fully comprehended it; still, I think I understand the general disposition."

"*Eh bien, vous êtes plus avancé que qui que cela soit,*" said Prince Andréy.

"Ah!" said Pierre, looking in perplexity at Prince Andréy. "What do you say about Kutúzov's appointment?" he asked.

"I was very glad to see him appointed, — that is all I know," said Prince Andréy.

"Well, and tell me what your opinion is about Barclay de Tolly? In Moscow they have said God knows what about him. What do you think of him?"

"Ask them!" said Prince Andréy, pointing to the officers.

Pierre glanced at Timókhin with an inquiring, condescending smile, such as any one instinctively gave him.

"We see light, your Serenity, since his Most Serene Highness has taken his post," said Timókhin, timidly and constantly looking at the commander of his regiment.

"How so?" asked Pierre.

"Take, for example, the question of wood and provender. As we were retreating from Sventsyány, we were not permitted to touch a stick of wood, or a handful of hay, or anything else. If we do not take it, *he* will get it, — is it not so, your Serenity?" he turned to the prince. "But no, we must not. Two officers of our regiment were court-martialled for such things. Well, since his Most Serene Highness has taken his post, these matters have become very simple. We see light — "

"Why did he prohibit it?"

Timókhin looked around in confusion, at a loss what to say to this question. Pierre turned to Prince Andréy with the same question.

"In order not to devastate the country which we were abandoning to the enemy," Prince Andréy said, with grim sarcasm. "There was good reason for it: it is not right to allow the troops to pillage the country and thus get used to marauding. In Smolénsk, too, he judged correctly: he figured out that the French could walk around our position, and that they had greater forces. But he could not understand," Prince Andréy suddenly shouted in a thin voice, as though it had broken loose, "but he could not understand that it was the first time we were fighting there for the Russian land, that the army was possessed of a spirit such as I had never seen before, that we for two days beat off the French, and that this success increased our strength tenfold. He ordered a retreat, and

all the efforts and losses were made in vain. He did not think of treason; he tried to do everything in the best manner possible, — he reasoned everything out; but for this very reason he is of no use. He is of no use now because he reasons everything out very thoroughly and accurately, as is proper for a German. How shall I tell you? Well, your father has a lackey, and he is a fine lackey and gratifies all his wants better than you do, and so it is all right for him to attend your father; but if your father is dying, or ill, you will send away the lackey, and you will look after him with your own unaccustomed, awkward hands, and you will soothe him better than a skilful stranger can. Precisely this has been done with Barclay. While Russia was well, a stranger could serve it, and he made a nice minister, but the moment she is in danger, she needs a man of her own. In your clubs they have concocted a story about his being a traitor! Having calumniated him in such a manner, they will later be ashamed of their false accusation, and from a traitor will change him to a hero or genius, which will be more unjust still. He is an honest and very precise German."

"However, they say that he is a very skilful general," said Pierre.

"I do not understand what is meant by a 'skilful general,'" Prince Andréy said, with a smile.

"A skilful general," said Pierre, "is one who foresees all eventualities — well, who guesses the thoughts of his adversary."

"That is impossible," said Prince Andréy, as though that were a long settled matter.

Pierre looked at him in surprise.

"Still, they say that a war resembles a chess-board."

"Yes," said Prince Andréy, "but with this little difference, that at chess you may at every step think as much as you please, and that there you are outside of the conditions of time, and with this other difference that a

knight is always stronger than a pawn, and two pawns are always stronger than one, while in war one battalion is sometimes stronger than a division, and sometimes weaker than a company. The relative strength of troops cannot be known to any one. Believe me," he said, "that if anything depended on the dispositions of the staffs, I should be there making dispositions, whereas I have the honour of serving here, in the regiment, with these gentlemen, and I assume that to-morrow will really depend on us, and not on them — Success never has depended, and never will depend, on position, or on equipment, or even on numbers; but least of all on position."

"On what, then?"

"On that feeling which is in me, in him," he pointed to Timókhin, "in every soldier."

Prince Andréy looked at Timókhin, who looked frightened and perplexed at his commander. In distinction to his former reserved taciturnity, Prince Andréy now seemed agitated. Apparently he could not keep from expressing the thoughts which unexpectedly came to him.

"A battle is won by him who has firmly made up his mind to win it. Why did we lose the battle at Austerlitz? Our losses were almost equal to those of the French, but we very early said to ourselves that we had lost the battle, and so we had. And we said so because we had no business fighting there: we wanted to get away from the field of battle as soon as possible. 'We have lost, so we ought to run!' and we ran. If we had not said so until evening, God knows what would have happened. To-morrow we will not say so. You say of our position that the left flank is weak, the right flank extended," he continued, "but that is all nonsense, — there is nothing of the kind. What awaits us to-morrow? One hundred millions of the most varied eventualities that will be momentarily decided by their running away, or by the flight of our own men, by killing this one, or that one; but what is being done

now is mere child's play. The trouble is that not only those with whom you have examined the position, but others too, are not doing anything to further the matter, but only retard it. They are occupied only with their own petty interests."

"At such a moment?" Pierre said, reproachfully.

"*At such a moment,*" repeated Prince Andréy. "For them it is only a moment when they can undermine the enemy and receive another little cross or ribbon. Let me tell you what I think of to-morrow's battle. The two armies, the Russian and the French, of one hundred thousand men each, have assembled to fight, and the fact is that these two hundred thousand men are fighting, and those who will fight most grimly and will spare themselves least will be those who will conquer. And, if you wish, I will tell you that, no matter what may happen, no matter how they may mix matters up there, we shall win the battle to-morrow. To-morrow, happen what may, we shall win the battle!"

"This, your Serenity, is the truth, the gospel truth," muttered Timókhin. "Who would think of sparing himself now? The soldiers in my battalion, will you believe it? have had no vódka to-day. 'This is not the day for it,' they say."

All were silent. The officers rose. Prince Andréy went with them back of the shed, giving his last orders to the adjutant. Pierre went up to Prince Andréy and was on the point of beginning a conversation with him, when not far from the shed the trampling of three horses was heard, and, looking in that direction, Prince Andréy recognized Wolzogen with Klausewitz, accompanied by Cossacks. They rode up close, continuing to talk, and Pierre and Andréy involuntarily heard the following sentences:

"*Der Krieg muss im Raum verlegt werden. Der Ansicht kann ich nicht genug Preis geben,*" said one.

"*O ja,*" said the other, "*der Zweck ist nur den Feind zu*

schwächen, — so kann man gewiss nicht den Verlust der Privatpersonen in Achtung nehmen."

"*O ja,*" assented the first voice.

"Yes, *im Raum verlegen,*" Prince Andréy repeated, snorting, as they passed by. "*Im Raum* my father, my son, and my sister were left at Lýsyya Góry. What does he care? So you see, it is as I told you. These Germans will not win the battle to-morrow, — they will only make a mess of it as much as they can, because in their German heads there are only considerations which are not worth an empty egg-shell, while in their hearts there is lacking that which is needed to-morrow, and which is in Timókhin. They have given all Europe to *him*, and have come to teach us, — fine teachers!" he shrieked.

"So you think that to-morrow's battle will be won?" asked Pierre.

"Yes, yes!" Prince Andréy replied, absent-mindedly. "What I would do if I had power," he began once more, "would be not to take prisoners. All that nonsense about captives? Nothing but chivalry. The French have destroyed my house and march to destroy Moscow; they have insulted me, and insult me every second. They are my enemies, — they are criminals, one and all, according to my ideas. And thus reasoned Timókhin and the whole army. They ought to be executed. If they are my enemies, they cannot be my friends, no matter what they said about it at Tilsit."

"Yes, yes," said Pierre, looking at Prince Andréy with sparkling eyes, "I fully agree with you!"

The question which had been vexing Pierre the whole day, ever since he had come down from the hill at Mozháysk, now presented itself to him quite clear and completely solved. He now understood the whole meaning and significance of this war and of the impending battle. Everything he saw on that day, all the significant, stern expressions on the faces, which he had seen in passing,

were now illuminated for him by a new light. He now comprehended that latent heat of patriotism, to speak in the language of physics, which was in all those people whom he had seen, and which explained to him why all these men were preparing themselves calmly and, as it were, frivolously for death.

"No captives taken!" continued Prince Andréy. "This alone would change the whole war and would make it less cruel. We have only been playing at war, — that is bad. We are acting the magnanimous persons. This magnanimity and sentimentality is like the magnanimity and sentimentality of the young lady who feels nauseated when she sees some one killing a calf: she is so good that she cannot see blood, but she devours this calf with a relish when it is properly seasoned. We are told about the rights of war, about chivalry, parliamentarism, sparing the unfortunate, and so forth. Nonsense! I saw chivalry and parliamentarism in 1805: we were cheated, and we cheated ourselves. They pillage the houses of strangers, put in circulation counterfeit assignats, and, what is worse still, they kill my children, my father, and talk about the rules of war and magnanimity to the foe. Take no captives, but kill, or go to a certain death! He who has come to this, as I have, through suffering —" Prince Andréy, who had thought that it made no difference to him whether Moscow would be taken like Smolénsk, or not, suddenly stopped in the middle of his speech from the unexpected convulsion which compressed his throat. He walked up and down several times in silence, but his eyes shone feverishly, and his lip quivered, when he began to speak once more.

"If there were no magnanimity in war, we would go into it only when it was worth while to go to a certain death, as in the present case. Then there would be no war because Pável Iványch had insulted Mikhaíl Iványch. And if it were a war like the present one, it would be a

terrible war. Then the intensiveness of the troops would be different from what it is at present. Then all these Westphalians and Hessians, whom Napoleon is leading, would not follow him into Russia, and we ourselves would not go into Austria or Prussia to fight, not knowing why. War is not a pleasantry, but a very nasty piece of business, and one has to understand it, but not play war. This terrible necessity must be accepted in all austerity and seriousness. The whole thing is to throw off the lie, and let war be war, and not a play. As things now are, war is the favourite occupation of idle and frivolous people. The military profession is most honourable.

"What is war? and what is necessary for success in military matters? What are the habits in military circles? The purpose of war is murder; its tools are spying, treason, and the encouragement of treason, the ruin of the inhabitants, robbing them or stealing from them to supply the army, deceit and lies, called military ruses; the habits of the military profession are the absence of freedom, that is, discipline, idleness, ignorance, cruelty, debauch, drunkenness. And yet, despite all this, it is the higher profession, which is respected by all. All the kings, except the Emperor of China, wear a military uniform, and he who has killed the greatest number of men receives the greatest honours.

"They come together, as they will to-morrow, to kill each other; they will kill and maim tens of thousands, and then they will have thanksgiving services for having killed a big lot of men (the number of which they are still increasing) and they proclaim the victory, assuming that the greater the number they have killed, the greater their deserts. How God looks at them from there, and listens to their talk!" Prince Andréy shouted in a thin, squeaky voice. "Oh, my soul, of late it has become a hard matter for me to live. I see that I have begun to understand too much. It is not good for man to partake

of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. Well, it is not for long!" he added.

"But you are sleeping, and it is time for me to go. Go to Górki!" Prince Andréy suddenly said.

"Oh, no!" Pierre replied, looking at Prince Andréy with frightened and compassionate eyes.

"Go, go! Before a battle one must sleep well," repeated Prince Andréy. He rapidly walked over to Pierre, embraced him, and kissed him. "Good-bye! Go!" he cried. "Whether we shall see each other again, or not —" and, turning abruptly around, he went into the shed.

It was dark, and Pierre could not make out the expression on Prince Andréy's face, whether it was grim or tender.

Pierre stood for a little while in silence, reflecting whether he had better follow Prince Andréy, or go home. "No, he does not want me!" Pierre decided, "and I know that it is our last meeting." He drew a deep breath and drove back to Górki.

Upon returning to the shed, Prince Andréy lay down on a carpet, but could not fall asleep.

He closed his eyes. One series of pictures gave way to another. On one of these he for a long time dwelt with pleasure. He vividly recalled an evening at St. Petersburg. Natásha was telling him with an animated, agitated face, how the previous summer she had lost her way in a big forest, while looking for mushrooms. She incoherently described to him the thicket and her feeling, and a conversation which she had with the bee-keeper, whom she met, and every moment interrupting her story, she kept saying, "No, I can't, — I am not telling it right: no, you do not understand!" although Prince Andréy kept assuring her that he did understand, and indeed did understand all she meant to say. Natásha was dissatisfied with her words, — she felt that she did not succeed

in manifesting that intensely poetic sensation which she had experienced on that day, and which she wished to convey to him. "It was so charming: that old man, and the darkness in the woods — and he had such good — no, I can't tell it," she said, blushing and agitated. Prince Andréy now smiled the same joyous smile he had smiled then, looking into her eyes. "I understood her," thought Prince Andréy. "I not only understood her, but this very power of her soul, this sincerity, this frankness, this soul of hers, which seemed to bind her body, this very soul I loved in her — oh, so strongly, so happily — " And suddenly he recalled the end of his love. *He* did not need anything of that. *He* did not see, nor understand anything. *He* saw in her a pretty and *untouched* girl, with whom he did not think it worth while uniting his fate. But I? And he is still alive and happy.

Prince Andréy leaped up as though some one had scalded him, and once more began to pace up and down in the shed.

XXVI.

On August 25th, on the eve of the battle of Borodinó, the prefect of the palace of the French Emperor, M. de Beausset, and Colonel Fabvier, came, the first from Paris, the second from Madrid, to see Emperor Napoleon in his halting-place at Valúevo.

Donning his court uniform, M. de Beausset ordered a package for the emperor to be carried before him, and entered the first division of Napoleon's tent, where, conversing with Napoleon's adjutants, who surrounded him, he busied himself with opening the box.

Fabvier did not come into the tent, but stopped at its entrance to talk with such of the generals as he knew.

Emperor Napoleon had not yet come out of his sleeping-room and was finishing his toilet. Snorting and grunting, he turned now his fat back, and now his hirsute, fleshy breast toward the brush, with which his valet was rubbing his body. Another valet, holding his finger on a bottle, was spraying eau de Cologne on the emperor's well-groomed body, with an expression which said that he alone could tell how much eau de Cologne was to be sprayed, and on what parts of the body. Napoleon's short hair was wet and matted over his brow. But his face, though puffed up and sallow, expressed physical pleasure: "*Allez ferme, allez toujours!*" he kept saying to the valet who was rubbing him, compressing himself and grunting during the operation. An adjutant, who had entered the sleeping-room in order to report to the emperor how many prisoners had been taken in the engagement of the day

before, having transmitted what was necessary, was standing at the door and waiting for permission to leave. Napoleon, frowning, looked stealthily at the adjutant.

"*Point de prisonniers,*" he repeated the words of the adjutant. "*Ils se font démolir. Tant pis pour l'armée russe,*" he said. "*Allez toujours, allez ferme,*" he muttered, bending his back and offering his fat shoulders.

"*C'est bien! Faites entrer M. Beausset, ainsi que Fabvier,*" he said to the adjutant, nodding his head.

"*Oui, Sire,*" and the adjutant disappeared through the door of the tent.

The two valets quickly dressed his Majesty, and, wearing his blue uniform of the Guard, he walked with rapid steps into the reception-room.

Beausset was busy with his hands, placing the empress's present, which he had brought with him, on two chairs, exactly in front of the entrance. But the emperor had dressed himself so unexpectedly fast and had come out so soon, that he had no time to finish arranging the surprise.

Napoleon noticed at once what they were doing and divined that they were not yet ready. He did not want to deprive them of the pleasure of giving him a surprise. He acted as though he did not see M. Beausset, and called up Fabvier. Napoleon, scowling, listened in silence to what Fabvier was telling him about the bravery and devotion of his troops who had been fighting at Salamanca, at the other end of Europe, and who had had but one thought, — to be worthy of their emperor, — and one fear, — not to please him. The result of the battle was a sad one. Napoleon made ironical remarks during Fabvier's story, as though he could not have expected things to have gone otherwise during his absence.

"I must mend this in Moscow," said Napoleon. "*A tantôt,*" he added. He called up Beausset, who by that time had finished the arrangement of the surprise, having

placed something on the chairs, and covered it with a sheet.

Beausset bowed low with that low bow of a French courtier, which only the old servants of the Bourbons knew how to make, and walked up, handing him an envelope.

Napoleon turned cheerily to him and pulled his ear.

"You have hurried up, I am glad of it. What does Paris say?" he said, suddenly changing his stern expression to one of great kindness.

"*Sire, tout Paris regrette votre absence,*" Beausset replied, as was proper.

Although Napoleon knew that Beausset was going to tell him this, or something similar to it, although he knew in his lucid moments that that was not true, it gave him pleasure to hear it from Beausset. He again honoured him with a touch of his ear.

"*Je suis fâché de vous avoir fait faire tant de chemin,*" he said.

"*Sire! Je ne m'attendais pas à moins qu'à vous trouver aux portes de Moscou,*" said Beausset.

Napoleon smiled and, absent-mindedly raising his head, looked to the right. An adjutant walked up with a gliding motion, holding in his hand a gold snuff-box, which he offered to Napoleon. Napoleon took it.

"Yes, things have turned out well for you," he said, taking the open snuff-box up to his nose. "You like to travel, and in three days you will see Moscow. You, no doubt, had not expected to see the Asiatic capital. You will have made a pleasant journey."

Beausset bowed in gratitude for this attention to his proneness to travel, which was new to him.

"Ah! What is this?" said Napoleon, noticing that all the courtiers were looking at that which was covered up with a sheet. Beausset, with a courtier's agility, without showing his back, took two steps back in a semicircle and

at the same time pulled off the cover, saying, "A present for your majesty from the empress."

It was a painting in glaring colours, by Gérard, representing the boy born of Napoleon and the daughter of the Austrian emperor, whom all for some reason called the King of Rome.

The very pretty, curly-headed boy, with a look resembling that of Christ in the painting of the Sistine Madonna, was represented as playing bilboquet. The ball represented the terrestrial sphere, and the cup in the other hand was formed as a sceptre.

Although it was not quite clear what the painter meant to express by representing the so-called King of Rome as sticking the stick through the earth-ball, the allegory had seemed quite clear and acceptable to all who had seen it in Paris, even as it now pleased Napoleon.

"*Roi de Rome*," he said, pointing to the portrait with a graceful gesture of his hand. "*Admirable!*" With that ability so characteristic of the Italians, of changing the expression of his face at will, he walked over to the portrait and assumed the aspect of meditative tenderness. He felt that what he should now say and do would be history. And it seemed to him that the best thing to be done was for him, with his majesty, by virtue of which his son was playing bilboquet with the terrestrial sphere, to show, in contradistinction to this majesty, the simplest paternal tenderness. His eyes became dimmed, he moved up, he looked around for a chair (which sprang underneath him), and sat down opposite the portrait. One gesture of his, and all went out on tiptoe, leaving him to himself and to his feeling — of a great man.

Having remained for some time in a sitting posture and having for some reason fingered the rough touches of light on the portrait, he rose and again called Beausset and the adjutant of the day. He ordered the portrait to be taken out in front of the tent, in order not to deprive

the old Guard, which stood near the tent, of the happiness of seeing the King of Rome and the heir of their adored emperor.

And, indeed, as he had expected, while he was breakfasting with Beausset, who was honoured this way, there were heard in front of the tent the enthusiastic shouts of the officers and soldiers of the old Guard, who ran up to see the portrait.

"*Vive l'Empereur! Vive le Roi de Rome! Vive l'Empereur!*" were heard the voices of transport.

After breakfast, Napoleon, in the presence of Beausset, dictated his order of the day to the army.

"*Courte et énergique!*" said Napoleon, as he himself read the proclamation which was written down at once without corrections. The order ran as follows:

"Warriors! Here is the battle which you have been wishing for so much. The victory depends on you. It is necessary for us; it will supply us with everything we need, with comfortable quarters, and an early return to your country. Act as you acted at Austerlitz, Friedland, Vítebsk, and Smolénsk! Let the remotest posterity recall your deeds of this day! Let them say of each of you: He was at the great battle near Moscow!"

"*De la Moskowa!*" repeated Napoleon, and, inviting Beausset, who liked to travel, to accompany him on his promenade, he left the tent and went up to the saddled horses.

"*Votre Majesté a trop de bonté,*" said Beausset, in response to the emperor's invitation to accompany him: he wanted to sleep, and he did not know how to ride and was afraid to mount a horse.

But Napoleon nodded to the traveller, and Beausset was compelled to ride. As Napoleon left the tent, the shouts of the soldiers of the Guard in front of the portrait of his son increased. Napoleon frowned.

"Take it down!" he said, pointing to the portrait with

a gracefully majestic gesture. "It is too early yet for him to see a field of battle."

Beausset, closing his eyes and lowering his head, heaved a deep sigh, showing by this gesture that he knew how to appreciate and understand the words of the emperor.

XXVII.

ALL this day, on the 25th of August, the historians say, Napoleon passed on horseback, examining the locality, considering the plans, which his marshals presented to him, and personally giving commands to his generals.

The original line of the position of the Russian troops, along the Kolócha, was broken, and part of this line, namely the left flank of the Russians, was carried back, on account of the loss of the Shevardinó redoubt, on the 24th. This part of the line was not fortified, no longer protected by the river, and before it alone was there a more open and level place. It was evident to every military and non-military man that the French would attack this particular spot. It looked as though it did not take much consideration, that there was no need of such care and worry on the part of the emperor and the marshals, and none of that especial, higher ability, called genius, which one is so apt to ascribe to Napoleon; but the historians, who later described this event, and the people, who then surrounded Napoleon, and he himself, thought differently.

Napoleon rode down the field, thoughtfully looked at the locality, approvingly or incredulously shook his head to himself, and, without communicating to his generals that thoughtful march of ideas which guided his decisions, transmitted to them only the final conclusions in the shape of commands. Having listened to the plan of Davout, called the Duke of Eckmühl, which was to surround the left flank of the Russians, Napoleon said that this need not be done, without explaining why. To the

proposition of General Compans (who was to attack the flèches) to take his division through the woods, Napoleon gave his assent, although the so-called Duke of Elchingen, that is, Ney, took the liberty of remarking that the movement through the forest was dangerous and might disorganize the division.

Having examined the locality opposite the Shevardinó redoubt, Napoleon reflected for a few minutes in silence, and pointed out the places where by the next day two batteries were to be erected, to act against the Russian fortifications, and the places beside them where the field artillery was to be erected.

Having given this and similar orders, he returned to his halting-place, and under his dictation the disposition of the battle was written.

This disposition, of which French historians speak with enthusiasm, and other historians with profound respect, ran as follows:

"At daybreak two new batteries, erected in the night in the plain occupied by the Prince of Eckmühl, shall open fire on the two opposing batteries of the enemy.

"At the same time the commander of the artillery of the first corps, General Pernetti, with thirty pieces of ordnance of Compans's division, and with all the howitzers of Dessaix and Friant's division, shall move forward, open fire, and overwhelm with grenades the enemy's battery, against which will act: twenty-four guns of the artillery of the Guard, thirty guns of Compans's division, and eight guns of Friant and Dessaix's division; in all, sixty-two guns.

"The commander of the artillery of the 3d corps, General Fouché, shall place all the howitzers of the 3d and 8th corps, sixteen in all, along the flanks of the battery which shall fire on the left fortification, which will have forty guns in all directed against it.

"General Sorbier must be ready, at the first signal, to

advance with all the howitzers of the artillery of the Guard against the one or the other of the fortifications.

"During the cannonade, Prince Poniatówski shall move against the village into the forest, and shall outflank the enemy's position.

"General Compans shall advance through the forest, to get possession of the first fortification.

"After entering thus into battle, orders will be given in conformity with the movements of the enemy.

"The cannonade on the left flank shall begin the moment the cannonade of the right wing is heard. The riflemen of Morand's division and of the division of the viceroy shall open a strong fire when they see the beginning of the attack by the right wing.

"The viceroy shall take possession of the village and pass by its three bridges, following on the same height with the divisions of Morand and Gérard, which, under his guidance, shall advance to the redoubt and enter into a line with the remaining troops of the army.

"All this shall be done in an orderly and methodical manner, sparing as far as possible the troops in the reserve.

"In the imperial camp, near Mozháysk, September 6th, 1812."

This disposition, written in a very confused manner, if it be permitted to refer to Napoleon's orders without any religious terror before his genius, contained four points,—four distinct dispositions. Not one of them could be executed, and not one of them was executed.

In the disposition it says, in the first place, that *the batteries erected in a place especially chosen by Napoleon, with the ordnance of Pernetti and Fouché lined up with them, in all 102 guns, should open fire and overwhelm the Russian flèches and redoubts with projectiles.* This could not be done, because from the places chosen by Napoleon the projectiles could not reach the Russian works, and

these 102 guns kept wasting their ammunition until the nearest commander, contrary to Napoleon's order, moved them forward.

The second arrangement was that *Poniatówski, moving against the village into the forest, should surround the left wing of the Russians.* This could not have been done, and it was not done, because Poniatówski, moving into the forest against the village, there met Tuchkóv, who barred his way, and he could not surround, and did not surround, the Russian position.

The third arrangement: *General Compans shall move into the forest to take possession of the first fortification.* Compans's division did not take possession of the first fortification, but was repelled because, upon emerging from the forest, it had to be drawn up under a fire of grape-shot, which Napoleon did not know of.

The fourth: *The viceroy shall take possession of the village* (Borodinó) *and pass by its three bridges, following on the same height with the divisions of Morand and Friant* (as to whither and when these latter should move, nothing is said), *which, under his guidance, shall advance to the redoubt and enter into a line with the remaining troops of the army.*

As much as can be made out, if not from this senseless period, at least from the attempts made by the viceroy to execute the orders which he had received, he was to have moved through Borodinó to the left, against the redoubt, while the divisions of Morand and Friant were to have moved simultaneously from the front.

All this, like the other points of the disposition, was not, and could not have been, executed. Upon passing through Borodinó, the viceroy was beaten off at the Kolócha, and was unable to proceed; while the divisions of Morand and Friant did not take the redoubt, but were repelled, and the redoubt was taken only at the end of the battle by the cavalry (apparently an unforeseen and un-

heard-of thing for Napoleon). And thus not one of the plans of the disposition was, nor could have been, executed. But in the disposition it says that, after entering thus into battle, other orders would be given, in conformity with the actions of the enemy, and so it might have seemed that Napoleon would give all the necessary orders during the battle; but that did not happen, and could not have happened because during the battle Napoleon was so far away from it that (as was actually proven later) the course of the battle could not have been known to him, and not one of his orders could have been executed during the battle.

XXVIII.

MANY historians say that the battle of Borodinó was not won by the French because Napoleon had a cold in his head, that, if he had not had a cold, his orders before and during the battle would have been more ingenious still, and Russia would have perished, "*et la face du monde eut été changée.*" For the historians, who recognize that Russia was formed by the will of one man, Peter the Great, and that France from a republic naturally grew into an empire, and that the French troops entered Russia by the will of one man, — Napoleon, such reasoning as this, that Russia remained powerful because on the 26th Napoleon had a cold, is inevitable and consistent.

If it depended on Napoleon's will to give or not to give the battle of Borodinó, or to make this or that arrangement, then it is evident that a cold, which had an influence on the manifestation of his will, could have been the cause of Russia's salvation, and that, therefore, the valet who on the 24th forgot to hand Napoleon a pair of watertight boots was the saviour of Russia. By this manner of reasoning the deduction is incontestable; just as incontestable as that other deduction which Voltaire made jesting (himself not knowing at what), when he said that the night of St. Bartholomew was due to Charles IX.'s disordered stomach. But for people who do not admit that Russia was formed by the will of the one man, Peter the Great, and that the French empire was formed, and the war with Russia started, by the will of one man, Napoleon, this reasoning not only presents itself as faulty and

unreasonable, but also as contrary to all human existence. To the question what forms the cause of historical events there presents itself another answer, which consists in assuming that the march of terrestrial events is predestined from above, depends on the coincidence of all the wills of the men who take part in these events, and that the influence of Napoleon's on the march of these events is only external and fictitious.

However strange it may seem at first sight to assume that the night of St. Bartholomew, for which Charles IX. gave the order, did not take place by his will, and that he only thought that he gave the order for it, and that the Borodinó slaughter of eighty thousand men did not take place by the will of Napoleon (although he gave the orders for the beginning and the progress of the battle), but that he only thought that he was its author, — however strange this supposition may seem, yet that human dignity, which tells me that each of us, if not more, is certainly not less, than any Napoleon, compels me to admit this solution of the question, and historical investigations amply confirm this assumption.

At the battle of Borodinó Napoleon shot at nobody and killed nobody. The soldiers did all that. Consequently it is not he who killed men.

The soldiers of the French army went to kill and be killed at the battle of Borodinó, not on account of Napoleon's order, but by their own will. The whole army, — the French, Italians, Germans, Poles, — hungry, ragged, and weary from their marches, felt, at the sight of the army which barred their way to Moscow, that "*le vin est tiré et qu'il faut le boire.*" If Napoleon had forbidden their fighting the Russians, they would have killed him and would have proceeded to fight them, because they needed to do so.

When they heard Napoleon's order of the day, which, to console them for their maimed bodies and for death,

offered them the words of posterity that they, too, had been in the battle near Moscow, they shouted, "*Vive l'Empereur!*" just as they had shouted "*Vive l'Empereur!*" at the sight of the representation of the boy sticking the bilboquet stick through the globe, and just as they would have shouted, "*Vive l'Empereur!*" at any trifle said to them. There was nothing left for them to do but to call, "*Vive l'Empereur!*" and to proceed to fight, in order to find the food and rest of victors in Moscow. Consequently they did not kill their like on account of Napoleon's orders.

Nor did Napoleon guide the battle, because nothing mentioned in his disposition was carried out, and because during the battle he did not know what was going on in front of him. Consequently, even the manner in which the people killed each other did not take place according to Napoleon's will, but independently of it, by the will of hundreds of thousands of men who took part in the general engagement. It only seemed to Napoleon that all this affair was taking place by his will. Consequently the question whether Napoleon had, or had not, a cold in his head, is of no greater interest to history than the question of the last soldier of the baggage-train.

On the 26th of August, Napoleon's cold was of still less importance, since the assertions of the writers that Napoleon's cold was the cause of the disposition and the orders during the battle, which were not as good as former dispositions and orders, are quite untrue.

The disposition given above is by no means worse, but even better, than all former dispositions by which battles had been won. But this disposition and the orders only seem worse than before because the battle of Borodinó was the first which Napoleon had not won. All the most beautiful and profound dispositions and orders appear very bad, and every learned military man criticises them with a knowing look, when the battle to which they refer

is not won; and the worst dispositions and orders seem very good, and serious men use whole volumes to prove the advantages of such bad orders, when the battles are won with them.

The disposition composed by Weyrother at the battle of Austerlitz was a sample of perfection in compositions of this kind, but it was, nevertheless, condemned on the ground of its perfection, of its minute details.

At the battle of Borodinó Napoleon carried on his business as a representative of power just as well and even better than at other battles. He did nothing injurious to the course of the battle; he looked favourably on the more sensible opinions; he did not become confused, nor contradict himself, did not get frightened, and did not run away from the field of battle, but with his great tact and experience of war calmly and worthily carried on his rôle of a seeming commander.

XXIX.

Upon returning from his second thoughtful ride along the line, Napoleon said:

"The chessmen are on the board, — the game will begin to-morrow."

Ordering a glass of punch and calling up Beausset, he began with him a conversation on Paris, on certain changes which he intended to make in the "*maison de l'Impératrice*," surprising the prefect by his memory for the minutest details of the relations of the court.

He was interested in trifles, joked Beausset on account of his love of travel, and chattered nonchalantly, like a famous, confident, skilful operator, when he rolls up his sleeves and puts on his apron, and the patient is tied to the cot. "The whole business is in my hands and head, — clearly and definitely. When the time comes to do the business, I will do it better than anybody else, but now I may joke, and the more I jest and am self-possessed, the more you will be at your ease, and calm, and surprised at my genius."

Having emptied his second glass of punch, Napoleon went to take a rest before the serious business which, so he thought, awaited him on the morrow.

He was so much interested in this impending matter, that he was unable to sleep, and, in spite of the cold which increased in the evening dampness, at three o'clock he went out into the large division of the tent, loudly clearing his nose. He asked whether the Russians had not departed. He was told that the camp-fires of the

enemy were still in the same places. He nodded his head approvingly.

The adjutant of the day entered the tent.

"*Eh bien, Rapp, croyez-vous que nous ferons de bonnes affaires aujourd'hui?*" he turned to him.

"*Sans aucune doute, Sire,*" replied Rapp.

Napoleon looked at him.

"*Vous rappelez-vous, Sire, ce que vous m'avez fait l'honneur de dire à Smolensk,*" said Rapp, "*le vin est tiré, il faut le boire.*"

Napoleon frowned and for a long time sat in silence, dropping his head on his arms.

"*Cette pauvre armée,*" he suddenly said, "*elle a bien diminué depuis Smolensk. La fortune est une franche courtisane, Rapp; je le disais toujours, et je commence à l'éprouver. Mais la garde, Rapp, la garde est intacte?*" he said, interrogatively.

"*Oui, Sire,*" replied Rapp.

Napoleon took a little pastille, put it in his mouth, and looked at his watch. He did not feel like sleeping, and it was yet long till morning; to kill time he could not give any more orders, because they had all been given and were being executed.

"*A-t-on distribué les biscuits et le riz aux régiments de la garde?*" Napoleon asked, sternly.

"*Oui, Sire.*"

"*Mais le riz?*"

Rapp replied that he had transmitted the emperor's command about the rice, but Napoleon looked dissatisfied and shook his head, as though he did not believe that his order had been carried out. A servant came in with some punch. Napoleon ordered another glass to be brought in for Rapp and silently sipped swallows of his punch.

"I have neither taste, nor smell," he said, sniffing at his glass. "I am tired of this cold. They talk about medicine. What kind of medicine is it, since they cannot

cure a cold! Corvisart gave me these pastilles, but they do me no good. What can they cure? You can't cure. *Notre corps est une machine à vivre. Il est organisé pour cela, c'est sa nature; laissez-y la vie à son aise, qu'elle s'y défende elle-même; elle fera plus que si vous la paralysiez en l'encombrant de remèdes. Notre corps est comme une montre parfaite qui doit aller un certain temps; l'horloger n'a pas la faculté de l'ouvrir, il ne peut la manier qu'à tâtons et les yeux bandés. Notre corps est une machine à vivre, voilà tout,*" and suddenly Napoleon, as though he had entered upon the path of definitions, of which he was fond, made a new, unexpected definition.

"Do you know, Rapp, what the military art is?" he asked. "It is the art of being at a given moment stronger than your enemy. *Voilà tout.*"

Rapp made no reply.

"*Demain nous allons avoir affaire à Koutouzoff!*" said Napoleon. "Let us see. You remember, at Braunau he commanded the army, and in three weeks he did not once mount a horse to examine the fortifications. We shall see!"

He looked at his watch. It was only four o'clock. He could not sleep; the punch-bowl was emptied, and yet there was nothing to do. He rose, walked to and fro, put on a warm coat and his hat, and left the tent. It was a dark, damp night; a scarcely perceptible mist was settling down. The camp-fires near by, of the French Guard, did not burn briskly, and in the distance, through the smoke, they glistened along the Russian line. There was calm everywhere, and he could clearly hear the bustle and tramp of the French troops in motion, getting ready to take up their positions.

Napoleon walked up and down in front of his tent, looked at the fires, listened to the trampling, and, passing by a tall Guardsman in a shaggy hat, who was standing sentry at his tent, and who straightened himself up like

a black post at the appearance of the emperor, he stopped in front of him.

"Since what year have you been in the service?" he asked, with that customary affectation of a coarse and kindly militarism, with which he always addressed his soldiers. The soldier answered him.

"*Ah! un des vieux!* Have they received the rice in the regiment?"

"They have, your Majesty!"

Napoleon nodded his head and walked away from him.

At half-past five, Napoleon rode to the village of Shevardinó.

Day was beginning to break; the sky had cleared up, and only one cloud lay in the east. The abandoned camp-fires were going out in the dim light of the morning.

On the right resounded a solitary, hollow cannon report which passed by and died amidst the general silence. A few minutes went by. There resounded a second, a third report, and the air shook; a fourth and a fifth rang out near by and solemnly somewhere on the right.

The first reports had not yet died away, when others were heard, again and again, blending and interrupting each other.

Napoleon with his suite rode up to the Shevardinó redoubt and dismounted from his horse. The game had begun.

XXX.

HAVING returned to Górki after seeing Prince Andréy, Pierre gave his groom the order to get the horses ready and to wake him early in the morning, and at once fell asleep back of the partition, in the corner which Borís had turned over to him.

When Pierre awoke fully on the next morning, there was no one in the hut. The panes rattled in the small windows. The groom was standing near him, trying to rouse him.

"Your Serenity, your Serenity, your Serenity —" the groom kept repeating, without looking at Pierre and stubbornly shaking him by the shoulder, apparently having, lost all hope of ever waking him.

"What? Has it begun? Is it time?" Pierre muttered, waking up.

"You hear the firing," said the groom, an ex-soldier. "All the gentlemen have gone out, and his Most Serene Highness passed by long ago."

Pierre dressed himself hurriedly and ran out on the porch. Without, it was clear, fresh, dewy, and cheerful. The sun, just bursting forth from a cloud which had shrouded it, sent forth its gleaming rays, that were half-broken by the cloud, over the roofs of the street opposite upon the dew-covered dust of the road, upon the walls of the houses, upon the windows of the fence, and upon Pierre's horses that were standing near the hut. The boom of the guns could be heard more distinctly in the yard. An adjutant with his Cossack galloped down the street.

"It is time, count, it is time!" shouted the adjutant.

Ordering his groom to lead the horse after him, Pierre went along the street up to the mound, from which, the day before, he had surveyed the field of battle. On this mound there was a mass of military men and the French conversation of the officers of the staff could be heard, and Kutúzov's gray head could be seen, with his white, red-visored cap and gray occiput disappearing between his shoulders. Kutúzov was looking through a field-glass down the highway.

Walking up the steps of the entrance on the mound, Pierre looked ahead of him, and stood as though petrified in contemplation of the beautiful spectacle. It was the same panorama which he had enjoyed the day before on this mound; but now this whole locality was covered with troops and with the smoke of the discharges, and the slanting rays of the bright sun, which rose to the left and back of Pierre, cast upon it in the pure morning air a piercing light with a gold and rose-coloured shade and long, dark shadows. The distant forests, which completed the panorama, as though cut out of a precious yellow and green stone, could be seen with their winding crests of tree-tops against the horizon, and between them and back of Valúevo ran the Smolénsk highway, which was all covered with troops. Closer at hand glistened the golden fields and wolds. Everywhere, in front, on the right, and on the left, could be seen masses of soldiers. All this was animated, majestic, and unexpected; but what most interested Pierre was the view of the battle-field itself, of Borodinó, and of the ravine on both sides of the Kolócha.

Over the Kolócha, in Borodinó, and on both sides of it, especially to the left, where, between swampy banks, the Vóyna falls into the Kolócha, there hovered that mist which melts, scatters, and becomes transparent at the appearance of the bright sun, and magically colours and

delineates everything which can be seen through it. To this mist was added the smoke of the discharges, and through this mist and smoke gleamed the flashes of the morning light, now on the water, now on the dew, and now on the bayonets of the troops collected along the banks and at Borodinó. Through this mist could be seen a white church and a few roofs of the huts at Borodinó, or serried ranks of soldiers, or green caissons and ordnance. And all this was in motion, or seemed to be, because the mist and smoke extended through all this space. Just as in this mist-covered locality of the lowlands about Borodinó, so also outside of it, above and especially to the left of the whole line, over the forests, over the fields, in the lowlands, on the eminences, there constantly rose out of nothing, and of their own accord, puffs of cannon-smoke, now singly, now in masses, now light, now dense, and they, swelling, growing, whirling, blending, could be seen over the whole extent of space.

The smoke of the discharges and, strange to say, their sound produced the chief beauty of the spectacle.

"Puff!" suddenly appeared the round, dense smoke, iridescent in lilac, gray, and milk-white colours, and, "Boom!" a second later resounded the peal that accompanied that smoke.

"Puff, puff!" two clouds of smoke arose, driving each other and blending; and, "Boom, boom!" the sounds confirmed what the eye saw.

Pierre looked at the first smoke, which he had left a round, solid ball, and already there were in its place smaller balls drawing sidewise, and, "Puff!"—(after an interval) "Puff, puff!" there arose three more, and four, and to each of these, with the same intervals, "Boom—boom, boom!" replied the beautiful, firm, precise sounds. It looked now as though these clouds of smoke were racing, and now again as though they were standing still.

and that the fields, forests, and shining bayonets were running. On the left side, over the fields and bushes, constantly originated these large clouds of smoke with their solemn echoes, and nearer still, in the lowlands and in the woods, puffed up small clouds of smoke, which did not get a chance to whirl into circles, — the smoke from the muskets, and they, too, produced their little echoes. "Trakh-ta-ta-takh!" crackled the guns, in frequent but irregular succession, and faint in comparison with the reports of the ordnance.

Pierre wanted to be down where these clouds of smoke were, these shining bayonets, this motion, these sounds. He looked at Kutúzov and at his suite, to verify his impressions by those of the rest. All were looking like him at the field of battle ahead of them, and, as he thought, they experienced the same sensations. On all the faces now gleamed that latent heat of feeling which Pierre had observed the day before, and which he had come to comprehend fully after his conversation with Prince Andréy.

"Go, my dear, go, and may Christ protect you," Kutúzov said to a general who was standing near him, without taking his eyes off the field of battle.

Having heard the command, this general passed by Pierre, on his way down the mount.

"To the ford!" the general said, sternly and coldly, in reply to the question of one of the officers of the staff as to where he was going.

"I too, I too," thought Pierre, and went in the direction of the general.

The general mounted his horse, which a Cossack brought up to him. Pierre went to his groom, who was holding his horses. Asking which of them was most gentle, Pierre climbed on the horse, took hold of the mane, pressed the heels of his outward-toed feet against the horse's belly and, feeling that his glasses were falling down and that

he was not able to take his hands off the mane and reins, he galloped after the general, provoking smiles among the officers of the staff, who looked down on him from the mound.

XXXI.

THE general, behind whom Pierre was galloping, turned sharply to the left, after reaching the foot of the hill, and Pierre, having lost sight of him, galloped into the ranks of infantry soldiers, who were marching in front of him. He tried to ride out ahead, and to the left, and to the right; but everywhere were soldiers whose thoughtful faces seemed to be occupied with some invisible, but apparently important matter. All of them cast the same dissatisfied and inquiring glances at this stout man in the white hat, who, no one knew why, was crushing them with his horse.

"What is he doing here in the midst of the battalion!" shouted one. Another struck his horse with the butt of his gun, and Pierre, pressing against the saddle-bow and with difficulty checking his startled mount, galloped out in front of the soldiers, where there was an open space.

In front of him was a bridge, and at the bridge stood other soldiers who were firing off their guns. Pierre rode up to them. Without knowing it, Pierre had ridden up to the bridge over the Kolócha, which was between Górki and Borodinó, and which the French, having occupied Borodinó, were attacking in the first action of the battle. Pierre saw that the bridge was in front of him, and that on both sides of it, in the meadow, the soldiers were doing something in the rows of mown hay, which he had not observed through the smoke on the previous day; but, in spite of the incessant fusilade which took place in this spot, it never occurred to him that it was a field of battle.

He did not hear the sounds of the bullets that pinged on all sides, nor of the projectiles that flew over him, did not see the enemy, who was on the other side of the river, and for a long time did not see the killed and the wounded, though many fell but a short distance from him. He looked about him with a smile which did not leave his face.

"Why is this man riding in front of the line?" somebody shouted at him.

"To the left! Keep to the right!" they called out to him.

Pierre turned to the right and unexpectedly fell in with an acquaintance, — an adjutant of General Raévski. This adjutant looked angrily at Pierre, apparently getting himself ready to shout at him, but, upon recognizing him, he nodded his head to him.

"What are you doing here?" he said, riding along.

Pierre, who felt himself out of place there and without any definite work, and fearing lest he should again be in somebody's way, galloped after the adjutant.

"What is this here? May I ride with you?" he asked.

"Directly, directly," replied the adjutant, and, after riding up to a fat colonel who was standing in the meadow, and telling him something, he again turned to Pierre.

"Why did you come down here, count?" he said to him, with a smile. "Are you still curious?"

"Yes, yes," said Pierre.

But the adjutant turned his horse about and rode on.

"Here it is passable," said the adjutant, "but at the left flank, where Bagratión is, there is a terrible fire."

"Really?" asked Pierre. "Where is that?"

"Come with me to the mound, — from there you can see it. It is still bearable in our battery," said the adjutant.

"Yes, I will ride with you," said Pierre, looking about him and trying to find his groom. It was then that Pierre

for the first time saw wounded soldiers, tottering along, or carried in stretchers. On the very meadow with the redolent rows of hay, over which he had ridden the day before, a soldier, with his shako knocked off, was lying motionless across the rows. "Why has not this one been picked up?" Pierre began, but, upon noticing the stern face of the adjutant, who was looking in the same direction, he stopped.

Pierre did not find his groom, and he rode with the adjutant through the lowlands and along the ravine to Raévski's Mound. Pierre's horse fell behind the adjutant and evenly jolted him.

"You are evidently not accustomed to riding, count!" said the adjutant.

"No, I do not mind it, but the horse is leaping dreadfully," Pierre said, in perplexity.

"Oho! Why, it is wounded," said the adjutant, "in the right fore leg, above the knee. No doubt, a bullet. I congratulate you, count," he said, "*le baptême du feu.*"

After riding through the smoke along the sixth corps, behind the artillery, which, having been moved forward, was firing off the guns and deafening everything with their discharges, they rode up to a small forest. The woods were cool and calm, and redolent with the autumn. Pierre and the adjutant got down from their horses and ascended the hill on foot.

"Is the general here?" asked the adjutant, walking up to the mound.

"He was here a moment ago; he rode off in this direction," somebody replied, pointing to the right.

The adjutant looked at Pierre, as though not knowing what to do with him now.

"Do not trouble yourself," said Pierre. "I will go to the mound, if I may."

"Yes, do go! Everything is visible from there, and it is safe there. I will come for you."

Pierre went to the battery, and the adjutant rode away. They did not see each other again, and only much later did Pierre learn that on that day the adjutant had his arm torn off.

The mound to which Pierre went was that famous place (which later became known to the Russians under the name of the Mound Battery, or Raévski's Battery, while the Frenchmen knew it under the name of "*la grande redoute, la fatale redoute, la redoute du centre*") around which fell tens of thousands, and which the French regarded as the most important point of the position.

This redoubt consisted of a mound, on three sides of which ditches had been dug. In the place which was surrounded by the ditches stood ten firing guns, placed in the embrasures of the ramparts.

On the same line with the mound, guns were placed on both sides, and they, too, kept up a cannonade. A little back of the guns stood infantry troops. Upon ascending this mound, Pierre did not think that this small, ditch-bordered mound, from which a few guns were firing shot, was the most important place of the battle.

On the contrary, Pierre thought that this place (even because he happened to be there) was one of the most insignificant spots of the battle.

Having ascended the mound, Pierre sat down at the end of the ditch which surrounded the battery, and with an unconscious smile of joy looked at what was taking place about him. Now and then Pierre got up, still with the same smile on his lips, and walked up and down along the battery, trying to keep out of the way of the soldiers who loaded and planted the guns, and who kept running past him with cartouches and with shot. The guns on this battery were continually discharged one after another, drowning everything with their sounds and shrouding the whole locality with their powder smoke.

In contradistinction to that uneasy feeling experienced

among the infantry soldiers of the epaulement, here, in the battery, where the small number of busily occupied men was limited and separated from the rest by the ditches, there was abroad a universal, so to speak, a family animation.

The appearance of Pierre's unsoldierlike figure, in his white hat, at first gave these men a disagreeable sensation. The soldiers, passing by him, looked askance at his figure in surprise and even fear. The senior officer of artillery, a tall, long-legged, pockmarked man, walked over to Pierre, as though intending to look at the action of the farthest gun, and cast a curious glance at him.

A very young, round-faced officer, a mere child yet, who evidently had just been let out from the military school, and who looked very carefully after the two guns entrusted to him, sternly addressed Pierre.

"Sir, permit me to ask you to get out of the way," he said to him. "Nobody is allowed here."

The soldiers shook their heads in disapproval, as they looked at Pierre. But when they convinced themselves that this man in the white hat did no harm and calmly sat on the incline of the rampart, or, with a timid smile and politely getting out of the way of the soldiers, walked up and down along the battery, with as calm a demeanour under the shots as though he were promenading on a boulevard, the feeling of malevolent perplexity slowly passed into one of a kindly and jocular sympathy, such as soldiers are wont to express to their animals, their dogs, cocks, goats, in general, to any animals attached to their military commands. These soldiers mentally received Pierre into their family, adopted him, and gave him a nickname. "Our master" they called him, and they exchanged good-natured laughs with each other about him.

A ball dug up the earth within two steps from Pierre. Cleaning off the dirt which the ball had bespattered him with, he looked around him with a smile.

"Master, how is it you are not afraid?" Pierre was addressed by a red-faced, broad-shouldered soldier, who displayed his sound white teeth in a smile.

"Are you afraid?" Pierre asked him.

"Of course I am," replied the soldier. "It does not spare any one. When it digs into you, out come your guts. How can a man help being afraid?" he said, laughing.

A few soldiers stopped in front of Pierre with merry and kindly expressions on their faces. They looked as though they had not expected him to speak like anybody else, and this discovery gave them pleasure.

"Our business is that of soldiers. But you are a master, — and so it is wonderful. That is what I call a master!"

"To your places!" the young officer shouted to the soldiers who had congregated around Pierre. It was evident that this officer was doing duty for the first or the second time, and so he addressed his soldiers and his superiors with particular precision and formality.

The pealing cannonade and the fusilade grew stronger along the whole field, especially on the left, there where were Bagratión's flèches; but through the smoke of the guns it was impossible to see anything from the place where Pierre was. Besides, the observation of that family circle of men in the battery separated from all the rest absorbed Pierre's whole attention. His first unconscious and pleasurable agitation, which had been induced by the sight and the sounds of the field of battle, now, especially after he had seen that lonely soldier lying in the meadow, gave way to another sensation. Sitting on the incline of the ditch, he watched the faces which surrounded him.

By ten o'clock about twenty men had been removed from the battery; two guns were disabled, and projectiles fell ever more frequently on the battery, and distant bullets, buzzing and whistling, found their way there. But

the men at the guns did not seem to notice all of this. On every side could be heard merry conversation and jokes.

"Dumpling!" cried a soldier to an approaching grenade, as it flew by with a whistling sound. "Not this way! To the infantry!" added another, noticing that the grenade had passed beyond and had fallen into the ranks of the epaulement.

"What is it, a friend of yours?" another soldier laughed at a peasant who ducked at the sight of a flying ball.

A few soldiers congregated at the rampart, looking at what was going on in the distance.

"They have taken off the cordon, you see, and have retreated," they said, pointing over the rampart.

"Mind your own business!" the old under-officer shouted at them. "If they have retreated, they, no doubt, have some business farther back." And the under-officer, taking a soldier by his shoulder, gave him a kick with his knee.

The soldiers burst out laughing.

"To the fifth gun! Roll it out!" they shouted on one side.

"All together, in towing fashion!" were heard the merry shouts of those who were changing the gun.

"Oh, it has almost knocked the cap off the head of our master," the red-faced jester said, grinning at Pierre. "Oh, awkward one!" he added, reproachfully, in reference to the ball which struck a wheel and a man's leg.

"Come now, you foxes!" another said, laughing at the stooping militiamen, who came to the battery for the wounded. "Doesn't the porridge taste good? Oh, you ravens, what are you dallying for?" they cried to the militiamen who were busy about the soldier with the torn-off leg. "A chap what is a chap!" they imitated the peasant talk. "Oh, how they hate it!"

Pierre noticed that after each ball which hit, after each loss, the general animation kept increasing. Just as in an approaching thunder-cloud, the lightnings of a hidden and kindling fire ever more frequently and more brightly flared upon the faces of all these men, as though in defiance of what was taking place.

Pierre was not looking ahead of him at the battle-field and took no interest in what was going on there: he was all absorbed in the contemplation of the growing fire which, he felt, was also flaming up in his soul.

At ten o'clock the infantry soldiers, who had been in front of the battery in the bushes and along the brook of Kámenka, retreated. From the battery they could be seen running back past it, carrying the wounded on their muskets. A general with his suite ascended the mound and, having said something to the colonel, and casting an angry look at Pierre, he again descended and ordered the infantry of the epaulement behind the battery to lie down in order to subject themselves as little as possible to the fire. Immediately after this a drum and shouts of command were heard in the rows of the infantry, to the right of the battery, and the ranks of the soldiers were seen to advance.

Pierre looked over the rampart. One person in particular attracted his attention. It was an officer, who, with a pale, youthful face, was walking in the rear, carrying his drooping sword, and restlessly looking about him.

The ranks of the soldiers disappeared in the smoke, and there could be heard their protracted shout and a constant fusilade. A few minutes later throngs of wounded and of litters came from that direction. Projectiles began to fall more frequently upon the battery. Several men lay on the ground and had not been taken away. The soldiers moved more busily and with greater animation around the guns. Nobody was now paying attention to Pierre. Once or twice some one shouted at him for being

in the way. The senior officer, with frowning face, kept pacing with long, rapid strides from one piece of ordnance to the other. The youthful officer, flushed more than ever, gave still more precise orders to his soldiers. The soldiers handed the shot, moved quickly, loaded, and did their work with strained foppishness. They leaped in their walk, as though they were on springs.

The thunder-cloud had moved up, and in every face burnt that fire, the kindling of which Pierre had been watching all the time. He was standing near the senior officer. The youthful officer ran up to the senior officer, holding his hand to his shako.

"I have the honour of reporting, colonel, that there are only eight charges left,— do you order the fire to be continued?" he asked.

"Canister-shot!" without replying, shouted the senior officer, who was looking over the rampart.

Suddenly something happened. The youthful officer shrieked and, doubling up, sat down on the ground, like a bird shot on the wing. Everything became strange, indistinct, and gloomy in Pierre's eyes.

One after another balls whistled and struck the breastwork, the soldiers, the guns. Pierre, who had not heard these sounds before, now heard nothing but these sounds. On one side of the battery, on the right, the soldiers, shouting "Hurrah!" were running, not ahead, but back, as Pierre thought.

A ball struck at the very edge of the rampart in front of which Pierre was standing, and caved in some dirt. A black ball flashed past Pierre's eyes, and at the same moment it plashed into something. The militiamen who had come up to the battery ran back again.

"Canister-shot from every gun!" shouted the officer.

An under-officer ran up to the senior officer and in a frightened whisper (such as that in which the majordomo informs his master at the table that there is none of the

wine for which he is asking) informed him that there were no charges left.

"Rascals, what are they doing?" shouted the officer, turning to Pierre. The face of the senior officer was red and sweaty, and his gloomy eyes glistened. "Run to the reserves and bring the caissons!" he cried, angrily overlooking Pierre and turning to his soldier.

"I will go," said Pierre. The officer made no reply to him, and with rapid steps walked away to another side.

"Don't fire! Wait!" he shouted.

The soldier who had been ordered to go for the charges stumbled against Pierre.

"Oh, master, this is not a place for you," he said, running down-hill.

Pierre ran after the soldier, walking around the place where the youthful officer sat.

A ball, a second, a third, flew over him, striking in front, on both sides, in his rear. Pierre ran down-hill. "Whither am I running?" he thought, just as he was near the green caissons. He stopped in indecision as to whether he had better go back or ahead. Suddenly a terrible blow threw him back, on the ground. At the same moment the flash of a great fire lighted him up, and at the same time there resounded a deafening thunder, crackling, and whistling, which rang out in his ears.

Upon regaining his senses, Pierre found himself sitting on the ground, leaning with his arms against the sod; the caisson, near which he had been standing, was no more. Scattered on the singed grass there lay only scorched green boards and rags, and a horse, clattering with the remnants of a shaft, galloped past him, while another was lying on the ground like Pierre, and whining in a long-drawn, piercing manner.

XXXII.

Beside himself with fear, Pierre sprang up and ran back to the battery, as to the only refuge from all the terrors that surrounded him.

Just as he entered the entrenchment, he noticed that no discharges were heard in the battery, but that some people were doing something there. Pierre did not have time to make out who these people were. He saw the senior colonel lying with his back toward him on the rampart, as though examining something below, and a soldier, whom he had specially noticed, tearing himself away from some men who were holding his hand, and crying, "Brothers!" and something else.

He had no time to make out that the colonel was dead, that the soldier who was shouting "Brothers!" was a captive, and that before his eyes another soldier had been stabbed in the back. He had barely run into the entrenchment, when a lean, sallow-faced, perspiring man in a blue uniform, with a sword in his hand, ran into him, shouting something. Instinctively warding off the blow, for they had run into each other without seeing one another, Pierre spread out his arms and grabbed this man (it was a French officer) by the shoulder with one hand, and by the neck with the other. The officer dropped his sword and took Pierre by his collar.

For a few seconds both of them looked with frightened eyes at each other's unfamiliar faces, and both were in doubt about what they had done, and what they were to do. "Am I made a prisoner, or have I made a prisoner

of him?" each of them thought. But apparently the French officer was more inclined to believe that it was he who was made a prisoner, because Pierre's strong hand, moved by instinctive fear, was pressing his neck harder and harder. The Frenchman wanted to say something, when suddenly a ball whistled terribly right above their heads, and it seemed to Pierre that the Frenchman's head was torn off: he had bent it so suddenly.

Pierre, too, bent his head and dropped his hands Without thinking who it was that had been made a captive, the Frenchman ran back to the battery, while Pierre ran down-hill, stumbling against wounded and killed men, who, he thought, were catching him by his feet. But before he was able to reach the foot of the hill, he saw serried ranks of Russian soldiers running up toward him: they kept falling and stumbling, and shouting merrily and noisily, as they ran up to the battery. (It was that attack which Ermólov ascribed to himself, saying that this deed could have been accomplished only with his bravery and luck, and that attack, during which Ermólov was said to have thrown on the mount crosses of St. George, which he carried with him in his pocket.)

The French who had occupied the battery ran away. Our troops, shouting, "Hurrah!" drove the French so far beyond the battery that it was difficult to arrest them.

From the battery they took down the prisoners, among them a wounded French general, whom the officers surrounded. Crowds of wounded men, those who were familiar and those who were strange to Pierre, both Russians and Frenchmen, all with faces contorted by suffering, walked, crawled, and were carried in stretchers down from the battery. Pierre ascended the mount, where he passed more than an hour, but of that family circle, which had adopted him, he did not find one. There were many dead persons there, all strangers to him. A few, however, he recognized. The youthful officer was

still sitting at the edge of the rampart, rolled up as before, in a pool of blood. The red-faced soldier was still contracting his muscles, but he was not taken away.

"Now they will leave it all! Now they will be terrified at what they have done!" thought Pierre, aimlessly following a mass of stretchers that were moving away from the field of battle.

But the sun, shrouded by smoke, was still standing high, and in front, and especially at the left, near Seménovskoe, something was seething in the smoke, and the din of volleys and the cannonade not only did not die down, but grew desperately stronger, like a man who shrieks with the expenditure of his last strength.

XXXIII.

THE chief action of the battle of Borodinó took place within seven thousand feet, between Borodinó and Bagratión's flèches. (Outside of this space, on one side, a demonstration had been made, in the middle of the day, by Uvárov's cavalry, and, on the other, a conflict occurred beyond Útitsa between Poniatówski and Tuchkóv; but these were two separate actions, weak in comparison with what took place in the centre of the field of battle.)

In the field between Borodinó and the flèches near the forest, in an open expanse, visible from both sides, the chief action of the battle took place in the most guileless and simple manner.

The battle began by a cannonade on both sides from several hundreds of guns.

Then, when the smoke shrouded the whole field, there moved in this smoke (on the side of the French), on the right, two divisions of Dessaix and Compans, against the flèches, and on the left, the regiments of the viceroy, against Borodinó.

From the Shevardinó redoubt, on which Napoleon stood, the flèches were a verst distant, while Borodinó was more than two versts distant in a bee-line, therefore Napoleon was unable to see what was going on there, the more so since the smoke, mixing with the mist, shrouded this whole locality. The soldiers of Dessaix's division, which moved against the flèches, could be seen only so long as they did not descend to the ravine, which separated them from the flèches. The moment they went

down there, the smoke from the discharges of the muskets and from the ordnance in the flèches became so dense that it shrouded the whole slope on the other side of the ravine. Through the smoke there flashed something black, apparently men, and now and then the gleam of bayonets. But it was impossible to tell from the Shevardinó redoubt whether they were in motion or standing still, whether they were Frenchmen or Russians.

The sun went up bright and beat with its slanting rays straight into the face of Napoleon, who was shielding his eyes with his hand and looking at the flèches. The smoke lodged in front of the flèches, and now it seemed that the smoke was in motion, and now again that the troops were moving. Occasionally the shouts of men could be heard through the volleys, but it was impossible to tell what they were doing there.

Napoleon, standing on the mound, was looking through a field-glass, and through the small circle of the glass he saw smoke and men, now his own, and now the Russians; but where that which he saw was he did not know when he again looked at the scene with the naked eye.

He descended from the mound and began to walk up and down in front of it. Now and then he stopped to listen to the discharges and to look at the field of battle.

Not only from the spot below the mound where he was standing, not only from its summit, where stood a few of his generals, but even on the flèches themselves, where there were, either together or in succession, Russians and Frenchmen, dead, wounded, and living, frightened or frantic soldiers, it was impossible to tell what was going on in that spot. In the course of several hours, amidst an incessant din from the musketry-fire and from the discharge of the large guns, there appeared in this spot now Russians, now Frenchmen, now infantry, now cavalry; they appeared, fell, shot, came in contact, without knowing what to do with each other, shouted, and ran back.

From the field of battle kept galloping to Napoleon his especial adjutants, and the orderlies of his marshals, to report about the progress of the battle; but all these reports were false, because in the heat of battle it is impossible to tell what is going on at a given moment, and because many adjutants did not reach the actual battle-field, and reported only what they had heard from others; and also because, while an adjutant rode the two or three versts which separated him from Napoleon, the information which he was bringing was no longer reliable. Thus an adjutant came galloping from the viceroy with the news that Borodinó was taken, and that the bridge over the Kolócha was in the hands of the French. The adjutant asked Napoleon whether he wished to order the troops to cross. Napoleon commanded the troops to draw up on the other side and wait; but, not only while Napoleon was giving this command, but even when the adjutant had barely left Borodinó, the bridge was already retaken and burnt by the Russians, in the very hand-to-hand fight in which Pierre had taken part in the beginning of the battle.

An adjutant galloping up from the flèches, with a pale and frightened face, reported to Napoleon that the attack was repulsed and that Compans was wounded and Davout killed, whereas the flèches were being occupied by another part of the troops, while the adjutant was told that the French had been driven back, and Davout was alive and only slightly bruised. In conformity with such necessarily false reports, Napoleon gave his orders, which were executed before they were given, or could not be, and never were executed.

The marshals and generals, who were at closer range to the field of battle, but who, like Napoleon himself, did not participate in the battle itself, and who only occasionally rode under the fire, made their own dispositions, without consulting Napoleon, and gave their own orders about

whither and whence they were to shoot, and where the mounted troops were to ride, and the infantry to run. But even their own dispositions, like those of Napoleon, were but rarely and to a very small degree carried out. As a rule the opposite of what they ordered actually took place. Soldiers who were ordered to advance, coming into the range of grape-shot, ran back; soldiers who were commanded to stand their ground, seeing opposite them Russian troops, which had unexpectedly appeared from somewhere, at times rushed forward, and the cavalry galloped without orders to pursue the fleeing Russians. Thus two regiments of the cavalry galloped across the Seménovskoe ravine and, having barely reached the summit, turned around and at full speed rode back again. Even thus the foot-soldiers moved, running frequently to some spot, where they had not been ordered to advance. All the dispositions about where and when to move the ordnance, when to send out the infantry to fire, and when the cavalry to crush the Russian foot-soldiers, — all these dispositions were made by the nearest chiefs of the parts, who happened to be in the ranks, without consulting Ney, Davout, Murat, let alone Napoleon. They were not afraid to be called to accounts for not carrying out orders, or for their arbitrary commands, because in a battle the main question lies in that which is most precious to man, — in his personal life, and at times salvation seems to present itself in flight, and at other times in advancing, and these men, who were in the thickest of the fight, acted according to the exigencies of the moment. In reality, all these movements forward and backward did not mitigate or change the condition of the troops. All their attacks and rushes against each other produced hardly any harmful results; death and mutilation were caused by the bullets and balls that flew everywhere over this extent of space, over which the men were rushing to and fro. The moment these men emerged from the locality over which flew the

bullets and balls, their commanders, who occupied positions behind them, at once formed them and subjected them to discipline, and, under the influence of this discipline, they again led them into the region of the fire, where they again, under the influence of the terror of death, lost their discipline and rushed about according to the accidental mood of the crowd.

XXXIV.

NAPOLEON'S generals, Davout, Ney, and **Murat**, who were in the neighbourhood of this sphere of fire, and who now and then rode into it, several times led enormous masses of troops in excellent order into this sphere. But, contrary to what had invariably happened in all former battles, instead of the expected news that the enemy had retreated, the orderly masses of the troops returned *from there* in disorganized, frightened crowds. Again they formed them, but the number of the men was continually growing less. In the middle of the day Murat sent his adjutant to Napoleon, to send him reinforcements.

Napoleon was sitting at the foot of the mound and drinking punch, when Murat's adjutant came galloping to him, to assure him that the Russians would certainly be crushed, if his Majesty would give him another division.

"Reinforcements?" thought Napoleon. "What reinforcement do they want, since they have in their hands half of the army, which is directed against the weak, unfortified wing of the Russians?"

"*Dites au roi de Naples,*" Napoleon said, sternly, "*qu'il n'est pas midi et que je ne vois pas encore clair sur mon échiquier. Allez!*"

The pretty boyish adjutant with long hair, without taking his hand off the hat and heaving a deep sigh, galloped back to the place where they were killing people.

Napoleon rose and, calling up Caulaincourt and Berthier, began to talk to them about matters which had no reference to the battle.

In the middle of the conversation, which was beginning to interest Napoleon, Berthier's eyes turned to a general with his suite, riding toward the mound on a sweaty horse. It was Belliard. He dismounted, with a rapid gait walked over to Napoleon, and loudly and boldly began to prove the necessity of reinforcements. He gave his word of honour that the Russians would perish if the emperor gave them another division.

Napoleon jerked his shoulders and, without making any reply, continued his promenade. Belliard began to speak in a loud and animated voice to the generals of the suite, who surrounded him.

"You are very excited, Belliard," said Napoleon, again approaching the general. "It is easy to make a mistake in the heat of the fire. Go back and see, and then come back to me!"

Belliard had not yet had time to disappear from view when from the other side a new messenger arrived from the field of battle.

"*Eh bien, qu'est-ce qu'il y a?*" said Napoleon, in the tone of a man who is irritated by constant interruptions.

"*Sire, le prince* —" began the adjutant.

"Asks for reinforcements?" Napoleon interposed with an angry gesture.

The adjutant bent his head affirmatively and began to make his report; but the emperor turned away from him, took two steps, stopped, turned back, and called up Berthier.

"We must give him the reserves," he said, with a light motion of his hands. "Whom shall we send there? What is your opinion?" he turned to Berthier, that "*oison que j'ai fait aigle*," as he later called him.

"Emperor, we should send the division of Claparède,"

said Berthier, who knew by heart all the divisions, regiments, and battalions.

Napoleon nodded his head in assent.

The adjutant galloped up to Claparède's division, and a few minutes later the young Guard, which had been standing back of the mound, started. Napoleon looked in silence in that direction.

"No," he suddenly turned to Berthier, "I cannot send Claparède. Send Friant's division."

Although there was no advantage gained by sending Friant's division instead of that of Claparède, and although it caused an apparent inconvenience and delay to stop Claparède and send Friant in his place, the command was punctually executed. Napoleon did not see that in relation to his troops he played that rôle of a doctor who with his medicaments only retards the cure, — a rôle which he comprehended and condemned so correctly.

Friant's division, like the rest, disappeared in the smoke of the battle-field. Adjutants kept galloping from various sides, and all, as though having plotted together, repeated one and the same thing. All asked for reinforcements; all said that the Russians held their ground and poured "*un feu d'enfer*," from which the French army melted away.

Napoleon sat in meditation in a folding-chair.

Beausset, who was fond of travelling, and who had not eaten anything since morning, walked over to the emperor and respectfully proposed to his Majesty to partake of a breakfast.

"I hope that now I may already congratulate your Majesty on a victory," he said.

Napoleon silently shook his head in sign of dissent. Assuming that the dissent had reference to the victory, and not to the breakfast, Beausset took the liberty of remarking jestingly, though respectfully, that there were no causes in the world which could prevent a man from

breakfasting, whenever it was possible to get something to eat.

"*Allez-vous* —" Napoleon suddenly said, with a gloomy expression, turning away.

A blissful smile of compassion, repentance, and transport beamed on the face of Beausset, and he walked with a swimming motion to the other generals.

Napoleon was experiencing a heavy feeling, like what is experienced by an ever lucky winner, who has been in the habit of recklessly staking his money, who has always been winning, and who, at a moment when he has carefully considered all the chances of the game, feels that the more his step has been well considered, the surer will his loss be.

The troops were the same, the generals the same, the preparations, the disposition, the "*proclamation courte et énergique*" were all the same, he himself was the same, he knew this, nay, he knew that he was now much more experienced and skilful than before; even the enemy was the same as at Austerlitz and Friedland; but the terrible swing of the arm fell powerless, as though bewitched.

All the former methods, which had invariably been crowned by success, — the concentration of the batteries at one point, the attack of the reserves to break through the lines, the attack of the cavalry — "*des hommes de fer*," all these methods had already been employed, and not only was there no victory, but from all directions came exactly the same reports about generals killed and wounded, about the necessity of sending reinforcements, about the impossibility of dislodging the Russians, and about the disorganization of the troops.

Formerly, after two or three dispositions, two or three phrases, the marshals and adjutants used to gallop up with cheerful faces and with congratulations, reporting the trophies in the throngs of the captives, "*des faisceaux de drapeaux et d'aigles ennemis*," and in cannon and in the

baggage-trains, and Murat asked only permission to allow the cavalry to pursue in order to seize more of the baggage-train. Thus it had been at Lodi, at Marengo, at Arcole, at Jena, at Austerlitz, at Wagram, and so forth. Now, something terrible was taking place with the troops.

In spite of the announcement that the flèches were taken, Napoleon saw that it was not at all what had happened before in all former battles. He saw that the same feeling was present in all the men who surrounded him, and who were experienced in the matter of battles. All the faces were sad; all the eyes avoided each other. Beausset was the only one who did not understand the meaning of what was going on. After his long experience in war, Napoleon knew well what it meant for the attacking party, after having exhausted all efforts for a period of eight hours, not to win a battle. He knew that it was almost a lost battle, and that the least eventuality could, — at this strained point of wavering, at which the battle had now arrived, — cause both his destruction and that of his army.

As he passed in review all this strange Russian campaign, in which not a single battle had been won, in which during two months no flags, no cannon, no corps of troops had been taken; as he looked at the secretly sad faces of the persons surrounding him, and heard the reports that the Russians were holding their own, — a terrible sensation, similar to what one experiences in dreams, took possession of him, and there occurred to him all the unfortunate accidents which might destroy him. The Russians might attack his left wing, or might break through his centre, or a stray ball might kill him. All this was possible. In his former battles he had considered only the possibilities of success; but now an endless number of contingencies presented themselves to him, and he expected them all. Yes, it was all as in a dream, when a man imagines that a malefactor is attack-

ing him, and the man lifts his arm in order to strike that malefactor with a terrible blow, which, he knows, must annihilate him, and he feels that his powerless and flabby arm falls like a rag, and the terror of an inevitable destruction takes possession of the impotent man.

The news that the Russians were attacking the left flank of the French army evoked this terror in Napoleon. He sat silently at the foot of the mound, on a folding-chair, lowering his head and resting his elbows on his knees. Berthier went up to him and proposed to him that they should ride down the line, in order to see in what condition matters were.

"What is it? What are you saying?" asked Napoleon.

"Yes, order them to give me a horse."

He mounted and rode to Seménovskoe.

In the slowly receding smoke, Napoleon saw, throughout the whole extent which he traversed, horses and men lying singly and in heaps in puddles of blood. Such a horror, such a mass of killed men in so small a space, neither Napoleon nor any of his generals had ever seen. The boom of the guns, which had not stopped for ten hours in succession, and which wearied the ear, gave a special significance to the spectacle (just as music does to living pictures). Napoleon rode out on the height of Seménovskoe, and through the smoke he saw the ranks of men in uniforms, the colour of which was not familiar to his eye. Those were the Russians.

The Russians were standing in serried ranks back of Seménovskoe and of the mound, and their guns kept roaring and smoking along their line. There was no battle. It was merely a protracted slaughter which could not be of any avail to either Russians or Frenchmen. Napoleon stopped his horse and again fell into a brown study, from which Berthier had awakened him before. He could not arrest the work that was going on in front of him and all about him, and that was supposed to be

guided by him and to depend on him, and this work for the first time, on account of its unsuccessfulness, appeared useless and terrible to him.

One of the generals, riding up to Napoleon, permitted himself to suggest that the old Guard be brought into action. Ney and Berthier, who were standing near Napoleon, exchanged glances and smiled contemptuously at the senseless proposition of this general.

Napoleon lowered his head and for a long time remained silent.

"*A huit cents lieux de France je ne ferai pas démolir ma garde!*" he said, and, turning his horse, he rode back to Shevardinó.

XXXV.

Kutúzov was sitting, with his gray head drooping and his heavy body relaxing on the same rug-covered bench, in the same spot where Pierre had seen him in the morning. He made no dispositions, and only agreed with, or dissented from, anything which was proposed to him.

"Yes, yes, do it!" he replied to all kinds of propositions. "Yes, yes, ride down there, my dear, and take a look!" he turned now to one, and now to another of those near him; or "No, it is not necessary, — we will wait awhile," he would say. He listened to all the reports which were brought to him, and gave orders whenever the officers demanded them; but, while listening to the reports, he was not interested in the meaning of the words, but in the expression of the faces and in the tone of speech of those who reported to him. He knew from his long military experience, and comprehended with his old man's mind, that one man could not guide hundreds of thousands of soldiers who were struggling with death; he knew also that not the dispositions of the commander-in-chief decided the fate of a battle, nor the place where the armies stood, nor the number of guns and soldiers killed, but that intangible force, called the spirit of the army, and this force he watched and guided in so far as it lay in his power.

The general expression of Kutúzov's face was that of a concentrated, calm attention, and of a tension which with difficulty overcame the fatigue of his feeble old body.

At eleven o'clock the news was brought to him that the flèches, which had been occupied by the French, were retaken, but that Prince Bagratión was wounded. Kutúzov groaned and shook his head.

"Ride down to Prince Peter Ivánovich and find out all the details," he said to one of his adjutants, and immediately turned to the Prince of Würtemberg, who was standing behind him.

"Will it not please your Highness to take the command of the first army?"

Soon after the departure of the prince, so soon after that he could not possibly have reached Seménovskoe, the prince's adjutant returned and reported to his Most Serene Highness that the prince asked for some troops.

Kutúzov frowned and sent Dókhturov the order to take the command of the first army, and asked the prince, without whom, he said, he could not get along at such important moments, to return to him. When the news was brought of the capture of Murat, and the officers of the staff congratulated Kutúzov, he smiled.

"Wait, gentlemen!" he said. "The battle is won, and there is nothing remarkable in Murat's being made a captive. But it is best to wait with the rejoicing." Still he sent an adjutant with this news to the troops.

When Shcherbínin arrived from the left flank with the information that the French had occupied the flèches and Seménovskoe, Kutúzov, guessing from the sounds on the battle-field and from the expression on Shcherbínin's face, that the news was not favourable, got up, as though to stretch his legs, and, taking Shcherbínin's arm, led him to one side.

"Go down, my dear," he said to Ermólov, "and see whether something cannot be done."

Kutúzov was at Górki, the centre of the position of the Russian army. The attack which was directed by Napoleon against our left flank had been several times beaten

off. At the centre, the French did not move farther than Borodinó. On the left flank, Uvárov's cavalry caused the French to run.

After two o'clock the attacks of the French ceased. On all the faces of those who arrived from the field of battle, as also on the faces of those who stood about him, Kutúzov read the expression of tension which had reached the highest degree. Kutúzov was satisfied beyond all expectation by the success of the day. But his power of physical endurance was leaving the old man. His head several times sank low, as though falling, and he kept dozing off. Dinner was brought to him.

Aid-de-camp Wolzogen, the same who, riding past Prince Andréy, had said that the war ought to be "transferred into space," and whom Bagratión hated so, rode up to Kutúzov while he was dining. Wolzogen came from Barclay with a report on the state of affairs at the left flank. Sensible Barclay de Tolly, seeing the masses of the wounded in flight and the disorganized rear of the army, and weighing all the circumstances in the case, decided that the battle was lost, and sent his favourite to the commander-in-chief with this information.

Kutúzov was munching a roast chicken with difficulty, and he looked at Wolzogen with merry, blinking eyes. Wolzogen, carelessly stretching his legs and with a half-contemptuous smile on his lips, walked over to Kutúzov, lightly touching the visor of his cap with his hand.

Wolzogen treated his Most Serene Highness with a certain affected carelessness, which was to show that he, as a highly trained military man, left it to the Russians to make an idol of this old, useless man, but that he himself knew with whom he was dealing. "*Der alte Herr*" (thus the Germans called Kutúzov in their circle) "*macht sich ganz bequem*," thought Wolzogen, and, casting a stern look at the plates which were standing before Kutúzov, he began to report to the "old gentleman" the state of

affairs on the left flank just as Barclay had ordered him to do, and as he himself had seen and comprehended it.

"All the points of our position are in the hands of the enemy, and we cannot retake them, because we have no troops; they are running, and there is no possibility of stopping their flight," he reported.

Stopping to chew, Kutúzov gazed in surprise at Wolzogen, as though he did not understand what he was being told. Wolzogen, noticing the agitation of the "*alter Herr*," said, with a smile:

"I did not consider it right for me to conceal from your Serenity that which I have seen. The troops are completely disorganized —"

"You saw it? You saw it?" Kutúzov shouted, with a scowl, getting up with a start and moving up against Wolzogen. "How — how dare you!" he cried, making threatening gestures with his trembling hands, and choking from excitement. "How dare you, dear sir, tell *me* such a thing? You know nothing. Transmit in my name to General Barclay the information that his news is false, and that the general course of the battle is better known to me, the commander-in-chief, than to him."

Wolzogen wanted to retort, but Kutúzov interrupted him:

"The enemy has been repulsed on the left, and is beaten on the right flank. If you have not seen well, dear sir, then do not take the liberty of telling me that which you do not know. Please to go to General Barclay and inform him of my determination to attack the enemy to-morrow," said Kutúzov, sternly.

All were silent, and one could hear only the heavy breathing of the gasping old general.

"They are beaten off at every point, for which I thank God and our brave army. The enemy is vanquished, and to-morrow we will drive him out of the sacred Russian

land," said Kutúzov, making the sign of the cross; he suddenly sobbed from the tears that rushed to his eyes.

Wolzogen, shrugging his shoulders and contorting his lips, went silently to one side, wondering "*über diese Eingenommenheit des alten Herrn.*"

"Yes, here is my hero," Kutúzov said to the handsome, black-haired general, who just then came up the mound. It was Raévski, who had passed the whole day at the chief point of the field of Borodinó.

Raévski reported that the troops were standing their ground firmly, and that the French no longer dared to attack them.

Having listened to his report, Kutúzov said in French:

"*Vous ne pensez donc pas comme les autres que nous sommes obligés de nous retirer?*"

"*Au contraire, votre Altesse, dans les affaires indécises c'est toujours le plus opiniâtre qui reste victorieux,*" replied Raévski, "*et mon opinion — !*"

"Kaysárov!" Kutúzov called up his adjutant. "Sit down and write the order of the day for to-morrow. And you," he turned to another, "ride down the line, and inform them that to-morrow we will attack."

While the conversation was going on with Raévski and the order was being dictated, Wolzogen returned from Barclay, reporting that General Barclay de Tolly would like to have written confirmation of the order, which the field-marshal had given.

Without looking at Wolzogen, Kutúzov commanded this order to be written down, which the former commander-in-chief wanted to have in writing, in order to avoid his personal responsibility.

And by dint of that invincible, mysterious bond, which throughout the army kept up the same mood, called the spirit of the army, and which formed the main nerve of the war, Kutúzov's words and his order for the battle

on the following day were simultaneously communicated to all the ends of the army.

It was far from being the words themselves, or the order itself which was communicated to the most distant links of this chain; there was not even anything resembling what Kutúzov had said in what was being communicated to all the ends of the army; but the meaning of these words was communicated everywhere, because what Kutúzov had said originated not in clever combinations, but in that feeling which lay in the heart of the commander-in-chief, as much as in the heart of every Russian.

And having learned that on the morrow we were to attack the enemy, and hearing from the higher spheres of the army the confirmation of what they wanted to believe, the exhausted, wavering soldiers were consoled and animated with courage.

XXXVI

PRINCE ANDRÉY'S regiment was in the reserves, which up to two o'clock stood back of Seménovskoe in inaction, under a scathing artillery-fire. At two o'clock the regiment, having lost more than two hundred men, was moved forward on the trampled down oat-field, that interval between Seménovskoe and the Mound Battery, on which on that day thousands of men were killed, and against which, at two o'clock, was directed an intensified, concentrated fire from several hundred pieces of the enemy's ordnance.

Without leaving the spot, and without having emptied a single charge, the regiment lost another third of its men. In front and especially on the right side the guns roared in the hovering smoke, and from the mysterious sphere of the smoke, which shrouded the whole locality ahead, there emerged without cessation the swiftly hissing balls and languorously whistling grenades. Occasionally, as though taking a rest, there passed fifteen minutes when all the balls and grenades flew past, but sometimes several men were struck in a course of a minute, and all the time the dead were dragged aside and the wounded were carried away.

With every new detonation the chances of life were more and more diminished for those who had not yet been killed. The regiment stood in battalion columns at a distance of three hundred steps, and yet all the men of the regiment were all the time under the influence of the same mood. All the men were equally taciturn and

gloomy. But rarely conversation could be heard in the ranks, and this died down every time a projectile fell and the shout was heard, "The stretchers!" Most of the time the men of the regiment, by order of their officers, sat on the ground. One took off his shako and carefully opened and closed the folds; another, crushing the dry clay in his hands, was burnishing his bayonet; a third had loosened the strap of his sabretasche, and was buckling it more tightly; a fourth carefully unwrapped and relaid his leg rags and put on his boots. Some built little houses from the tufts in the field, or wove whips from the stubble. All seemed to be lost in their occupations. When men were wounded or killed; when the stretchers started; when our soldiers returned; when large masses of the enemy could be seen through the smoke, — nobody paid the least attention to these circumstances. But when the artillery or cavalry passed in front, and the movements of our infantry were visible, approving remarks could be heard on all sides. But the greatest attention fell to the share of entirely foreign events which had nothing to do with the battle. It looked as though the attention of these spiritually exhausted men found relief in the habitual occurrences of every-day life.

A battery of the artillery passed in front of the regiment. The off horse hitched to one of the artillery caissons stepped on its traces. "Oh, there, look at the off horse! Straighten it out! She will fall! Oh, there, don't you see?" they shouted from all the ranks of the regiment alike. Another time the attention of every one was directed to a cinnamon-coloured little dog with a firmly raised tail, which, God knows whence, was running before the ranks in a frightened trot and suddenly whimpered at the sound of a projectile striking near by, and, taking its tail between its legs, ran away to one side. The whole regiment resounded with guffaws and whoop-

ings. But the diversions of this kind lasted only minutes, while the men had been standing more than eight hours without food and without work under the unceasing terror of death, and their pale and frowning faces grew all the time paler and more frowning.

Prince Andréy, as pale and frowning as all the men of the regiment, kept pacing up and down in the meadow, from one balk to the other near the oat-field, with his arms behind his back and his head drooping. He had nothing to do and no orders to give. Everything worked itself out without his interference. The killed were dragged away beyond the line; the wounded were carried away; the ranks closed up. If the soldiers started to run, they soon returned.

At first Prince Andréy, regarding it as his duty to stir up the valour of his soldiers and to give them an example, marched up and down the ranks; later he convinced himself that he had nothing to teach them. All the powers of his soul, like those of any soldier, were instinctively directed only toward keeping himself from contemplating the horror of the situation they were in. He walked over the meadow, dragging his feet along, crumpling the grass, and observing the dust which covered his boots; now he strode with long steps, trying to get into the footsteps left by the reapers; now, counting his steps, he calculated how many times he must pass from one balk to the other in order to make a verst; now he picked the wormwood, which grew on the balk, and crushed its flowers in his hands, and sniffed their strong, pungent odour. Nothing was left of all the mental labour of the day before. He was not thinking of anything. With his fatigued ears he listened to the same sounds, distinguishing between the whistling of the flying projectiles and the boom of the discharges. He looked at the curiously watching faces of the men of the first battalion, and waited.

"There it is — again toward us!" he thought, listen-

ing to the whistling sound which was approaching from the shrouded region of smoke. "One, another! One more! It struck this time!" He stopped and looked at the ranks. "No, it has carried across; but this one has hit!" And he again resumed his walk, essaying to take long steps so as to reach the balk in sixteen steps. A whistle and a blow! The dry earth was torn up within five paces from him, and the ball disappeared. No doubt it had disabled a number of men; a large crowd gathered around the second battalion.

"Adjutant," he shouted, "command them not to crowd so!"

Having carried out the order, the adjutant started back to Prince Andrey. The commander of a battalion was riding up from another direction.

"Look out!" was heard the frightened shout of a soldier, and, whistling in its rapid flight and settling on the ground, like a bird, a grenade plashed with a subdued noise within two feet of Prince Andrey, near the horse of the commander of the battalion. The horse, without asking whether it was right or wrong to give expression to its fear, was the first to start back. Snorting and rearing, and almost throwing off the major, it jumped to one side. The terror of the horse was communicated to the soldiers. "Lie down!" cried the adjutant, who himself fell to the ground. Prince Andrey stood in indecision. The grenade, smoking, whirled like a humming-top between him and the prostrate adjutant, on the edge of the ploughed field and the meadow, near a wormwood plant.

"Is this death?" thought Prince Andrey, looking with an entirely new, envious glance at the grass, the wormwood, and the streak of smoke, which was whirling from the rotating black ball. "I cannot, I do not want to die! I love life, I love this grass, this earth, this air —" He was thinking all this and at the same time was conscious of being watched.

"Shame, Mr. Officer!" he said to the adjutant. "What—" He did not finish. At one and the same moment there was heard an explosion and the jangle of the splinters, as though from a broken window-pane, and there was spread the stifling odour of smoke, and Prince Andréy darted sidewise and, raising up his hands, fell down on his breast.

Several officers ran up to him. From the right side of his abdomen a large spot of blood had trickled into the grass. The militiamen were called with the stretchers, and they stopped back of the officers. Prince Andréy was lying on his breast, his face reaching down to the grass. He breathed stertorously.

"What are you standing for? Walk up!"

The peasants came up and took him by his shoulders and legs, but he groaned pitifully, and the peasants exchanged glances and again set him down.

"Take him up and put him on the stretcher all the same!" somebody exclaimed. He was again taken up by the shoulders and placed on the stretcher.

"O God, my God! What is this? The abdomen! This is the end! O Lord!" voices were heard among the officers. "It whizzed by me within a hair's breadth," said the adjutant.

The peasants, having fixed the stretcher on their shoulders, hurried off over a path which they had tramped down, toward the ambulance.

"Keep step! Oh, you country louts!" shouted an officer, stopping the peasants, who were walking with an uneven step and were shaking the stretcher.

"Fall in, Khvédor, oh, Khvédor," said the peasant in front.

"Now this is like it," the hind man said, merrily, having fallen in with the step of the front man.

"Your Serenity, prince!" Timókhin said, in a quivering voice, running up and looking into the stretcher.

Prince Andréy opened his eyes and looked from the stretcher, into which his head had sunk, at him who was speaking, and again closed his eyelids.

The militiamen brought Prince Andréy to the woods, where wagons stood, and where the ambulance was. The latter consisted of three tents with their folds thrown back, standing at the edge of a birch grove. In the birch wood stood horses and wagons. The horses were eating oats out of nose-bags, and the sparrows flew down to them and picked up the spilled kernels. The ravens, scenting blood, flitted from birch to birch, croaking impatiently. Around the tents, occupying more than two desyatínas of space, lay, sat, stood blood-stained men in all kinds of uniforms. About the wounded stood crowds of bearers, with gloomy and attentive faces, and the officers in charge of this place in vain drove them away. The soldiers paid no attention to the officers, but stood leaning against the stretchers and fixedly looked at what was going on before them, as though attempting to comprehend the oppressive meaning of this spectacle. From the tents proceeded loud weeping and pitiful groans. Now and then assistants ran out to fetch water and to point out those that were to be taken in. The wounded, waiting at the tent for their turns, snored, groaned, wept, cried, scolded, and asked for vódka. Some were delirious. Prince Andréy, as a commander of a regiment, the stretcher-bearers, stepping over the unattended patients, carried up close to one of the tents, where they stopped, waiting for further orders. Prince Andréy opened his eyes and for a long time could not understand what was going on around him. The meadow, the wormwood, the ploughed field, the black, whirling ball, and his impassioned outburst of love of life, all that passed through his imagination. Within two paces from him a tall, handsome, black-haired under-officer, with a

bandaged head, was leaning against a bough and, speaking aloud, was attracting everybody's attention. He had been wounded by bullets in his head and one leg. Around him, listening eagerly to what he was saying, gathered a throng of wounded men and of bearers.

"We whacked him so from down there that he threw up everything, and we took their very king," cried the soldier, looking about him with feverishly glistening black eyes. "If at that time the reserves had come up, my friend, their name wouldn't be left, because I am telling you the truth —"

Prince Andréy, like all those who surrounded the story-teller, looked with a beaming glance at him and experienced a consoling sensation. "But what difference does it make now?" he thought. "And what will be there, and what has been here? Why was I so sorry to give up life? There was something in this life which I did not understand and do not understand now."

XXXVII.

ONE of the doctors in a blood-stained apron and with small, blood-stained hands, in one of which, between his little finger and thumb (in order not to soil it), he was holding a cigar, came out of the tent. This doctor raised his head and began to look to one side, but above the wounded soldiers. Evidently he wanted to rest a little. Having turned his head to the right and left for awhile, he sighed and lowered his eyes.

"Immediately," he replied to the words of the assistant, who was pointing to Prince Andréy. Then he ordered the assistant to carry him into the tent.

A murmur rose in the throng of the wounded men who were waiting.

"Apparently gentlemen will live by themselves even in the hereafter," muttered one.

Prince Andréy was carried in and placed on a freshly cleared table, from which an assistant was rinsing something. Prince Andréy could not make out in detail what there was in the tent. The pitiful groans on all sides, and the tormenting pain in his thigh, his abdomen, and his spine diverted his attention. Everything he saw about him blended for him in one general impression of naked, blood-stained human flesh, which, it seemed, filled the whole low tent, just as a few weeks before, on that warm August day, the same flesh had filled the dirty pond on the Smolénsk highway. Yes, it was the same flesh, the same *chair à canon*, the sight of which even

then, as though predicting the occurrences of this day, had filled him with horror.

In the tent there were three tables. Two of them were occupied; on the third Prince Andréy was placed. For some time he was left alone, and he involuntarily saw what was taking place on the other two tables. On the nearest table sat a Tartar, evidently a Cossack, to judge from the uniform, which was thrown down near by. Four soldiers were holding him. A doctor in spectacles was cutting at something in his cinnamon-coloured, muscular back.

"Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!" the Tartar grunted, and suddenly, raising up his swarthy, bony, snub-nosed face, and displaying his white teeth, began to tug, pull away, and whine with a penetrating, drawn-out whimpering. At the other table, about which a large number of men were crowding, a patient, a plump man with his head thrown back, was lying on his spine (the curly hair, its colour, and the form of the head seemed strangely familiar to Prince Andréy). Several assistants lay down on his breast and held him down. His white, large, full leg kept jerking incessantly, rapidly, and frequently, with feverish trepidation. This man was sobbing convulsively and choking from tears. Two doctors — one of them was pale and trembling — silently were doing something to the other, red leg of this man. Having attended to the Tartar, over whom an overcoat was thrown, the doctor, in spectacles, wiping off his hands, walked over to Prince Andréy.

He looked at Prince Andréy's countenance and hurriedly turned his face away.

"Undress him! Why are you so slow?" he shouted angrily at his assistants.

Prince Andréy recalled his first, most distant childhood, when a doctor's assistant with hurrying, bare arms unbuttoned his coat and took it off. The doctor bent low over the wound, felt it, and drew a deep sigh. Then he made

a sign to somebody. The tormenting pain in his abdomen made Prince Andréy lose consciousness. When he awoke, the shattered bones of his thigh had been removed, chunks of flesh had been cut off, and his wound was dressed. Water was being sprinkled on his face. When Prince Andréy opened his eyes, the doctor leaned over him, silently kissed him on his lips, and hurriedly walked away.

After this terrible suffering, Prince Andréy felt a blissful sensation such as he had not experienced for a long time: all the best and happiest moments of his life, especially his most remote childhood, when they used to undress him and put him in a crib, when the nurse used to put him to sleep with songs, when, burying his head in the pillows, he felt happy in the mere consciousness of life, — presented themselves to his imagination, not as the past, but as reality.

The doctors were stirring about the wounded man, the contours of whose features seemed familiar to Prince Andréy: he was raised up, and they tried to quiet him. "Show me — Oh, oh, oh! Oh! Oh, oh, oh, oh!" was heard his terrified groaning, which succumbed to the suffering, interrupted now and then by sobs. Hearing this groan, Prince Andréy wanted to weep. Whether it was that he was dying without glory, or because he hated to part with life, or because of those irretrievable recollections of childhood, or because he was suffering, because others were suffering, and that man so pitifully groaned in his presence, — he felt like weeping childish, kindly, almost joyful tears.

The wounded man was shown an amputated leg in a boot, with clotted blood. "Oh! Oh, oh, oh!" he sobbed like a woman. The doctor, who was standing in front of the wounded man, shielded his face and walked away.

"My God! What is this? Why is he here?" Prince Andréy said to himself.

In the unfortunate, sobbing, feeble man, whose leg had just been amputated, he recognized Anatól Kurágin. Anatól was being held in the arms of attendants, and was offered a glass of water, the rim of which he was not able to hold with his quivering, swollen lips. Anatól was sobbing aloud. "Yes, it is he; this man is somehow closely and painfully connected with me," thought Prince Andréy, still failing to grasp clearly what was before him. "In what consists the connection of that man with my childhood, with my life?" he asked himself, without finding an answer. Suddenly a new, unexpected recollection from the pure world of childhood and love presented itself to Prince Andréy. He recalled Natásha as he had seen her the first time in the year 1810, at the ball, with her thin neck and arms, with her timorous and happy face, which was ready for outbursts of enthusiasm, and love and tenderness for her awoke in his soul more vividly and more strongly than ever. He now recalled the connection which existed between him and that man, who, through the tears that filled his swollen eyes, looked dimly at him. Prince Andréy recalled everything, and an ecstatic pity and love for this man filled his happy heart.

Prince Andréy was unable to restrain himself any longer and wept tender tears of love over other people and over himself, over their errors and over his own.

"Compassion, love of our brothers, love of those who love us and who hate us, love of our enemies, — yes, the love which God himself preached upon earth, which Princess Márya told me of, and which I did not understand, — that is the reason why I hated to part from life, that is what is left for me, if I were to live. But now it is too late. I know it!"

XXXVIII.

THE terrible sight of the battle-field covered with corpses and wounded, in conjunction with his cold and with the news of the death or mutilation of twenty of the officers he knew well, and with the consciousness of the impotence of his once powerful arm, produced an unexpected impression on Napoleon, who otherwise was fond of looking at the dead and killed, in order to put his firmness to the test (as he thought). On that day the terrible sight of the battle-field vanquished that firmness in which he supposed that his merit and his grandeur lay. He hurried away from the field of battle and returned to the mound of Shevardinó. Sallow, puffed up, heavy, with bleared eyes, red nose, and hoarse voice, he sat in his folding-chair, instinctively listening to the sounds of the firing, and keeping his eyes in a drooping position. He was waiting in morbid anguish for the end of that action, of which he regarded himself as a participant, but which he was unable to stop. His personal human feeling for a short moment triumphed over that artificial apparition of life, which he had been serving for such a long time. He transferred to himself those sufferings and that death, which he had seen on the field of battle. The ponderousness of his head and the oppressive feeling in his breast reminded him of the possibility of suffering and of death for himself. During that moment he did not wish for Moscow, nor for victory, nor for glory (what other glory did he want?). The one thing he wanted now was rest, calm, and freedom. But when he had been on the

height of Seménovskoe, the commander of the artillery had asked him to plant several additional guns on these heights, in order to strengthen the fire on the Russian troops crowding before Knyázkovo. Napoleon had consented, and had given orders to have reported to him the effect which these batteries produced.

An adjutant arrived to say that by the emperor's order two hundred pieces of ordnance were directed against the Russians, but that the Russians still stood their ground.

"Our fire tears out whole rows of them, but they still stand," said the adjutant.

"*Ils en veulent encore*," said Napoleon, in a hoarse voice.

"*Sire?*" asked the adjutant, who had not made out his words.

"*Ils en veulent encore*," Napoleon, frowning, repeated in rasping voice, "*donnez-leur-en!*"

Even without his command they did that which he wished, and he gave the order only because he thought that an order was expected from him. And again he transferred himself to his former artificial world of apparitions of some kind of grandeur, and again (like a horse which walks on a tread-wheel, imagining that it is doing something for itself) he began submissively to carry out that cruel, sad, and painful inhuman rôle, which was destined for him.

And not only for this one hour and day was obscured the conscience of him who more than all the other participants in this affair bore the burden of all that was taking place; never, to the end of his life, could he understand the good, the beauty, the truth, the meaning of his acts, which were too much opposed to the good and the true, too far removed from everything humane for him to have been able to understand their meaning. He could not renounce his acts, which were praised up by half the world, and so he had to renounce truth and goodness and everything humane.

Not on that day alone, when he was riding over the battle-field, which was covered with dead and mutilated people (as he thought, by his own will), did he, looking at these men, figure out how many Russians there were to each Frenchman, and, deceiving himself, find cause to rejoice because to each Frenchman there were five Russians. Not on that day alone did he write in a letter to Paris that "*le champ de bataille a été superbe,*" because there were fifty thousand corpses upon it; but even on the island of St. Helena, in the quiet of his solitude, where, he said, he intended to devote his leisure to the exposition of the great things he had done, he wrote:

"The Russian war was to have been the most popular of modern times: it was a war of good sense and true interests, a war of repose and security for all; it was purely pacific and conservative.

"It was for the great cause, the end of hazards and the beginning of security. A new horizon, new labours would have been opened, full of weal and prosperity for all. The European system was already established; it was only a question of organizing it.

"Satisfied on these great points and completely at rest on all sides, I, too, should have had my *Congress* and my *Holy Alliance.* These are ideas that have been stolen from me. In this union of the great sovereigns we should have treated our interests as a domestic matter, and should have accounted to the nations, as a clerk to his master.

"Europe in this manner would really have become soon one nation, and each individual, no matter where he travelled, would always have been in a common country. I should have demanded that all rivers be made navigable to all, that the sea be made common, and that the large permanent armies be reduced from then on to the single guard of the sovereigns.

"Upon my return to France, in the bosom of my great,

strong, magnificent, tranquil, glorious country, I should have proclaimed its immutable limits; every future war purely *defensive;* every new aggrandisement *anti-national.* I should have associated my son with the empire; my *dictatorship* would have been finished, and its constitutional reign would have begun.

"Paris would have been the capital of the world, and the French the envy of the nations!

"My leisure and my old days would have been consecrated, in company with the empress, and during the royal apprenticeship of my son, to visiting slowly, like a real country couple, with our own horses, all the corners of the empire, receiving complaints, redressing wrongs, and sowing everywhere and on all sides knowledge and benefactions."

Napoleon, who had been destined by Providence for the sad, involuntary rôle of an executioner of the nations, assured himself that the aim of his deeds was the good of the nations, and that he could have guided the fates of millions and could have bestowed benefactions by means of power!

"Of the four hundred thousand men who crossed the Vistula," he wrote further on about the Russian war, "one-half were Austrians, Prussians, Saxons, Poles, Bavarians, Würtembergians, Mecklenburgians, Spaniards, Italians, Neapolitans. The imperial army, properly speaking, was fully one-third composed of Dutch, Belgians, inhabitants of the banks of the Rhine, Piedmontese, Swiss, Genoans, Tuscans, Romans, inhabitants of the thirty-second military division, of Bremen, Hamburg, etc.; it counted scarcely 140,000 men who spoke French. The expedition into Russia cost France itself less than fifty thousand men; the Russian army, in its retreat from Vílna to Moscow, lost in the different battles four times as many as the French army; the conflagration of Moscow cost the lives of one hundred thousand Russians, who

died in the woods of cold and discomfort; finally, in its march from Moscow to the Oder, the Russian army also was affected by the inclemency of the season: upon arriving at Vílna, it counted only fifty thousand men, and at Kálisz less than eighteen thousand men."

He imagined that the war with Russia took place by his will, and the terror of what had taken place did not strike his soul. He boldly assumed the whole responsibility of the incident, and his obscured mind saw some measure of excuse in the fact that among the hundreds of thousands of men who perished, there were fewer Frenchmen than Hessians and Bavarians.

XXXIX.

SEVERAL tens of thousands of men lay dead in all kinds of positions and uniforms in the fields and meadows, which belonged to Messrs. Davýdov and to Crown peasants, in the fields and meadows, on which the peasants of the villages of Borodinó, Górki, Shevardinó, and Seménovskoe for hundreds of years had reaped their harvests and pastured their cattle together. At the ambulance the grass and earth was, for the space of a desyatína, saturated with blood. Crowds of wounded and unharmed men belonging to various commands, with frightened faces, on one side sauntered back to Mozháysk, and on the other to Valúevo. Other crowds, exhausted and hungry, led by commanders, walked ahead. Others again stood in their places and continued shooting.

Over the whole field, which before had been so cheerful and beautiful, with its gleaming bayonets and its smoke in the morning sun, now hovered a mist of dampness and smoke, and a strange acid odour of saltpetre and blood was borne across it. The clouds gathered, and a light rain began to sprinkle on the dead, the wounded, the frightened, the exhausted, and the doubting men. It seemed to say: "Enough, enough, men! Stop! Come to your senses! What are you doing?"

The men on either side, exhausted by lack of food and rest, began to have their misgivings about the righteousness of destroying each other, and in all the faces could be seen wavering, and in each soul there rose the same question:

"For what purpose, for whom shall I kill and be killed? Kill whom you please, do what you wish, but I will not do it any longer!" This thought ripened toward evening in the soul of each. At any moment these men might become frightened at what they were doing, and throw everything away and run.

And though, toward the end of the battle, the men felt the whole enormity of their deed, although they would gladly have stopped, a certain incomprehensible, mysterious force kept guiding them, and the perspiring, powder-stained, and gory artillerists, — only one in every three being left now, — tripping over things and gasping from fatigue, brought the charges, loaded, aimed, applied the linstock; and the balls flew just as swiftly and just as cruelly from both sides, and crushed human bodies, and there went on that terrible work which is done not by the will of men, but by the will of Him who guides men and worlds.

Any one who could have seen the disorganized rear of the Russian army would have said that the French would have to make only one more small effort, and the Russian army would disappear; and he who could have looked at the French would have said that the Russians would only have to make one more small effort, and the French would perish. But neither the French nor the Russians made this small effort, and the flame of the battle slowly burnt out.

The Russians did not make this effort because they were not attacking the French. In the beginning of the battle they only stood on the road to Moscow, barring it, and they continued to stand there at the end of the battle, as they had at its beginning. But even if the aim of the Russians had consisted in defeating the French, they could not have made this last effort because all the troops of the Russians were broken, and there was not a single part of the army which had not suffered in the battle,

and the Russians, remaining in their places, had lost *one-half* of their army.

The French, with the memory of all their former victories during the period of fifteen years, with their conviction of the invincibleness of Napoleon, with their consciousness of having gained possession of a part of the battle-field, of having lost only one-fourth of their men, and of having still an untouched Guard of twenty thousand men, could easily have made that effort. Some historians say that all Napoleon needed to have done was to have given up his untouched old Guard in order to have won the battle. To speak of what might have been if Napoleon had given up his Guard, is the same as if one were to talk of what would happen if autumn were changed to spring. It could not have been. Napoleon did not give up the Guard, not because he did not want to do so, but because he could not do so. All the generals, officers, and soldiers of the French army knew that this could not be done, because the fallen spirit of the army did not permit it.

It was not merely Napoleon who experienced that feeling which resembled a dream, when the terrible swing of the arm falls powerlessly, but all the generals, all the soldiers of the French army who took part, or who did not take part, after all the experiences of former battles (when the enemy ran after efforts only a tenth as great), experienced the same feeling of terror in the presence of an enemy who, having lost one-half of his army, was standing as threatening at the end as in the beginning of the battle. The moral strength of the attacking French army was exhausted. Not the victory which is determined by the captured pieces of stuffs on poles, called flags, and by the space in which the troops have been standing, but the moral victory, which convinces the adversary of the superiority of the enemy and of his own impotence, had been obtained by the Russians at Boro-

dinó. The French invasion, like an infuriated animal which in his leap has received a mortal wound, felt its ruin; but it could not stop, just as the Russian army, which was only half as strong, could not swerve. With the impulse already given, the French army might still roll on as far as Moscow; but there, without any new efforts on the part of the Russian army, it had to perish, from the loss of blood from the mortal wound which it had received at Borodinó. The direct outcome of the battle of Borodinó was the aimless flight of Napoleon from Moscow, the return along the old Smolénsk road, the destruction of the invading army of five hundred thousand men, and the ruin of Napoleonic France, upon which the hand of the stronger-spirited adversary was for the first time placed at Borodinó.

PART THE ELEVENTH

I.

FOR the human mind the absolute perpetuity of motion is incomprehensible. The laws of any motion become intelligible to man only when he considers units of this motion taken arbitrarily. At the same time, from this arbitrary division of uninterrupted motion into interrupted units rises the greater part of human aberrations.

There is a well-known sophism of the ancients that Achilles can never catch up with a turtle ahead of him, despite the fact that Achilles walks ten times as fast as the turtle: the moment Achilles will have walked the distance which separates him from the turtle, the turtle will have advanced one-tenth of that space; Achilles will walk this tenth, when the turtle will walk one-hundreth, and so forth, *ad infinitum*. This problem appeared insoluble to the ancients. The absurdity of the solution (that Achilles can never catch up with the turtle) arose from the fact that they arbitrarily admitted interrupted units of motion, whereas the motion of both Achilles and the turtle went on uninterruptedly.

By assuming increasingly minute units of motion, we only approach the solution of the question, but never reach it. Only by introducing an infinitely small quantity and its ascending progression up to one-tenth, and by taking the sum of this geometric progression, do we arrive at a solution of the problem. A new branch of mathematics, having attained the art of treating infinitely small

quantities, now gives answers, in other, more complicated questions of motion, which formerly seemed to be insoluble.

This new branch of mathematics, which was unknown to the ancients, by introducing into the discussion of questions of motion infinitely small quantities, that is, such that by means of them the chief condition of motion (absolute perpetuity) is reëstablished, corrects that inevitable error which the human mind cannot help making, when it considers separate units of motion instead of the uninterrupted motion itself.

Precisely the same thing takes place in the search for the laws of historical motion.

The motion of humanity, arising in an endless quantity of human wills, goes on in an uninterrupted succession. The discovery of the laws of this motion is the aim of history. But, in order to grasp the laws of the uninterrupted motion of the sum of all the wills of men, the human mind introduces arbitrary, interrupted units. The first method of history consists in taking an arbitrary series of uninterrupted events and examining it separately from the rest, whereas there is not, and there cannot be, the beginning of any event, but one event uninterruptedly flows from a preceding one. A second method is to consider the actions of one man, a king, a general, as the sum of the wills of men, whereas the sum of human wills is never expressed in the activity of one historical person.

Historical science in its motion assumes ever smaller and smaller units for its consideration, and in this way strives to approach the truth. But, however small these units which history introduces, we feel that the admission of a unit, separated from others, the admission of the *beginning* of any phenomenon, and the admission that the wills of all men are expressed in the actions of one historical person, are in themselves false.

Every historical deduction, without the least effort on

the part of criticism, falls to pieces like dust, without leaving anything behind, simply because criticism selects for its object of observation a more or less interrupted unit, which it always has a right to do, because the historical unit taken is always arbitrary.

Only by introducing the infinitely small unit for observation — the differential of history, that is, the homogeneous tendencies of men — and by acquiring the art of integrating (of taking the sums of the infinitesimals), can we hope to grasp the laws of history.

The first fifteen years of the nineteenth century in Europe represent an unusual motion of millions of people. Men leave their customary occupations, tend from one end of Europe to another, pillage, kill each other, triumph, and despair, and the whole course of life is changed for a number of years and shows an intensified motion, which at first keeps growing, and then falls off. What is the cause of this motion, or by what laws did it take place? is what the human mind asks itself.

The historians, in reply to this question, expound to us the acts and speeches of a few dozen men, in one of the buildings of Paris, giving these acts and speeches the name of Revolution; then they give a detailed biography of Napoleon and of a few sympathetic persons and a few hostile ones connected with him, tell us of the influence exerted by some of these persons on the others, and say: "This is what has caused the motion, and these are its laws!"

But the human mind refuses to believe this explanation; it says straight out that the method of explanation is not correct, because under it the weaker phenomenon is assumed as the cause of the stronger. The sum of human wills made both the Revolution and Napoleon, and only the sum of these wills suffered and annihilated them.

"But every time that there were conquests, there were

conquerors; every time that there were revolutions in a country, there were great men," says history. Indeed, every time that conquerors made their appearance, there were wars, replies human reason, but that does not prove that the conquerors were the cause of wars, or that it should be possible to find the laws of war in the personal activity of one man. Every time I look at my watch and see the hand approaching ten, I hear them commence ringing the bells in the neighbouring church; but from the fact that the bells are rung every time when the hand of the watch approaches ten o'clock, I have no right to conclude that the position of the hand is the cause of the movement of the bells.

Every time I see the motion of a locomotive, I hear the sound of a whistle and see the opening of a throttle and the motion of the wheels; but from this I have no right to conclude that the whistle and the motion of the wheels are the causes of the movement of the locomotive.

The peasants say that a cold wind blows in a late spring, because the oak buds are unfolding, and, indeed, a cold wind does blow every spring when the oak begins to unfold its buds. But, although the cause of the cold wind which blows at the unfolding of the oak-tree is unknown to me, I cannot agree with the peasants that the unfolding of the oak buds is the cause of the cold wind, simply because the force of the wind lies outside the influence of the buds. I only see the coincidence of those conditions which are to be found in every vital phenomenon, and I see that, no matter how carefully I may look at the watch hand, the throttle and the wheels of the locomotive, and the buds of the oak-tree, I shall not find out the cause of the ringing, of the motion of the locomotive, and of the vernal wind. In order to learn these, I must completely shift my point of observation and learn the laws of the motion of the steam, the bell, and the

wind. History must do the same, — and attempts in this direction have already been made.

For the study of the laws of history, we must completely change the subject of observation, leave alone kings, ministers, and generals, and study the homogeneous, infinitely small elements, by which masses are guided. Nobody can say how much it is in the power of man on this path to attain the comprehension of the laws of history; but it is evident that upon this path only lies the possibility of grasping the historical laws, and that on this path human reason has not expended even one-millionth part of those efforts which have been lavished by the historians on the description of the acts of various kings, generals, and ministers, and on the exposition of their reflections in reference to these acts.

II.

THE hosts of twelve tongues of Europe have invaded Russia. The Russian army and population retreat, avoiding conflicts before Smolénsk, and from Smolénsk to Borodinó. The French army with a continually increasing force of impulsion bears toward Moscow, the aim of its motion. The force of its impulsion, upon approaching the goal, keeps increasing, like the accelerated motion of a falling body, in measure as it approaches the ground. Behind are thousands of versts of a hungry, hostile country; in front, tens of versts separating it from its goal. This is felt by every soldier of Napoleon's army, and the invasion proceeds by itself, by the mere force of impulsion.

In the Russian army, the spirit of infuriation against the enemy flames more and more, in measure as it recedes: as the army retreats, the fury grows more concentrated and more intense. At Borodinó the conflict takes place. Neither the one army nor the other disintegrates, but the Russian army, immediately after the conflict, retreats with the same fatality with which a ball rebounds when it strikes another, which bears upon it with greater impulse; and with the same fatality (though losing all its power in the shock) the impelled ball of the invasion still rolls on for a short distance.

The Russians retreat 120 versts beyond Moscow, while the French reach the city and stop there. For five weeks after this there is not a single battle. The Frenchmen do not move. Like a mortally wounded

beast, which, exhausted from loss of blood, licks its wound, they remain in Moscow for five weeks, without undertaking anything, and suddenly without any apparent reason run back again: they throw themselves on the Kalúga road and (after a victory, for the battle-field was again left to them at Málo-Yaroslávets), without giving any serious battle, run faster still, back to Smolénsk, beyond Smolénsk, beyond Vílna, beyond the Berézina, and farther still.

On the evening of August 26th, Kutúzov and the whole Russian army were convinced that the battle of Borodinó was won. Kutúzov so wrote the emperor. Kutúzov gave orders to get ready for a new battle, in order to finish up the enemy, not because he wanted to deceive any one, but because he knew that the enemy was vanquished, just as every person who had taken part in the battle knew it.

But, on that same evening and on the following day, there began to come in, one after another, bits of news about unheard-of losses, about the loss of half the army, and a new battle became a physical impossibility.

It was out of the question to give battle so long as all information was not yet in, the wounded not removed, the projectiles not supplied, the dead not counted, new commanders not appointed in place of those killed, and the men not yet fed and rested. And yet, immediately after the battle, on the following morning, the French army (by force of that impulsion which was now increased in an inverse ratio to the square of the distance) of its own accord advanced against the Russian army. Kutúzov wanted to attack on the following day, and so did the whole army. But, in order to attack, it is not enough to wish to do so, — a possibility of doing was needed, and this possibility did not exist. They could not help retreating one day's distance; later it was just as impossible to keep from retreating for a second and third day's stop, and, at length, on September 1st, when the army

approached Moscow, the force of circumstances demanded, in spite of the strong sentiment in the ranks of the army, that the troops should recede beyond Moscow. And the troops retreated one more day's march, and surrendered Moscow to the enemy.

For people who are in the habit of thinking that the plans of wars and battles are made by generals in the same way that each of us, sitting in his cabinet over a map, makes his combinations about what his disposition would have been in such and such a battle, there arise the questions why Kutúzov in retreating had not done so or so, why he had not taken up a position before Fíli, why he did not at once turn on the Kalúga road, abandoning Moscow, and so forth. People who are in the habit of judging in this manner forget, or do not know, those inevitable conditions under which the activity of any commander-in-chief always takes place. The activity of the general has not the slightest resemblance to the one which we imagine, sitting comfortably in our cabinet, looking up a campaign on the map, with a given number of men on either side and in a given locality, and beginning our considerations from a given moment. The commander-in-chief never is in those conditions of the *beginning* of any event, under which we contemplate it. The commander-in-chief is always in the middle of a moving series of events, and in such a way that never, at any minute, is he able to reflect on the whole significance of what is taking place. The event imperceptibly, moment after moment, carves itself into significance, and at every moment of this consecutive, uninterrupted carving of the event the commander-in-chief is at the centre of a most complicated game of intrigues, cares, subordination, arbitrary power, projects, counsels, threats, and deceits, and is constantly obliged to answer a multitude of questions, which are propounded to him, and which always contradict each other.

The learned military writers tell us in a most serious

manner that Kutúzov ought to have moved his troops on the Kalúga road long before Fíli, and that some one had even proposed such a plan. But, before a commander-in-chief, especially at a difficult moment, there are ever, not one, but dozens of projects at the same time. And each of these projects, based on strategy and tactics, contradicts all the others. It would seem, then, that the business of the commander-in-chief consisted in selecting one of these projects. However, he can't do this, either. Events and time do not wait.

Let us say that on August 28th he is advised to cross over to the Kalúga road. Just then there comes galloping up an adjutant from Milorádovich, asking whether they should engage the French at once, or whether they should retreat. He must give an order at once, that very minute; but the order to retreat blocks our way to the Kalúga road. Immediately after the adjutant, the chief of the commissariat wants to know whither to take the provisions, and the chief of the hospital whither to take the wounded; and a courier brings a letter from St. Petersburg, from the emperor, which leaves no possibility of abandoning Moscow, and the rival of the commander-in-chief, the one who is undermining him (there are always several such on hand), proposes a new project, which is diametrically opposed to the plan of passing over to the Kalúga road; and the strength of the commander-in-chief himself demands sleep and rest; and an esteemed general, who has been overlooked in the distribution of rewards, comes to enter a complaint; and the inhabitants implore his protection; and an officer sent out to survey the locality comes back and reports precisely the opposite of what the previously despatched officer has reported; and a spy, a captive, and a general, who has made a reconnaissance, — all describe differently the position of the hostile army.

People, who are in the habit of not understanding, or

of forgetting these necessary conditions of the activity of every commander-in-chief, represent to us, for example, the position of the troops at Fíli, and assume that on September 1st the commander-in-chief was quite at liberty to decide the question about abandoning or defending Moscow, whereas, with the position of the Russian army within five miles of Moscow, this question could not have existed. When was this question decided? At the Drissa, at Smolénsk, and, most palpably, on the 24th at Shevardinó, and on the 26th at Borodinó, and on every day, and hour, and minute of the retreat from Borodinó to Fíli.

III.

When Ermólov, who had been sent by Kutúzov to examine positions, told the field-marshal that it was impossible to fight at the walls of Moscow, Kutúzov looked at him in silence.

"Let me have your hand," he said, and, turning it so as to feel his pulse, he said, "You are not well, my dear. Think what you are saying."

Kutúzov was still unable to understand that it was possible to retreat beyond Moscow, without giving battle.

At the Poklónnaya Hill, within six versts of the Dorogomílov barrier, Kutúzov got out of his carriage and sat down on a bench at the edge of the road. An immense throng of generals was gathered about him. Count Rostopchín, who had arrived from Moscow, joined them. All this brilliant assembly, breaking up into several coteries, discussed the advantages and disadvantages of the position, the condition of the troops, the proposed plans, the state of Moscow, in general military affairs. All felt that, although they had not been summoned for the purpose, and although it had not been called so, this was a military council. The conversations were all held in the sphere of general questions. If one or another imparted personal news, he did so in a whisper and immediately went over to the general questions: no jests, no laughter, not even smiles could be seen among all these men. All evidently tried to keep themselves up to the level of the situation. All the groups, conversing among themselves, endeavoured to be in the neighbourhood of the commander-in-chief

(whose bench formed the centre of the groups), and they spoke in such a way that he could hear them.

Kutúzov listened and occasionally asked them to repeat what they had said, but did not himself take part in the conversation, and expressed no opinion. Generally, after listening to the talk of one of the groups, he turned away from it with an expression of disappointment, as though they were telling something different from what he wanted to know. Some spoke of the chosen position, criticizing not so much the position itself as the mental capacity of those who had selected it. Others proved that the blunder had been made before and that they ought to have accepted battle two days before. The third group talked of the battle of Salamanca, about which a Frenchman by the name of Crossart, wearing a Spanish uniform, who had just arrived, had informed them. (This Frenchman was analyzing with one of the German princes serving in the Russian army the siege of Saragossa, foreseeing a possibility of defending Moscow in a similar manner.) In the fourth group, Count Rostopchín said that he was prepared with his Moscow retinue to perish under the walls of the capital, but that, nevertheless, he was sorry that he had been left in such ignorance, and that if he had known it before, it would have been different. Others, exhibiting the depth of their strategical combinations, spoke of the direction which the troops would have to take. Others again spoke more nonsense.

Kutúzov's face became more and more careworn and sad. From all of these conversations Kutúzov saw this much: the defence of Moscow was a *physical impossibility* in the full sense of these words, that is, it was so impossible that, if some senseless commander gave the command for a battle, there would ensue a confusion, but no battle would be given, because the higher chiefs not only regarded the position as impossible, but in their conversations restricted themselves to the discussion of what

would happen after the unquestionable abandonment of this position. How could the commanders lead their troops to a battle-field which they regarded as impossible? The lower ranks, even the soldiers (who, too, reflect), also considered the position untenable, and so could not advance to fight with the certainty of defeat. If Bénigsen still insisted on the defence of this position, and others discussed it, the question no longer had any meaning in itself, but was used only as a pretext for dissensions and intrigues. Kutúzov saw that.

Having chosen a position, Bénigsen, with a display of his Russian patriotism (which Kutúzov could not hear without frowning), insisted on the defence of Moscow. Bénigsen's purpose was as clear as daylight to Kutúzov. It was, in case of the failure of the defence, to throw the blame on Kutúzov, who had led the troops as far as the Sparrow Hills without giving battle, and in case of success, to ascribe it to himself; but in case of refusal, to clear himself of the accusation of the criminality of abandoning Moscow. But this question of the intrigue did not now occupy the old man. He was interested in only one terrible question. And to this he did not hear any one giving him an answer. The question for him now was: "Is it possible it is I who have allowed Napoleon to get as far as Moscow, and when did I do it? When was this decided? Was it yesterday, when I sent Plátov the order to retreat, or night before last, when I fell asleep and commanded Bénigsen to give the orders? Or even before that? When, when was this terrible business decided? Moscow has to be abandoned. The troops must retreat, and this order has to be given." It seemed to him that giving this terrible order was the same as abandoning the command of the army. He not only loved power and was used to it (the honour shown to Prince Prozorófski, under whom he had served in Turkey, irritated him), but he was also convinced that he was

destined to save Russia, and that, therefore, he had been chosen commander-in-chief in accordance with the wish of the nation, though against the will of the emperor. He was convinced that he was the only one who could hold himself at the head of the army under these hard conditions, that he was the only one in the whole world who could without terror have invincible Napoleon for his adversary; and he was horrified at the thought of the command which he would have to give. Something had to be decided upon; it was necessary to cut short these talks all about him, for they were beginning to assume too loose a character.

He called up the senior generals.

"*Ma tête, fut-elle bonne ou mauvaise, n'a qu'à s'aider d'elle même,*" he said, rising from the bench.

He drove to Fíli, where his carriages stood.

IV.

In the spacious, best hut of peasant Andréy Savostyánov a council met at two o'clock. The men, the women, and the children of the large peasant family crowded in the "black" hut, across the vestibule. Only Andréy's grandchild, Malásha, a girl of six years, to whom his Most Serene Highness had given a piece of sugar, while fondling her, and drinking tea, remained in the large room on the oven. Malásha timidly and joyfully looked down from the oven on the faces, uniforms, and decorations of the generals, as they entered, one after another, and seated themselves in the "fair" corner, on broad benches, beneath the images. "Grandfather," himself, as Malásha said to herself about Kutúzov, was sitting a distance apart from them, in the dark corner beyond the oven. He was settled deeply in a folding-chair and kept grunting and adjusting the collar of his coat, which choked him, although it was unbuttoned. Those who entered one after another walked over to the field-marshal. He pressed the hands of some, and nodded his head to others. Adjutant Kaysárov was on the point of drawing aside the curtain opposite Kutúzov, but Kutúzov gave him an angry wave of his hand, and Kaysárov understood that his Most Serene Highness did not want his face to be seen.

Around the peasant's pine table, on which lay maps, plans, pencils, paper, there were gathered such a mass of people that the servants brought another bench, which they placed near the table. On this bench sat down

Ermólov, Kaysárov, and Toll. Under the very images, occupying the first seat, sat Barclay de Tolly, with the cross of St. George about his neck, with a pale, sickly face, and with a high brow which merged into the baldness of his head. He had been suffering from an ague for two days, and even now felt a chill and a breaking in his bones. Beside him sat Uvárov, who, speaking in a subdued voice (in which all spoke), was communicating something to Barclay, making rapid gestures all the time. Small, plump Dókhturov, raising his brows and crossing his hands over his stomach, was listening to what he was saying. On the other side sat, leaning his broad, bold-featured head with its sparkling eyes on his hand, Count Osterman-Tolstóy, who seemed to be absorbed in his thoughts. Raévski, with an expression of impatience and with a habitual gesture curling his hair over his brow, looked all the time at Kutúzov, or at the entrance door. Konovnítsyn's firm, handsome, and kindly countenance beamed with a tender and sly smile. He met Malásha's glance and made signs to her with his eyes, which made the girl smile.

All were waiting for Bénigsen, who was finishing his savoury dinner under the pretext of a new examination of the position. They waited for him from four to six o'clock, and all this time did not proceed to the deliberation, but in soft voices carried on private conversations.

Only when Bénigsen entered the room, Kutúzov moved out of his corner and up to the table, but in such a way that his face was not lighted up by the candles that had just been brought in.

Bénigsen opened the council with the question whether the holy and ancient capital of Russia was to be abandoned or defended. There ensued a protracted general silence. All the faces looked grim, and in the silence could be heard Kutúzov's angry grunt and cough. All the eyes were directed upon him. Malásha, too, was look-

ing at the "grandfather." She was nearest to him and saw his face frown, as though he were getting ready to weep. But this lasted only a moment.

"*The holy and ancient capital of Russia!*" he suddenly said, in an angry voice repeating Bénigsen's words, thus indicating their false note. "Permit me to tell you, your Serenity, that this question has no meaning for a Russian." (He lurched forward with his heavy body.) "Such a question cannot be put, and such a question has no meaning. The question for which I have asked these gentlemen to assemble is of a military character. It is this: 'The salvation of Russia is in its army. Is it more advantageous to risk the loss of the army and of Moscow by accepting battle, or to give up Moscow without a battle?' It is on this question that I wish to know your opinion." He once more settled himself against the back of the chair.

The debates began. Bénigsen did not yet regard his game as lost. Admitting the opinion of Barclay and of others about the impossibility of accepting a defensive battle at Fíli, he, permeated by Russian patriotism and love of Moscow, proposed to transfer the troops in the night from the right to the left flank and to strike on the following morning against the right wing of the French. Opinions were divided: there were debates for and against this opinion. Ermólov, Dókhturov, and Raévski agreed with Bénigsen's opinion. Whether they were guided by the feeling of the necessity for sacrifices before abandoning the capital, or by personal considerations, these generals did not seem to understand that the council of war could not change the inevitable course of events, and that Moscow was practically already abandoned. The other generals understood this, and so, leaving alone the question about Moscow, spoke of the direction which the army was to take in its retreat. Malásha, who, without taking her eyes off, was watching the proceedings, understood

the meaning of this council in quite a different manner. It seemed to her that it was only a personal conflict between the "grandfather" and "the long-skirted fellow," as she called Bénigsen. She saw that they were angry whenever they spoke to each other, and in her heart she took "grandfather's" side. In the middle of the conversation she noticed a swift, cunning glance, which the "grandfather" cast upon Bénigsen, and then she observed, to her joy, that "grandfather" said something to the "long-skirted fellow," which settled him: Bénigsen suddenly blushed and angrily paced the room. The words which had such an effect on Bénigsen were Kutúzov's calmly and quietly expressed opinion about the advantage and disadvantage of Bénigsen's proposition in regard to transferring the troops in the night from the right to the left flank for the purpose of attacking the French right wing.

"Gentlemen," said Kutúzov, "I cannot assent to the count's plan. The transposition of troops in the proximity of the enemy is always perilous, and military history confirms this consideration. Thus, for example —" Kutúzov seemed to meditate, trying to find an example, and, casting a clear, naïve glance at Bénigsen. "Take the battle of Friedland, which, I am sure, the count remembers well: it was not quite successful just because our troops were transferred in too close proximity to the enemy —"

There followed a moment's silence, which seemed dreadfully protracted to every one. The debates were resumed; but there ensued many interruptions, and it was felt that there was nothing else to talk about.

During one of these interruptions Kutúzov heaved a deep sigh, as though getting ready to speak. All looked around at him.

"*Eh bien, messieurs! Je vois que c'est moi qui payerai les pots cassés,*" he said. And rising slowly, he went up

to the table. "Gentlemen, I have heard your opinions. Some of you will not agree with me; but I," he stopped, "by dint of the power entrusted to me by my emperor and by my country, command a retreat."

After this, the generals began to depart with the same solemn and taciturn caution with which people leave after a funeral.

A few of the generals communicated something to the commander-in-chief in a subdued voice and a different diapason from the one in which they had spoken in the council.

Malásha, who had for a long time been expected at supper, cautiously slipped down from the oven beds, catching with her bare feet in the projections of the oven, and, getting lost among the legs of the generals, bolted through the door.

Having dismissed the generals, Kutúzov sat for a long time leaning against the table and thinking all the time the one terrible question: "When, when was it that it was at last decided that Moscow was lost? When did that take place which decided the question, and who is to blame for it?"

"This, this I did not expect," he said to Adjutant Schneider, who came in to see him late at night. "I did not expect this! I did not think of it!"

"You need rest, your Serenity," said Schneider.

"Indeed, no! They will eat horse-flesh yet, like the Turks," without replying, shouted Kutúzov, striking the table with his plump fist. "They will if only —"

V.

In contrast to Kutúzov, and in a contemporary event, which was of even greater importance than the retreat of the army without a fight, namely, in the abandonment of Moscow and its conflagration, Rostopchín, who is represented as the instigator of this event, acted quite differently.

This event — the desertion of Moscow and its conflagration — was as inevitable as the retreat of the army without a fight from Moscow, after the battle of Borodinó.

Every Russian might have predicted this, not on the ground of ratiocinations, but on the ground of that feeling which is within us and has been in our fathers.

Beginning with Smolénsk, in all the cities and villages of the Russian land, took place, without the aid of Count Rostopchín and his broadsides, that which happened in Moscow. The people, careless, waited for the enemy, and did not riot, nor become agitated; they did not tear anybody to pieces, but calmly awaited their fate, feeling that at the most difficult moment they would find the proper strength for doing what was necessary. And the moment the enemy approached, the wealthier elements of the population went away, leaving their property behind them; the poorer ones remained, and they burnt and destroyed what was left.

The consciousness that it would be so, and always must be so, had always existed in the mind of a Russian. And this consciousness, and, moreover, the presentiment that Moscow would be taken, was present in the Moscow

society of the year 1812. Those who began to leave Moscow in July and the beginning of August, showed that they expected it. Those who departed with what they could take along, abandoning their houses and half their estates, acted so by force of that latent patriotism, which finds its expression not in phrases, not in the murder of their children in order to save the country, nor in other unnatural acts, but which expresses itself imperceptibly, simply, organically, and therefore always produces the most powerful results.

"It is disgraceful to run away from danger; only cowards are running away from Moscow," they were told. Rostopchín impressed on them by his broadsides that it was a disgrace to flee from Moscow. They felt ashamed to receive the appellation of cowards; they felt ashamed to leave; but they left all the same, knowing that it had to be done. Why did they depart? It cannot be assumed that Rostopchín frightened them with the terrors produced by Napoleon in the conquered provinces. The first to leave were the rich and cultured people, who knew full well that Vienna and Berlin had remained intact, and that there, during Napoleon's occupation, the inhabitants had passed the time pleasantly with the charming Frenchmen, whom the Russians, especially the ladies, liked so much.

They went away because there could be no question for the Russians whether the domination of the French would be good or bad for Moscow. It was impossible to remain under the domination of the French: that was worse than anything. They had been leaving previous to the battle of Borodinó, and faster still after it, paying no attention to the appeals for the defence, in spite of the proclamation of the commander-in-chief of Moscow that he intended to take up the miracle-working image of the Íver Church and to go out fighting the enemy, in spite of the balloons which were to destroy the French, and in

spite of all the nonsense which Rostopchín wrote in his broadsides. They knew that the army had to fight, and that if the army was unable to prevail, they, with their ladies and servants, could not go to the Three Hills to fight Napoleon, and that it was necessary to depart, however painful it was to abandon their property to ruin. They went, and they did not think of the grand meaning of this immense, rich capital, which was abandoned by the inhabitants and was practically doomed to conflagration (it is not in the spirit of the Russian nation to leave houses empty, without destroying and burning them); they went away, each for himself; but, at the same time, only because they departed did that grand event take place, which for ever will remain the glory of the Russian people. That lady, who as early as June took her negroes and jesters away from Moscow to the Government of Sarátov, with the dim consciousness that she would not be a servant to Napoleon, and with the fear lest she be stopped by command of Count Rostopchín, did simply and truly the work which saved Russia.

But Count Rostopchín, who now put to shame those who departed; now transported the government offices; now distributed worthless weapons to the drunken rabble; now raised images; now prohibited Avgustín from taking away the relics and icons; now seized all the private teams which were to be found in Moscow; now moved Leppich's balloon in 136 teams; now intimated that he would burn Moscow; now told how he had burnt his own house and wrote a proclamation to the French, solemnly upbraiding them for having destroyed his Home for Children; now claimed for himself the glory of having burnt Moscow, now denied it, and now reproached the people for it; now sent all the French out of Moscow, but left in the city Madame Aubert-Chalmé, who formed the centre of all the French population of Moscow, and without cause ordered the venerable director of posts,

Klyucharév, seized and sent into exile; now assembled all the people upon the Three Hills, in order to fight the French; now, to get rid of these people, surrendered a man to them to be killed, while he himself left by a back gate; now said that he would not outlive the calamity of Moscow; now wrote in albums French verses about his part in the matter,[1] — this man did not understand the meaning of what was going on, and only wanted to do something himself, to surprise somebody, to do an act of patriotic heroism, and like a boy played with the grand and inevitable event of the abandonment and conflagration of Moscow, and tried with his small hand now to encourage and now to arrest the current of the tremendous popular torrent, which carried him along.

[1] *Je suis né Tartare. Je voulus être Romain. Les Français m'appelèrent barbare. Les Russes — Georges Dandin.*

VI.

Upon her return with the court from Vílna to St. Petersburg, Hélène was in an embarrassing condition. In St. Petersburg, Hélène enjoyed the special protection of a dignitary who occupied one of the highest offices in the country. In Vílna she had been intimate with a young foreign prince. Upon arriving at St. Petersburg, the prince and the dignitary were both there, and both claimed their rights, so that a problem in Hélène's career presented itself to her: to preserve the intimacy with both, without offending either.

What would have appeared difficult and even impossible for any other woman did not give the least concern to Countess Bezúkhi, who evidently did not in vain enjoy the reputation of a very clever woman. If she had tried to conceal her acts, to disentangle herself from the awkward position by cunning, she would have spoiled the whole business, and would have admitted her guilt; but Hélène, on the contrary, like a truly great man, who can do everything he wishes, immediately put herself in the position of righteousness, in which she believed sincerely, and put everybody else in a position of guilt.

When the young stranger permitted himself, for the first time, to reproach her, she raised her beautiful head proudly and, turning half-way around to him, said, in a firm voice:

"Voilà l'égoïsme et la cruauté des hommes! Je ne m'attendais pas à autre chose. La femme se sacrifie pour vous; elle souffre, et voilà la récompense! Quel droit avez-vous, monseigneur, de me demander compte de mes

amitiés, de mes affections? C'est un homme qui a été plus qu'un père pour moi."

The personage wanted to say something. Hélène interrupted him:

"*Eh bien, oui,*" she said, "*peut-être qu'il a pour moi d'autres sentiments que ceux d'un père, mais ce n'est pas une raison pour que je lui ferme ma porte. Je ne suis pas un homme pour être ingrate. Sachez, monseigneur, pour tout ce qui a rapport à mes sentiments intimes, je ne rends compte qu'à Dieu et à ma conscience,*" she concluded, touching her beautiful, swelling bosom with her hand, and looking up to heaven.

"*Mais écoutez-moi au nom de Dieu.*"

"*Epousez-moi, et je serai votre esclave.*"

"*Mais c'est impossible.*"

"*Vous ne daignez pas descendre jusqu' à moi, vous —*" Hélène said, weeping.

The high personage began to console her; but Hélène said through her tears (as though forgetting herself) that nothing could prevent her marrying him, that there were such examples (there were not many examples then, but she named Napoleon and other high personages), that she had never been the wife of her husband, and that she had been sacrificed to him.

"But the laws, religion —" said the prince, beginning to submit.

"The laws, religion — What were they invented for, if they could not accomplish this?" said Hélène.

The prince was surprised that such a simple thought had never occurred to him, and turned for advice to the holy brothers of the Society of Jesus, with whom he stood in close relations.

A few days later, at one of those charming fêtes which Hélène gave at her summer residence on Stone Island, she was introduced to a no longer youthful man, with snow-white hair and black, sparkling eyes, M. de Jobert,

"*un Jésuite à robe courte,*" who, in the light of the illumination and to the sound of music, for a long time talked with her in the garden of the love of God, of Christ, of the heart of the Holy Virgin, and of the consolation afforded in this life and in the life to come by the only, true Catholic religion. Hélène was touched, and several times tears stood in her eyes and in those of M. de Jobert, and their voices trembled. A dance, to which a gentleman came to take Hélène away, broke up the conversation with her future "*directeur de conscience;*" but on the following day M. de Jobert came by himself to see her in the evening, and after that called on her frequently.

One day he took the countess to a Catholic church, where she knelt before an altar, to which she had been led. A middle-aged, charming Frenchman put his hands upon her head, and, as she later told herself, she felt something like the wafting of a fresh breeze which descended upon her soul. She was told that this was "*la grâce.*"

Then they brought up an abbot "*à robe longue,*" and he confessed her and absolved her sins. On the next day a box was brought to her, containing the Host, and this was left at her house for her use. After a few days, Hélène, to her joy, found out that she had now entered the true Catholic Church, and that the Pope would learn about her in a few days, and would send her a certain document.

Everything which was now going on around her, all this attention which was directed toward her by a few clever men, and which found its expression in such agreeable, refined forms, and the dove-like purity in which she now was (all that time she wore white dresses with white ribbons), — all this afforded her pleasure; but in her pleasure she did not for a moment forget her aim. And, as it always happens that in matters of cunning a stupid

man gets the better of those who are more intelligent, she, seeing that the purpose of all these words and this trouble was chiefly to turn her to Catholicism and take money from her for the benefit of Jesuitic institutions (at which they hinted to her), before giving the money, insisted that all those operations be performed on her which would free her from her husband. To her comprehension the meaning of all religion was to preserve certain proprieties in the gratification of human wants. And for this purpose she, in one of her conversations with the confessor, demanded a definite answer to the question as to how far her marriage bound her.

They were sitting in the drawing-room at a window. It was twilight. Flowers sent their odours through the window. Hélène wore a white dress, which was transparent across the breast and shoulders. The abbot, a well-fed man with a chubby, closely shaven chin, pleasing, firm mouth, and white hands, which were humbly folded on his knees, sat close to Hélène, and with a delicate smile on his lips now and then looked at her face with a glance of humble rapture at her beauty, and expounded to her his view on the question which so interested her. Hélène, smiling restlessly, looked at his flowing hair and smoothly shaven, dark-tinted, full cheeks, and waited for a new turn in the conversation at any moment. But the abbot, though apparently enjoying the beauty of his interlocutrice, was carried away by the mastery of his work.

The course of the reasoning of the director of conscience was as follows:

"Ignorant of the significance of that which you undertook, you made a vow of nuptial fidelity to a man, who, on his side, by entering into matrimony and believing in the religious significance of marriage, has committed a profanation. This marriage has not had the twofold meaning which it ought to have. Yet, in spite of it, your vow binds you. You have swerved from it. What

have you committed by this? *Péché véniel*, or *péché mortel?* — *Péché véniel*, because you have committed the deed without any evil thought. If now you should again enter wedlock for the purpose of having children, your sin may be forgiven. But the question again falls under two heads: first — "

"But I think," Hélène, wearied, suddenly said, with her charming smile, "that, after entering into the true faith, I cannot be bound by what the false religion has imposed upon me."

The *directeur de conscience* was amazed at the simple manner in which this Columbus's egg was stood up before him. He was delighted at the unexpected rapidity of the progress which his pupil was making, but he could not abandon his ingenious structure of arguments, which he had built up with so much labour.

"*Entendons-nous, comtesse*," he said, with a smile, and began to refute the reflections of his spiritual daughter.

VII.

HÉLÈNE understood that the matter was very simple and easy from the spiritual point of view, and that her guides made difficulties only because they were afraid of how the temporal power would look upon it.

Consequently Hélène decided that this affair ought to be prepared for in society. She provoked the jealousy of the old dignitary and told him the same that she had told the first suitor, that is, she put the question in such a way that the only means for him to assert his right to her lay in marrying her. The old dignitary was the first moment as much staggered by this proposition of marrying, while her husband was alive, as the youthful personage had been; but he was affected by Hélène's imperturbable conviction that this was as simple and natural as the marriage of a young girl. If there had been noticed the slightest signs of wavering, shame, or concealment in Hélène herself, the affair would certainly have been lost; but there were not only no signs of concealment and shame, but, on the contrary, she told her intimate friends (this means all of St. Petersburg) with much simplicity and good-natured naïveté that the prince and the dignitary had both proposed to her, and that she loved them both and was afraid of offending them.

The rumour was soon spread in St. Petersburg, not that Hélène wanted to be divorced from her husband (if this rumour had been spread, many would have risen against such an illegal intention), but simply that unhappy, interesting Hélène was in doubt which of the two to marry.

The question no longer was to what extent this was possible, but only which match was more advantageous, and how the court would look upon it. There were, indeed, a few narrow-minded people who could not rise to the height of this question, and who saw in this scheme a profanation of the sacrament of marriage; but there were only a few of this class, and they were silent, while the majority were interested in questions about the luck that had befallen Hélène, and about which choice would be the better. They did not speak about whether it was right or wrong to marry while the husband was living, because this question had apparently been "settled by people who are more clever than you or I" (as they said), and to doubt the correctness of the solution was tantamount to risking the betrayal of one's ignorance and lack of *savoir faire*.

Márya Dmítrievna Akhrosímov, who came to St. Petersburg that summer to see one of her sons, was the only one who took the liberty of expressing her own opinion, which went counter to that of society. Meeting Hélène at a ball, Márya Dmítrievna stopped her in the middle of the parlour and, amid a general silence, said to her, in her coarse voice: "They have begun here to marry while the husband is still alive. You, no doubt, imagine that you have invented something new. Others are ahead of you, my dear. It is an old story. They do like this in all . . ." And with these words Márya Dmítrievna, rolling up her broad sleeves with her habitual, threatening gesture, and looking sternly about her, walked across the room.

Although people were afraid of Márya Dmítrievna, they looked upon her in St. Petersburg as a jester, and so the coarse word was the only one in her speech that was taken note of, and was repeated in a whisper, assuming that all the salt of the witticism lay in this word alone.

Prince Vasíli, who of late had begun very frequently

to forget what he was saying, and who repeated exactly the same thing a hundred times, said every time he saw his daughter:

"*Hélène, j'ai un mot à vous dire,*" he would say to her, taking her aside and pulling her hand down. "*J'ai eu vent de certains projets relatifs à — vous savez. Eh bien, ma chère enfant, vous savez que mon cœur de père se réjouit de vous savoir — Vous avez tant souffert — Mais, chère enfant — ne consultez que votre cœur. C'est tout ce que je vous dis.*" And, concealing his agitation, which was always the same, he would press his cheek to the cheek of his daughter and would go away. Bilíbin, who had not yet lost his reputation of a very clever man, and who was an unselfish friend of Hélène's, one of those friends whom brilliant women always have, and who never can pass over to the rôle of lovers, — Bilíbin once told his friend Hélène *en petit comité* his view on the whole matter.

"*Ecoutez, Bilibine!*" (Hélène always called such friends as Bilíbin by their family name), — and she touched his dress coat with her white ring-bedecked hand. "*Dites-moi comme vous diriez à une sœur, que dois-je faire? Lequel des deux?*"

Bilíbin knit his brow and fell to musing, with a smile on his lips.

"*Vous ne me prenez pas* unawares, *vous savez,*" he said. "*Comme véritable ami j'ai pensé et repensé à votre affaire. Voyez-vous, si vous épousez le prince,*" he bent down a finger, "*vous perdez pour toujours la chance d'épouser l'autre, et puis vous mécontentez la Cour. (Comme vous savez, il y a une espèce de parenté.) Mais si vous épousez le vieux comte, vous faites le bonheur de ses derniers jours, et puis comme veuve du grand — le prince ne fait plus de mésalliance en vous épousant,*" and Bilíbin smoothed out the wrinkles on his brow.

"*Voilà un véritable ami!*" said beaming Hélène, once more touching Bilíbin's sleeve with her hand. "*Mais c'est*

que j'aime l'un et l'autre, je ne voudrais pas leur faire de chagrin. Je donnerais ma vie pour leur bonheur à tous deux," she said.

Bilíbin shrugged his shoulders, as though to say that even he was unable to assist her in such sorrow.

"*Une maîtresse-femme! Voilà ce qui s'appelle poser carrément la question. Elle voudrait épouser tous les trois à la fois,*" thought Bilíbin. "But tell me, how will your husband look upon this affair?" he said, on account of his well-established reputation not fearing to lower himself by such a naïve question. "Will he consent?"

"*Ah! Il m'aime tant!*" said Hélène, who for some reason thought that Pierre, too, loved her. "*Il fera tout pour moi.*"

Bilíbin wrinkled up his skin, to indicate the coming of a *mot.*

"*Même le divorce,*" he said.

Hélène smiled.

Among the persons who allowed themselves to doubt the legality of the intended marriage, was Hélène's mother, Princess Kurágin. She was constantly tormented by jealousy of her daughter, and now that the subject of jealousy was so near to her heart, she could not make peace with this thought. She consulted a Russian priest as to the possibility of a divorce and of marrying during the life of the husband, and the priest informed her that this was impossible, and to her joy referred her to the Gospel text, where the possibility of remarrying during the lifetime of the husband was directly denied.

Armed with these arguments, which to her seemed unanswerable, the princess went to see her daughter early in the morning, hoping to find her alone at that time of the day.

Having listened to the objections of her mother, Hélène smiled meekly and sarcastically.

"*Ah, maman, ne dites pas de bêtises! Vous ne compre-*

nez rien. Dans ma position j'ai des devoirs," said Hélène, transferring the conversation from the Russian to the French language, the Russian somehow appearing inadequate to represent her case.

"But, my dear — "

"Ah, maman, comment est-ce que vous ne comprenez pas que le Saint Père, qui a le droit de donner des dispenses — "

Just then the lady companion, who was living in Hélène's house, came to report that his Highness was in the parlour and wished to see her.

"Non, dites-lui que je ne veux pas le voir, que je suis furieuse contre lui, parce qu'il m'a manqué parole."

"Comtesse, à tout péché miséricorde," said, entering, a young, light-complexioned man with a long face and nose.

The old princess rose respectfully and curtseyed. The young man paid no attention to her. The princess nodded to her daughter and glided toward the door.

"Yes, she is right," thought the old princess, all of whose convictions melted at the appearance of his Highness. "She is right; but how is it we in our irretrievable youth did not know all this? And yet it was all so simple," she thought, seating herself in the carriage.

In the beginning of August Hélène's affair was clearly defined, and she wrote to her husband (who, she thought, loved her very much) a letter, in which she informed him of her intention of marrying N—— N——, and of the fact that she had adopted the only true religion, and asked him to attend to all those necessary formalities of divorce, of which the bearer of the letter would inform him.

"Sur ce je prie Dieu, mon ami, de vous avoir sous Sa sainte et puissante garde. Votre amie, Hélène."

This letter was brought to Pierre's house just as he was on the field of Borodinó.

VIII.

RUNNING down, for the second time, at the end of the battle of Borodinó, from the Raévski Battery, Pierre with crowds of soldiers rushed down the ravine toward Knyázkovo, passed by the ambulance, and, seeing blood and hearing shouts and groans, hurried on, mingling with the crowds of soldiers.

The one thing Pierre now wished above all others, with all the powers of his soul, was to get away as quickly as possible from those terrible impressions, which he had received that day, to return to the customary conditions of life, and calmly to fall asleep on the bed in his room. Only in the habitual conditions of life, he felt, would he be able to understand himself and all that he had seen and experienced. But these habitual conditions did not exist.

Though the balls and bullets did not whistle here, on the road over which he was riding, on all sides, it was the same as it had been on the field of battle. There were the same suffering, exhausted, and occasionally strangely indifferent faces, the same blood, the same soldier overcoats, the same sounds of the fusilade, though distant, yet still inducing terror; in addition it was sultry and dusty.

After walking about three versts along the Mozháysk highway, Pierre sat down at the side of the road.

Twilight descended upon earth, and the din of the ordnance died away. Leaning on his arm, Pierre lay down and lay so for a long time, looking at the shadows moving past him in the darkness. It seemed to him all the time

that a ball was flying toward him with a terrible whistle; he trembled and raised himself a little. He did not remember how long he had been there. In the middle of the night three soldiers dragged up some twigs near him and, making a fire, settled down beside him. Looking askance at Pierre, the soldiers placed a kettle over the fire, broke some hardtack into it, and put in some lard. The agreeable odour of the fat victuals blended with the odour of the smoke. Pierre raised himself a little and sighed. The soldiers (there were three of them) ate, without paying any attention to Pierre, and carried on a conversation among themselves.

"What kind of a man are you?" one of the soldiers suddenly turned to Pierre, evidently understanding the question in the same manner as Pierre understood it. "If you want to eat, we will give you some, only tell us whether you are an honest man."

"I? I?" said Pierre, feeling the necessity of minimizing as much as possible his social position, in order to get near to the soldiers and be understood by them. "I am in reality an officer of the militia, only my company is not here; when I came to the battle-field I lost it."

"I say!" said one of the soldiers.

Another soldier shook his head.

"Well, will you eat some porridge?" asked the first soldier, handing Pierre a wooden spoon, which he had licked clean.

Pierre sat down near the fire and began to eat the porridge, — the food which was in the kettle, and which seemed to him the most savoury dish he had ever eaten. While he, bending over the kettle and eagerly taking large spoonfuls, munched his food, his face was visible in the light of the fire, and the soldiers looked at him silently.

"Where do you have to go? Tell me!" one of the soldiers asked him.

"I want to go to Mozháysk."

"So you are a gentleman?"

"Yes."

"What is your name?"

"Peter Kirílovich."

"Come, Peter Kirílovich, we will take you there."

The soldiers went with Pierre to Mozháysk through the darkness.

The cocks were already crowing when they reached Mozháysk and began to ascend the steep hill. Pierre walked with the soldiers, entirely forgetful of the fact that his tavern was at the foot of the hill, and that he had passed it long ago. He would not have thought of it (he was in such a state of forgetfulness), if his groom had not stumbled on him half-way up the hill. The groom had gone all over town, trying to find him, and was on his way back to the tavern; he recognized Pierre by his hat which gleamed white through the darkness.

"Your Serenity," he said, "we were despairing of you. Why are you on foot? Whither are you going, if you please?"

"Oh, yes," said Pierre.

The soldiers stopped.

"Well, have you found your people?" asked one of them.

"Good-bye, Peter Kirílovich, I think, it is? Good-bye, Peter Kirílovich!" said the other voices.

"Good-bye," replied Pierre, starting with his groom for the tavern.

"I must give them something!" thought Pierre, putting his hand into his pocket. "No, you must not," said another voice.

In the rooms of the tavern there was no room: every available place was occupied. Pierre went into the yard and, covering up his head, lay down in his carriage.

IX.

PIERRE had barely put his head down on his pillow, when he felt himself falling asleep; but suddenly he heard, almost with the distinctness of reality, the "Boom, boom, boom," of the reports; he heard groans, cries, the plashing of projectiles; he smelled blood and powder, — and a feeling of terror, of the fear of death, took possession of him. He opened his eyes in fright, and raised his head above his overcoat. Everything was quiet outside. Only in the gateway an orderly was walking around, speaking with the tavern-keeper and plashing through the mud. Above Pierre's head, under the dark roof of the shingled penthouse, the doves fluttered at the motion which he made in raising himself. Over the whole yard lay that peaceful, strong odour of the tavern yard, the odour of hay, manure, and tar, which at that moment gave Pierre much pleasure. Between two penthouses could be seen the pure, starry heavens.

"Thank God it isn't like that now!" thought Pierre, again covering up his head. "Oh, how frightful terror is, and how disgracefully I have abandoned myself to it! But they — *they* were firm and calm all the time, to the end — " he thought. "They," in Pierre's mind were the soldiers who had been in the battery, and those who had fed him, and those who had prayed to the image. "They," — those strange people, heretofore unfamiliar to him, *they* stood out clearly and sharply in his mind above all other men.

"To be a soldier, simply a soldier!" thought Pierre, falling asleep. "To enter this common life with all one's being, to become permeated by what makes them such! But how throw off all this superfluous, devilish matter, all the burden of the external man? At one time I could have been a soldier. I could have run away from my father, as I wished to do. I might have been made a common soldier after my duel with Dólokhov." And in Pierre's imagination flashed the dinner at the club, at which he challenged Dólokhov, and the benefactor at Torzhók. And now he thought of the solemn table lodge. The lodge was taking place at the English club. A familiar, near, and dear person was sitting at the end of the table. Yes, it was he! The benefactor. "But he is dead!" thought Pierre. "Yes, he is; but I did not know that he was alive. How sorry I am that he is dead, and how glad that he is again alive!" At one side of the table sat Anatól, Dólokhov, Nesvitskóy, Denísov, and others like them (the category of these men was as clearly defined in his sleep, as the category of those men whom he called "they"), and these men, Anatól, Dólokhov, were shouting and singing; but through their cries could be heard the voice of the benefactor, speaking without cessation, and the sound of these words was as significant and unbroken as the din on the battle-field, but it was pleasant and consoling. Pierre did not understand what the benefactor was saying, but he knew (the category of ideas was so clear in his dream) that the benefactor was speaking about goodness, about the possibility of being what "they" were. And "they" with their simple, kindly, firm faces, surrounded the benefactor on all sides. But although they were good, they did not look at Pierre, did not know him. He tried to rise, but just then his feet grew cold and were bared.

He felt ashamed, and with one hand covered his feet, from which the overcoat had actually slipped down. In

adjusting the overcoat, Pierre for a moment opened his eyes and saw the same penthouses, posts, yard, but now it was all bluish and bright, and covered with the tinsel of the dew or frost.

"Day is breaking," thought Pierre. "But this is a different matter. I must hear the words of the benefactor and understand their meaning." He again covered himself with his overcoat, but there was no longer any table lodge, nor the benefactor. There were only thoughts, clearly expressed in words, — thoughts which some one was uttering, or which Pierre himself was thinking.

Recalling these thoughts later, Pierre was convinced that, although they had really been provoked by the impressions of that day, somebody within him had been telling them to him. It seemed to him that never before on waking had he been able to think and express his thoughts so clearly.

"The most difficult thing is the subordination of human freedom to the laws of God," said the voice. "Simplicity is humility to God; one cannot get away from Him. And *they* are simple. *They* do not speak, but act. An uttered word is silver, an unuttered word is gold. Man cannot possess anything so long as he is afraid of death; and he who is not afraid of it, owns everything. If there were no suffering, man would not know his limitations, would not know himself. The most difficult thing," Pierre continued to think or hear in his sleep, "consists in the ability to connect in one's soul the meaning of everything. To connect everything?" Pierre said to himself. "No, not to connect. It is impossible to connect ideas, but what is necessary is to make all these thoughts *hitch* together, that is what is needed! Yes, they must be hitched, they must be hitched!" Pierre repeated to himself with inward enthusiasm, feeling that these words expressed precisely what he wished to say, and that all the mighty question was thus solved.

"Yes, they must be hitched! It is time to hitch them!"

"It is time to hitch, it is time to hitch, your Serenity!" repeated a voice, — "it is time to hitch up, it is time to hitch up — "

It was the voice of the groom waking Pierre. The sun was beating down on Pierre's face. He looked at the dirty tavern yard, in the middle of which soldiers were letting some lean horses drink at the well, and from which teams were leaving through the gate. Pierre turned away in disgust and, closing his eyes, hurriedly threw himself down on the seat of his carriage. "No, I do not want it, I do not want to see or understand it, — I want only to understand that which was revealed to me during my sleep. What shall I do? Hitch, but how shall I hitch everything?" And Pierre felt, to his terror, that the meaning of what he had seen and thought in his dream was destroyed.

The groom, the coachman, and the tavern-keeper told Pierre that an officer had arrived with the news that the French were moving toward Mozháysk, and that our forces were marching away.

Pierre got up and, having ordered his men to hitch up and overtake him, went on foot through the city.

The troops marched away, leaving about ten thousand wounded. These wounded could be seen in the yards and windows of the houses, and crowded in the streets. In the streets, near the carts which were to take the wounded away, could be heard shouts, curses, and blows. Pierre offered his carriage, when it reached him, to a wounded general whom he knew, and with him drove to Moscow. On his way Pierre learned of the death of his brother-in-law and of the death of Prince Andréy.

X.

On the 30th Pierre returned to Moscow. Almost at the barrier he met an adjutant of Count Rostopchín.

"We have been looking for you everywhere," said the adjutant. "The count wants to see you by all means. He begs you to come to see him at once on some very important business."

Pierre did not go home, but took a cab and drove to the commander-in-chief.

Count Rostopchín had only that morning arrived from his suburban summer residence at Sokólniki. The waiting and reception rooms in the count's house were filled with officials, who had come at his request or to receive orders. Vasílchikov and Plátov had already spoken with the count, and had explained to him that it was impossible to defend Moscow, and that it would be surrendered. Though this news was concealed from the inhabitants, the officials, the chiefs of various departments, knew that Moscow would be in the hands of the enemy, as well as Count Rostopchín knew it; and all of them, to free themselves of the responsibility, came to the commander-in-chief to ask him what to do with the departments in their charge.

Just as Pierre entered the waiting-room, a courier, who had come from the army, was leaving the count. The courier waved his arm in sign of despair in response to the questions with which they turned to him, and passed through the parlour.

Waiting in the reception-room, Pierre with weary eyes

surveyed the different officials in the room, the old and young, the military officers and those of the civil service, the men of importance and those of lesser grade. All seemed to be dissatisfied and restless. Pierre walked over to a group of the officials, among whom there was an acquaintance of his. Exchanging greetings with Pierre, they continued their conversation.

"If we could send it away and then bring it back, there would be no trouble; in this state of affairs one cannot answer for anything."

"This is what he writes," said another, pointing to a printed sheet, which he was holding in his hand.

"That is another matter. That is necessary for the people," said the first.

"What is it?" asked Pierre.

"A new broadside."

Pierre took it into his hand and began to read it:

"His Most Serene Highness has passed Mozháysk, in order to unite as soon as possible with the troops which are going to him, and has taken up a strong place, where the enemy will not go so soon for him. We have forwarded to him from here forty-eight guns with the projectiles, and his Most Serene Highness says that he will defend Moscow with the last drop of his blood, and that he is ready to fight in the streets, if necessary. Brothers, don't bother about the closing up of the government offices: it is necessary to clean up, but we will take the law in our hands against the malefactor! When the time comes, I shall need a lot of brave fellows, both from the city and the country. I will give you a call two days ahead, but now I do not need you, so I am silent. An axe will do; and a spit is not a bad thing; but best of all is a three-pronged fork: a Frenchman is not heavier than a sheaf of rye. To-morrow, after dinner, I will raise the Iver image, and will have it taken to the Catherine Hospital, to the wounded. There we will sanctify

the water: so they will get well soon. I myself am well now; I had a pain in my eye, but now I look sharp with both eyes."

"Military men have told me," said Pierre, "that it is impossible to fight in the city, and that the position — "

"Exactly, that is what we have been saying," remarked the first official.

"What does this mean: 'I had a pain in my eye, and now I look sharp with both eyes'?" asked Pierre.

"The count had a stye," the adjutant said, smiling, "and he was much disturbed when he was told that the people came to find out what the matter was with him. Well, count?" the adjutant suddenly said, turning to Pierre with a smile, "we have heard that you have some domestic troubles, that the countess, your wife — "

"I have not heard anything," Pierre said, with indifference. "What have you heard?"

"You know, they frequently invent stories. I only say what I have heard."

"What did you hear?"

"They say," the adjutant said, again with the same smile, "that your wife, the countess, is getting ready to go abroad. No doubt, it is all nonsense — "

"Maybe," said Pierre, looking absent-mindedly about him. "Who is this?" he asked, pointing to an undersized old man in a clean, blue, long national overcoat, with a long snow-white beard and eyebrows, and a ruddy face.

"That one? It is a merchant, that is, a restaurant-keeper, Vereshchágin. You have, perhaps, heard the story about the proclamation."

"Oh, so this is Vereshchágin!" said Pierre, gazing at the firm and calm expression of the old man's countenance, and trying to discover in it the expression of treason.

"No, not he. This one is the father of him who wrote

the proclamation," said the adjutant. "The young fellow is sitting in the hole, and, no doubt, will fare badly."

An old man with a decoration and an official, a German, with a cross on his neck, joined the speakers.

"You see," said the adjutant, "this proclamation appeared about two months ago. The count was informed of it. He ordered a prosecution. Gavrílo Iványch investigated and found that the proclamation had passed through sixty-three hands. We come to one: 'From whom did you get it?'—'From such a one.' He goes to this one. 'From whom did you get it?' and so forth. Finally we got down to Vereshchágin—a half-educated son of a merchant, you know, one of those dear little merchants," the adjutant said, smiling. "They asked him from whom he had it. The point is, we knew from whom he had it. The only person he could have it from was the director of posts. But evidently they had plotted together. Says he: 'From nobody,—I have composed it myself.' They begged him and threatened him, but he insisted: 'I have composed it myself.' They so reported to the count. The count sent for him. 'From whom did you get the proclamation?'—'I have composed it myself.' Well, you know the count!" the adjutant said, with a proud and merry smile. "He flew up terribly, and, indeed, consider what a piece of impudence, what a lie, what stubbornness!"

"Ah! The count wanted him to point to Klyucharév, I understand!" said Pierre.

"Not at all," the adjutant replied, with an expression of fear. "Klyucharév had other sins to answer for, and has been exiled for them. The point is the count was dreadfully excited. 'How could you have composed it?' says the count. He took from the table this Hamburg gazette. Here it is. 'You have not composed it, but have translated it, and have translated it badly because, you stupid, you do not know French well.' Well, what do

you suppose? 'No,' says he, 'I have read no gazettes, — I have composed it myself.' — 'If so, you are a traitor, and I will have you tried, and you will be hanged. Tell me from whom you got it!' — 'I have seen no gazettes, and have composed it myself.' And so it remained. The count called up his father, but he did not swerve. He was tried and, I think, condemned to hard labour. Now his father has come to intercede for him. But he is a worthless lad! You know, a merchant's son, a fop, a seducer, — he has attended some lectures somewhere, and so he thinks that the devil is no kin to him. A fine fellow is he! His father has a restaurant near Stone Bridge, and in this restaurant there was a large image of God the All-holder, and God was represented with a sceptre in one hand, and a globe in the other; so he took this image home for a few days, and what do you suppose he did? He found a scoundrel of a painter — "

XI.

In the middle of this conversation, Pierre was called in to the commander-in-chief.

Pierre went into the cabinet of Count Rostopchín. Rostopchín, frowning, was rubbing his brow and eyes, when Pierre entered. A low-statured man was talking to him, but as soon as Pierre entered, he grew silent and left.

"Ah, good evening, great warrior," said Rostopchín, the moment that man had gone out. "We have heard of your *prouesses!* But that is a different matter. *Mon cher, entre nous,* are you a Mason?" said Count Rostopchín, in a stern voice, as though there were something bad in this, but he were ready to forgive him.

Pierre was silent.

"*Mon cher, je suis bien informé,* but I know that there are Masons and Masons, and I hope that you do not belong to those who, under the pretext of saving the human race, want to ruin Russia."

"Yes, I am a Mason," replied Pierre.

"Precisely, my dear. I suppose you know that Messrs. Speránski and Magnítski have been despatched where they belong, and that the same has been done with Mr. Klyucharév, and with others, who, under the pretext of building the temple of Solomon, tried to destroy the temple of their country. You will understand that there must be good cause for it, and that I should not have been able to exile the director of posts if he were not a dangerous man. Now, it is known to me that you have sent him your carriage to help him get out of the city,

and also that you have received certain papers from him for safe-keeping. I like you, and wish you no evil, and, as you are half my age, I advise you, as a father, to stop all relations with men of that stamp and yourself to leave the city as soon as possible."

"But wherein does Klyucharév's guilt lie, count?" asked Pierre.

"That is my business, and you have no right to ask me," shouted Rostopchín.

"If he is accused of having spread Napoleon's proclamation, that has not been proved," said Pierre, without looking at Rostopchín, "and Vereshchágin —"

"*Nous y voilà*," interrupting Pierre, Rostopchín suddenly shouted louder than before, knitting his brow. "Vereshchágin is a traitor, who will receive his proper punishment," said Rostopchín, with that maliciousness with which people speak at the thought of an insult. "But I have not called you here to discuss my affairs, but in order to give you a piece of advice, or a command, if you prefer it. I beg you to break off all relations with such gentlemen as Klyucharév, and to leave the city. I will knock the conceit out of the head of any person." And, apparently concluding that he was shouting to Bezúkhi, who had not yet been found guilty of anything, he added, taking Pierre's hand in a friendly manner: "*Nous sommes à la veille d'un désastre publique, et je n'ai pas le temps de dire des gentillesses à tous ceux qui ont affaire à moi.* My head sometimes goes around in a whirl! *Eh bien, mon cher, qu'est-ce que vous faites, vous, personellement!*"

"*Mais rien*," replied Pierre, without raising his eyes, and without changing the expression of his pensive face.

The count frowned.

"*Un conseil d'ami, mon cher. Décampez et au plutôt, c'est tout ce que je vous dis. A bon entendeur salut!* Good-bye, my dear. Oh, yes," he cried to him through

the door, "is it true that the countess has fallen into the paws *des saints pères de la Société de Jésus?*"

Pierre made no reply and left Rostopchín, frowning and angry, as he had never been seen before.

When he reached home, it was getting dark. Eight different men came to see him on that evening. The secretary of the committee, the colonel of his battalion, the superintendent, the majordomo, and all kinds of petitioners. All of them had some business with Pierre, which he had to settle. Pierre comprehended nothing, was not interested in these matters, and gave to all questions only such answers as would free him from these men. Finally, when left alone, he broke the seal of his wife's letter and read it.

"*They* — the soldiers in the battery, Prince Andréy killed — old man — Simplicity is the humility to God. It is necessary to suffer — the meaning of all — it is necessary to hitch — my wife is getting married — it is necessary to forget and comprehend —" and walking over to his bed he threw himself upon it without undressing and immediately fell asleep.

When he awoke on the following morning, the majordomo came and reported that an official of the police had been sent especially from Count Rostopchín, to find out whether Count Bezúkhi had already left, or was on the point of leaving.

About ten people of all kinds, who had business with Pierre, were waiting for him in the drawing-room. Pierre dressed himself hurriedly, and, instead of going in to see the visitors, went out by the back porch and from there walked out of the gate.

From that time up to the end of the destruction of Moscow none of the people of the house saw Pierre, in spite of the most persistent search, nor knew where he was.

XII.

THE Rostóvs remained in the city until September 1st, that is, till the day preceding the one when the enemy entered Moscow.

After Pétya had entered the regiment of Obolénski's Cossacks, and after his departure for Byélaya Tsérkov, terror took possession of the countess. The thought that both her sons were in the army, that they had both left her wing, that any day she might hear of the death of one of them, or of both together, as she had heard about the death of three sons of an acquaintance of hers, — for the first time struck her with cruel distinctness. She tried to get Nikoláy to come to see her, and wanted herself to go to see Pétya and to find some appointment for him at St. Petersburg, but neither could be done. Pétya could not be returned to her except with the regiment, or by being transferred to another regiment in active service. Nikoláy was somewhere in the army, and since his last letter, in which he gave a detailed description of his meeting with Princess Márya, nothing more had been heard from him. The countess did not sleep for nights at a time, and when she did fall asleep she saw her sons killed in her dreams. After many counsels and parleys, the count finally found a means for quieting the countess. He transferred Pétya from Obolénski's regiment to that of Bezúkhi, which was being formed at Moscow. Though Pétya remained in active service, the countess had at least the consolation of seeing one son under her wing, and she hoped to be able so to arrange matters that she would not

have to let him out of her sight, and to find such service for him that he could by no means get into a battle.

So long as Nikoláy had been in danger, it had seemed to the countess (and she repented it for a long time) that she loved her eldest better than the rest of her children; but when her youngest, the mischievous boy, who had not studied well, who was wanton and wore everybody out, that snub-nosed Pétya, with his merry, black eyes and fresh ruddiness, and his barely sprouting down on his cheeks, fell among the grown-up, terrible, cruel men, who, God knew why, were fighting and finding pleasure in it, — it appeared to the mother that it was he whom she loved more, a great deal more, than all her children. The nearer the time approached when Pétya was to return to Moscow, the more did the restlessness of the mother grow. She thought she should never live to see this happiness. The presence not only of Sónya, but even of her beloved Natásha, even of her husband, irritated her. "What do I care for them? I do not want any one but Pétya!" she thought.

During the last days of August the Róstovs received a second letter from Nikoláy. He wrote from the Government of Vorónezh, whither he had been sent for mounts. This letter did not assuage her fears. Knowing one of her sons out of danger, she began to worry even more for Pétya.

Although by the 20th of August nearly all the acquaintances of the Rostóvs had left Moscow, and although all counselled the countess to leave as soon as possible, she did not want to hear anything about going before her treasure, adored Pétya, should have returned. On the 28th he came. The morbidly impassioned tenderness with which his mother met him was not to the liking of the sixteen-year-old officer. Although his mother concealed from him her desire to keep him under her wing, Pétya divined her plans and, fearing instinctively that he

should become too sentimental with his mother, "turn woman" (as he thought to himself), he treated her coldly, avoided her, and, during his stay at Moscow, remained exclusively in Natásha's company, toward whom he had always felt a special, almost impassioned, fraternal affection.

With the usual carelessness of the count, on the 28th of August hardly anything was ready for the departure, and the teams from the Ryazán and Moscow villages, to take all the property away from the house, did not arrive until the 30th.

From the 28th of August to the 30th all of Moscow was in turmoil and motion. Every day thousands of those who were wounded at the battle of Borodinó were brought in through the Dorogomílov barrier and quartered in Moscow, and thousands of teams with the inhabitants and with property passed through the other barriers. In spite of Rostopchín's broadsides, or independently of them, or on account of them, the most conflicting and extravagant reports were spread in the city. One said that the order had been given not to let any one out of the city, another, on the contrary, reported that all the images in all the churches had been taken away, and that everybody was being sent out by force; one said that there had been another battle after the one at Borodinó, in which the French had been routed; another, on the contrary, said that the Russian army had been annihilated; one told of the Moscow militia, which, headed by the clergy, would go to the Three Hills; another said softly that Avgustín had not been permitted to leave, that traitors had been caught, that the peasants were rioting and robbing those who departed, and so forth. But these were only the subjects of conversations; in reality, those who left and those who remained (though the council at which it was decided to abandon Moscow had not yet met at Fíli) all felt, though they did not express it,

that Moscow would certainly be surrendered, and that it was necessary to get away as quickly as possible and save their property. It was felt that everything would suddenly burst at once and be changed, but by the 1st nothing had changed. As a criminal, who is being led to the execution, knows that he will die in a minute, and yet keeps looking about him and adjusting his tilted cap, so Moscow continued instinctively its customary life, although it knew that the time of ruin was at hand, when all the conventional relations of life, to which they were used to bow, would be broken.

In the course of the three days which preceded the capture of Moscow, the whole family of the Rostóvs had all kinds of troubles to contend with. The head of the family, Count Ilyá Andréevich, kept travelling through the city and collecting all kinds of rumours that were current then, and at home made general, superficial, and hasty arrangements about going away.

The countess looked after the packing of the things, was dissatisfied with everything, ran after Pétya, who kept running away from her, and was jealous of Natásha, in whose company he passed all of his time. Sónya was the only one who attended to the practical side of the affair, — the packing of the things. But Sónya was particularly sad and taciturn during this last period. Nikoláy's letter, in which he mentioned Princess Márya, called forth in her presence the joyful reflections of the countess, that in the meeting of Princess Márya with Nikoláy she saw God's providence. "I was never happy when Bolkónski was Natásha's fiancé, but I always wished that Nikoláy would marry the princess, and I have a presentiment that he will. How nice it would be!"

Sónya felt that it was true, that the only possibility of mending the affairs of the Rostóvs lay in Nikoláy's marriage to a rich girl, and that the princess was a good match. But it was very painful to her. In spite of her

sorrow, or, perhaps, on account of it, she took upon herself all the heavy cares of the packing, and was busy all the time. The count and countess turned to her when they had any orders to give. Pétya and Natásha, on the contrary, not only gave their parents no assistance, but generally managed to get into everybody's way and to annoy them. Nearly all day long could be heard their running about, their cries, and their causeless laughter. They laughed and were happy, not because there was any reason; they simply felt happy and merry, and so anything that happened was for them a cause of joy and laughter. Pétya was happy because, having left the house a boy, he returned (so all told him) a dashing man; he was happy because he was at home, because he was back from Byélaya Tsérkov, where there was no hope of getting into a battle soon, and because he was in Moscow, where they would fight in a few days; but chiefly, because Natásha, with whose mood he always fell in, was happy. Natásha was happy because she had been sad for too long a time, and now nothing reminded her of the cause of her grief, and she was well. She was also happy because there was a man who admired her (the admiration of others was that axle-grease which was absolutely necessary to make her machine move quite freely), and Pétya admired her. But, above all, they were merry because the war was at the gates of Moscow, because there would be a fight near the barrier, because all were going away and fleeing, in general, because something unusual was taking place, and this is always a source of joy to a man, especially a young man.

XIII.

On August 31st, which was Saturday, everything seemed to be turned topsyturvy in the house of the Rostóvs. All the doors were open, all the furniture out of place or taken away, and the mirrors and pictures taken down. Boxes were standing in the rooms, and hay, wrapping-paper, and ropes were scattered about. The peasants and manorial servants, who were taking the things out, walked with heavy steps over the parqueted floors. In the yard were crowded peasant carts, some of them loaded to the top and tied up, others still empty.

The sounds and steps of an immense retinue of servants and of the peasants who had arrived with the teams could be heard in the yard and in the house. The count had driven away in the morning. The countess, whose head was paining her from the worry and noise, lay in the new sofa-room with vinegar bandages on her head. Pétya was not at home (he went to see a companion with whom he intended to leave the militia and pass to the active army). Sónya was in the parlour looking after the packing of the glass and porcelain. Natásha was sitting on the floor in her dismantled room, amid scattered robes, ribbons, and scarfs, and, looking fixedly at the floor, was holding in her hand an old ball-dress, the same (it was now out of style) which she had worn the first time she attended a ball in St. Petersburg.

Natásha felt ashamed that she did nothing, while all in the house were busy, and tried several times to be doing something; but her heart was not in her work, and she

could not do anything, and did not know how to do anything in which she was not interested with her whole soul. She stood by Sónya's side while the porcelain was being put away and wanted to help, but immediately gave it up and went to her room to put away her things. At first it interested her to give her dresses and ribbons away to the maids, but later, when it became necessary to pack away the rest, this seemed tiresome to her.

"Dunyásha, you will put it away for me, my dear, won't you?" And, when Dunyásha said that she was only too glad to do everything, Natásha sat down on the floor, took up her old ball-dress, and fell to musing on something quite different from what ought to have interested her just then. Natásha was roused from her meditation by the talk of the maids in the adjoining room, and by the sounds of their hurried steps from the maids' room to the back porch. Natásha got up and looked out of the window. An immense convoy of wounded had stopped in the street.

The maids, lackeys, housekeeper, nurse, cooks, coachmen, outriders, scullions, stood at the gate, looking at the wounded.

Natásha threw a white handkerchief over her head and, holding it by the corners with both her hands, went out into the street.

The ex-housekeeper, old Mávra Kuzmínishna, separated herself from the crowd which was standing at the gate, and, going up to a cart, over which there was a mat booth, began to speak to a young, pale officer who was lying in it. Natásha moved up a few steps and stopped timidly, still holding down her handkerchief and listening to what the housekeeper was saying.

"So you have no one here in Moscow?" said Mávra Kuzmínishna. "You would be more comfortable in some private house — say in this house. The masters are leaving."

"I do not know whether they will permit," the officer said, in a feeble voice. "There is the chief — ask him," and he pointed to a fat major who was returning down the street along the carts.

Natásha looked with frightened eyes into the face of the wounded officer and immediately walked over to the major.

"May the wounded stop in our house?" she asked.

The major, smiling, put his hand to his visor.

"Whom do you wish, mamzelle?" he said, blinking and smiling.

Natásha calmly repeated her question, and her countenance and whole manner, in spite of her holding the handkerchief at its corners, were so serious that the major stopped smiling and, after reflecting, as though asking himself to what degree that was possible, gave her an affirmative answer.

"Oh, yes, why not! They may," he said.

Natásha slightly bent her head and with rapid steps returned to Mávra Kuzmínishna, who was standing near the officer and speaking with him with compassionate sympathy.

"You may, he said you may!" Natásha said, in a whisper.

The officer in the booth was driven into the yard of the Rostóvs, and dozens of carts with the wounded, being invited by the city dwellers, drove into the yards and in front of the entrances of the houses of Povárskaya Street. Natásha apparently was pleased to have these relations with new men, outside the habitual conditions of life. She tried, with the aid of Mávra Kuzmínishna, to get as many carts as possible to enter their yard.

"We must, however, inform your father," said Mávra Kuzmínishna.

"Never mind! What difference does it make? For this one day we will go to the drawing-room. You may give them all our apartments."

"What do you mean, miss? Even though we send them to the wing, to the male servants' room, to the nurse's room, we must ask permission."

"Well, I will ask it."

Natásha ran into the house and on tiptoe ran through the half-open door of the sofa-room, from which proceeded the odour of vinegar and Hoffmann's drops.

"Are you asleep, mamma?"

"Oh, what a dream!" waking, said the countess, who had just dozed off.

"Mamma, dear," said Natásha, kneeling down before her mother and putting her face close to hers. "I am sorry, forgive me! I shall never do it again. I am sorry I have waked you. Mávra Kuzmínishna has sent me to you. They have brought some wounded officers here. Will you permit it? They have no place to go to; I know you will permit it—" she spoke rapidly, without drawing breath.

"What officers? Whom have they brought? I do not understand a thing," said the countess.

Natásha laughed, and the countess, too, gave a weak smile.

"I knew that you would permit—I will tell her so."

And kissing her mother, Natásha got up and went to the door. In the parlour she met her father, who had returned home with bad news.

"We have stayed here too long," the count said, in involuntary anger. "The club is closed, and the police is leaving."

"Papa, does it make any difference that I invited the wounded to the house?" Natásha asked him.

"Of course not," the count said, absently. "But this is a different matter. I ask you not to busy yourself now with trifles, but to help pack. We must leave, leave tomorrow—" The count gave the same order to the majordomo and to the servants.

Pétya, who returned home to dinner, told his news. He said that the people had been receiving weapons in the Kremlin, that, although it said in Rostopchín's broadside that he would call them two days beforehand, a definite arrangement had already been made for the people to go on the next day to the Three Hills with the weapons, and that a grand battle would be fought there.

The countess glanced with timid terror at the merry, heated face of her son, while he was saying this. She knew that if she said a word about her wish that Pétya should not go to that battle (she knew that he rejoiced at the thought of the impending battle), he would say something about men, about honour, and about his country, — something nonsensical, manlike, stubborn, which could not be gainsaid, and the whole matter would be spoiled. Therefore, hoping to arrange things so that she would leave before that event, and take Pétya with her, as her defender and protector, she said nothing to Pétya, but after dinner called the count, whom she begged with tears in her eyes to take her away at once, that very night, if possible. With her feminine, instinctive cunning of love, she, who heretofore had expressed absolute fearlessness, said that she should die of terror, if they did not leave that very night. She was now, without feigning, afraid of everything.

XIV.

MADAME SCHOSS, who came to see her daughter, increased the countess's fear by telling her what she had seen in the Myasnítskaya Street in a liquor-shop. While returning home along the street, she could not pass on account of a drunken crowd, which was riotous in front of the shop. She took a cab and drove home by a side street; the cab-man told her that the people had been breaking barrels in the shop, having received an order to do so.

After dinner all the homefolk of the Rostóvs took hold of the packing and the preparations for the departure with a transport of haste. The old count suddenly applied himself to work and after dinner kept going from the yard to the house, and back again, shouting senselessly at the hurrying people, and making them work in still greater haste. Pétya looked after the people in the yard. Sónya did not know what to do under the influence of the conflicting commands of the count, and was all confused. The servants scurried, shouting, quarrelling, and clamouring, through the rooms and through the yard. Natásha, with her characteristic enthusiasm, suddenly began to work. At first her participation in the matter of packing was received with incredulity. From her they all expected jokes, and they did not wish to obey her; but she stubbornly and passionately demanded their obedience, grew angry and almost wept because they paid no attention to her, and finally gained their confidence. Her first exploit which cost her enormous efforts and gained the power for

her, was the packing of the carpets. In the count's house there were expensive Gobelins and Persian rugs. When Natásha took a hand in the work, there were two open boxes standing in the parlour: one was filled almost to the top with porcelain, the other with rugs. There was still a lot of porcelain standing on the tables, and still more was being brought in from the storeroom. It was necessary to begin a third box, and the men had gone to fetch one.

"Sónya, wait, we will get everything in as it is," said Natásha.

"Impossible, miss, we have tried it," said the butler.

"No, wait, if you please." And Natásha began to take out the paper-covered dishes and plates from the box.

"The dishes must be put in the carpets," she said.

"But there are enough rugs yet to fill three boxes at the least," said the butler.

"Wait, if you please." And Natásha began to open up bundles. "Not these," she said about the Kíev ware; "but these put in the rugs," she said about the Saxon dishes.

"Leave it alone, Natásha! Please! We will get it packed away," Sónya said to her, reproachfully.

"Oh, miss!" said the majordomo.

But Natásha did not give in. She threw out all the things, and began rapidly to pack them in her own fashion, deciding that it was useless to take along damaged native rugs and superfluous china. After all was taken out, things were put in anew. And, indeed, by throwing out everything cheap, that which it did not pay to take along, all the costly things found place in the two boxes. However, the lid would not go on the carpet box. It was possible to take out a few things, but Natásha was stubborn. She placed things differently, pressed down, made the butler and Pétya, whom she had drawn after her into the work of packing, press down the lid, and herself made desperate efforts.

"Stop now, Natásha!" said Sónya. "I see you are right, but you had better take out the one on top."

"I don't want to," cried Natásha, with one hand holding her straggling hair back from her perspiring face, and with the other pressing down the rugs. "Press, hard, Pétya, press! Vasílich, press!" she cried. The carpets went down snugly, and the lid closed. Natásha, clapping her hands, shrieked for joy, and tears gushed from her eyes. But this lasted only a second. She immediately took up some other work, and all trusted her now, and the count was not angry when he was told that Natásha had changed his order, and the servants came to Natásha to ask whether a team was to be tied with ropes, and whether it was loaded enough. The work proceeded merrily, thanks to Natásha's arrangements: the useless things were left, and the expensive things were put away in the most compact manner possible.

But, no matter how busy all the people were, everything was not packed away by evening. The countess fell asleep, and the count, delaying the departure until the next day, went to bed.

Sónya and Natásha slept, without undressing, in the sofa-room.

During that night another wounded man was taken through Povárskaya Street, and Mávra Kuzmínishna, who happened to stand at the gate, let the vehicle pass into the yard of the Rostóvs. This wounded man, according to Mávra Kuzmínishna's judgment, was a very important personage. He was driven in a carriage which was completely covered by a boot, and the top was down. On the box, with the coachman, sat a venerable old man, a valet. Back of the carriage a doctor and two soldiers drove in another vehicle.

"Please, come to our house! The masters are departing, and the house is all empty," said the old woman, turning to the old servant.

"We hardly hoped to bring him in alive," the valet replied, with a sigh. "We have a house in Moscow, but it is far away, and nobody is living in it."

"I beg you to stop here. Our masters have plenty of everything, if you please," said Mávra Kuzmínishna. "Is he very ill?" she added.

The valet waved his hand.

"We do not hope to get him home alive! I must ask the doctor." And the valet climbed down from the box and went up to the other vehicle.

"All right," said the doctor.

The valet again approached the carriage, looked into it, shook his head, ordered the coachman to drive into the yard, and stopped beside Mávra Kuzmínishna.

"O Lord Jesus Christ!" he muttered.

Mávra Kuzmínishna proposed that the wounded man be taken into the house.

"The masters will say nothing," she said.

It was necessary to avoid ascending stairs, and so the wounded man was taken to the wing and put down in Madame Schoss's former room. This wounded man was Prince Andréy Bolkónski.

XV.

THERE came Moscow's last day. The weather of that autumn day was bright and cheerful. It was a Sunday. As on any other Sunday, the church-bells rang for mass. No one, it seemed, was able to comprehend what it was that awaited Moscow.

The condition of society showed only two indications of the state in which Moscow was: the rabble, that is, the class of the poor, and the prices for things. Factory hands, manorial servants, and peasants, gathering in a large crowd, with which mingled officials, seminarists, gentlefolk, on that day went early in the morning to the Three Hills. After waiting there in vain for Rostopchín and convincing themselves that Moscow would be surrendered, this crowd scattered throughout Moscow, in taverns and restaurants. The prices, too, on that day showed the condition of affairs. The prices for weapons, for gold, for carts and horses, kept increasing, while the price of paper money and city luxuries grew lower and lower, so that in the middle of the day there were cases when expensive wares, such as cloth stuffs, were with difficulty carried away by cabmen, while a peasant horse would sell for five hundred roubles; and furniture, mirrors, bronzes were given away for nothing.

In the staid old house of the Rostóvs the dissolution of the former conditions of life was but feebly expressed. Out of the large retinue of servants only three disappeared during the night; but nothing was stolen, and in view of the changed prices of things, it turned out that the thirty

teams, which had arrived from the villages, represented an enormous fortune, which many people envied the Rostóvs, and for which very large sums were offered them. Not only were large sums offered for the teams, but in the evening and early the next morning of September 1st orderlies and servants were sent by the wounded officers to the house of the Rostóvs, or the wounded men themselves, who were quartered in that house and in the neighbouring houses, dragged themselves up, begging the servants of the Rostóvs to procure teams for them. The majordomo, to whom such requests were made, was, indeed, sorry for the wounded, but he refused to do anything for them, saying that he did not even dare to report to the count about it. No matter how much he pitied the wounded who were to be left behind, it was evident to him that if he gave away one team, there would be no reason why he should not give another, all, — even the carriages. Thirty teams could not save all the wounded, and in the general calamity a person could not help thinking of his own family. Thus the majordomo thought for his master.

On awakening in the morning of September 1st, Count Ilyá Andréevich softly left the sleeping-room, and in his lilac silk morning-gown went out on the porch. The teams stood all tied up in the yard. The carriages were standing at the porch. The majordomo was at the entrance, speaking with an old orderly and a young, pale officer with his arm in a sling. Seeing the count, the majordomo made a significant and stern sign to the orderly and the officer to depart.

"Well, is everything ready, Vasílich?" said the count, rubbing his bald head, and casting a good-natured glance at the officer and the orderly and nodding to them. (The count was fond of new faces.)

"We are ready to hitch up at once, your Serenity!"

"Very well. As soon as the countess wakes up, we

shall leave, with God's aid. What do you wish, gentlemen?" he turned to the officer. "Are you in my house?"

The officer moved up. His pale face suddenly flushed with a bright colour.

"Count, do me the favour — permit me — for God's sake — to take a seat somewhere on your teams. I have nothing here with me — Any cart will do me —"

The officer had not yet finished, when the orderly came with the same request for his master.

"Oh, yes, yes, yes!" the count said, hurriedly. "I am very, very glad. Vasílich, give the order, well, to clear one or two carts, well — what is necessary —" the count said, in indefinite expressions, as though giving some kind of an order.

At the same moment the ardent expression of the officer's gratitude confirmed what he meant to order. The count looked about him: in the yard, at the gate, in the window of the wing, could be seen wounded men and orderlies. They were all watching the count and moving up toward the porch.

"Please to come to the gallery, your Serenity! What will your order be about the pictures there?" asked the majordomo.

The count went with him into the house, repeating his order not to refuse the wounded men who asked to be taken along.

"Oh, well, you can take off a thing or two," he added, in a soft, mysterious voice, as though fearing lest he be heard.

At nine o'clock the countess awoke, and Matréna Timofévna, her former maid, who now served the countess in a capacity of something like chief of gendarmes, came to inform her mistress that Márya Kárlovna was very much offended, and that the misses' summer dresses could not be left behind. To the inquiry of the countess, why Madame Schoss was offended, it turned out that her trunk

had been taken down from a team, and that all the loads were being loosened and goods taken down, to pick up the wounded, whom the count in his goodness ordered to be taken along. The countess sent for her husband.

"What is this, my dear? I hear that the things are being again unloaded."

"You see, *ma chère*, I wanted to tell you — *ma chère* little countess — an officer came to see me, asking me to let the wounded have a few teams. This is mere pelf, but think what it means for them to stay here! Really, in our yard there are some officers, — we invited them ourselves — I thought, *ma chère*, you know, really, now, *ma chère* — let them be taken along — what is the use of hurrying?"

The count said this timidly, as he always spoke when there were money considerations. The countess was used to this tone, which always preceded some business that was ruinous to the interest of the children, such as the building of some gallery or hothouse, or the arrangement of some domestic theatre or music, and she was in the habit of opposing, and regarded it as her duty to oppose, that which was expressed by that timid tone.

She assumed her humble and lachrymose aspect and said to her husband:

"Listen, count! You have carried matters so far that nothing is offered for the house now, and now you want to ruin all the property of our children. You yourself have said that there are one hundred thousand roubles' worth of goods in the house. My dear, I do not agree with you, not at all. Do as you please! There is a government for the wounded. They know what to do. Look, over there, at the Lopúkhins' they took everything away two days ago. That is the way people do. We are the only fools. Pity the children, at least, if you will not pity me."

The count waved his arms and, without saying a word, left the room.

"Papa, what was it about?" Natásha said, having entered her mother's room soon after him.

"Nothing! What is it to you?" the count said, angrily.

"No, I heard it!" said Natásha. "Why does mamma not want it?"

"What is it to you?" shouted the count.

Natásha walked away to the window and became pensive.

"Papa, Berg has come to see us," she said, looking out of the window.

XVI.

Berg, Rostóv's son-in-law, was already a colonel with the decorations of St. Vladímir and Anna on his neck, and still occupied that quiet and pleasant place of assistant chief of staff of the assistant chief of staff of the first division of the second corps.

On the 1st of September he arrived in Moscow from the army. He had nothing to do in Moscow; but he noticed that all in the army asked permission to go to Moscow, and they did something there. He, too, regarded it as necessary to ask for a leave of absence, to attend to domestic and family matters.

Berg drove up to the house of his father-in-law in his neat little carriage, drawn by a pair of well-fed bays, precisely such as a certain prince had. He cast a curious glance at the teams in the yard and, ascending the porch, took out a clean handkerchief and tied a knot in it.

From the antechamber Berg ran with a gliding, impatient step into the drawing-room, embraced the count, kissed Natásha's and Sónya's hands, and hastened to ask about the health of mamma.

"No time to think of health now! Tell us," said the count, "all about the army. Is it retreating, or will there be a battle?"

"Almighty God alone, papa," said Berg, "can decide the fate of our country. The army is burning with the spirit of heroism, and now the leaders have, so to speak, assembled for a consultation. It is not known what will happen. But let me tell you, papa, such a heroic spirit,

such truly antique valour in the Russian troops, which they — it," he corrected himself, "have shown or evinced during this battle of the 26th, — I tell you, there are no words sufficient to describe them — Let me tell you, papa" (he struck his breast, just as he had seen a general, who made the remark, strike his, though Berg's gesture came too late, because the breast had to be struck at the words "Russian army"), "I will tell you frankly that we, the chiefs, not only did not have to drive the soldiers, or anything like it, but had great difficulty in restraining these, these — yes, these valorous antique exploits," he said, hurriedly. "General Barclay de Tolly everywhere risked his life in front of the army, — let me tell you. Our corps was placed on the slope of a hill. You may imagine!" And here Berg told everything he could remember from the various accounts he had heard about the battle. Natásha, looking fixedly at Berg, which embarrassed him, seemed in his face to look for the solution of a certain question.

"The heroism which the Russian warriors have evinced cannot be imagined and properly appreciated!" said Berg, looking at Natásha and, with the intention of appeasing her, smiling at her in response to her stubborn look. "Russia is not in Moscow, but in the hearts of her sons! Am I right, papa?" said Berg.

Just then the countess came out of the sofa-room, with a weary, dissatisfied look. Berg sprang up, kissed the hand of the countess, inquired about her health, and, expressing his sympathy with a shake of his head, stopped beside her.

"Yes, mamma, I must tell you frankly, these are hard and sad times for every Russian. But why worry so much? You will have time to get away — "

"I do not understand what the servants are doing," said the countess, turning to her husband. "I have just been told that nothing is ready yet. Somebody ought to

attend to it. And now you will spare Mítenka. There will never be an end of it!"

The count wanted to say something, but evidently restrained himself. He got up from his seat and went toward the door.

Berg took out his handkerchief, as though wishing to clear his nose. Seeing the knot, he meditated awhile, giving a sad and significant shake of the head.

"Papa, I have a great favour to ask of you," he said.

"Hem," said the count, stopping.

"I was just coming past Yusúpov's house," Berg said, smiling. "The manager, an acquaintance of mine, came out and asked me if I would not buy something. I went in, you know, from curiosity, and I saw there a chiffonière and a toilet. You know how Vyéra wanted to have it, and how we discussed the matter." (Berg instinctively passed into a joyful tone at the thought of his fine home, when he began to speak of the chiffonière and toilet.) "Oh, how beautiful it is! It moves out, and has an English secret box, you know. Vyéra has been wanting it so long. I should like so much to surprise her. I saw such a mass of peasants in your yard. Let me have one of them, — I will pay him well, and — "

The count frowned and began to clear his throat.

"Ask the countess. — I am not looking after things."

"If it is troublesome, please, don't," said Berg. "I only wanted it for Vyéra's sake."

"Oh, all of you get away to the devil, to the devil, to the devil, and to the devil!" shouted the old prince. "My head is all in a whirl."

He left the room. The countess burst out weeping.

"Yes, yes, mamma, the times are very trying!" said Berg.

Natásha left with her father and, as though thinking hard of something, first walked behind him, and then ran down-stairs. On the porch stood Pétya, attending to the

arming of the men who were to leave Moscow. The hitched teams were still standing in the yard. Two of them were unloaded and upon one of them was climbing an officer, supported by an orderly.

"Do you know why?" Pétya asked Natásha.

Natásha understood that Pétya was asking why her father and mother had quarrelled. She made no reply.

"Because papa wanted to give all the teams to the wounded," said Pétya. "Vasílich told me so. In my opinion — "

"In my opinion," Natásha suddenly almost screeched, turning her angry face to Pétya, "it is such an abomination, such a baseness, such a — I do not know what. Are we Germans?" Her throat trembled from convulsive sobs, and, fearing to weaken and to let out in vain the whole charge of her anger, she turned around and darted up-stairs.

Berg was sitting near the countess and respectfully consoling her like a relative. The count, with his pipe in his hand, was walking up and down in the room, when Natásha, with a face contorted with anger, broke into the room like a storm, and with rapid gait approached her mother.

"It is an abomination! It is baseness!" she cried. "It cannot be that you should have ordered it."

Berg and the countess looked at her in perplexity and fright. The count stopped at the window, listening to her.

"Mamma, it won't do! Look in the yard!" she cried. "They will be left!"

"What is the matter with you? Who are they? What do you want?"

"The wounded, down there! That will not do, mamma! It is horrid — No, mamma, darling, it is not right, — forgive me if you please, darling — Mamma, what do you care for the things which we will take away.

Just see what there is in the yard — Mamma! — It cannot be!"

The count was standing at the window and, without turning his face around, kept listening to Natásha's words. Suddenly he began to snivel and put his face to the pane.

The countess looked at her daughter, saw her face, which was embarrassed for her mother's sake, saw her agitation, and comprehended why her husband did not look around at her, and cast a confused glance about her.

"Oh, do as you please! I am not keeping anybody from doing what they want!" she said, beginning to surrender.

"Mamma, darling, forgive me!"

But the countess pushed her daughter aside and went up to her husband.

"*Mon cher*, give the proper orders — I know nothing about it," she said, lowering her eyes in shame.

"The eggs — the eggs are teaching the hen — " the count said, through tears of joy. He embraced his wife, who was glad to hide her shamefaced countenance on her husband's bosom.

"Papa! Mamma! May I make the arrangements? May I?" asked Natásha. "We will take the most necessary things along anyway," said Natásha.

The count shook his head in assent, and Natásha ran with the same rapid gait, with which she used to run in the catching game, through the parlour to the antechamber, and down the stairs into the yard.

The servants assembled around Natásha and could not believe the strange order she was giving, until the count himself, in the name of his wife, repeated the order that the teams be all given to the wounded, while the boxes were to be taken to the storeroom. Having grasped the order, the servants cheerfully and busily set about the new work. It now no longer appeared strange to the servants;

on the contrary, they thought it could not be otherwise, just as fifteen minutes before it had appeared quite natural to leave the wounded and take the things along.

All the people of the house, as though to atone for not having done it before, went with a vim at the business of placing the wounded in the carts. The wounded crawled out of their rooms and with joyful, pale faces surrounded the teams. The rumour spread to the neighbouring houses that there were teams there, and wounded people from the other houses began to fill the yard. Many of these begged them not to take down the things, but to allow them to sit on top of the baggage. But the work of unloading could no longer be stopped. It made no difference whether only half or all was to be left. In the yard lay the unloaded boxes with dishes, with bronze, with pictures and mirrors, which had been packed with such great care the night before, and still they found it possible to take this and that off, and turn the teams over to the wounded.

"We can take four more," said the manager. "I give up my cart. Else what shall we do with them?"

"Give them my wardrobe cart," said the countess. "Dunyásha will take a seat with me in the carriage."

The wardrobe cart was given up, and it was sent out to pick up wounded men two houses away. All the home-folk and the servants were lively and animated. Natásha was in a transport, such as she had not experienced for a long time.

"Where shall we tie it up?" said the servants, fixing a box to the narrow backboard of a carriage. "We ought to leave at least one team."

"What is there in it?" asked Natásha.

"The count's books."

"Leave them. Vasílich will look after them. They are not necessary."

The calash was full of people; the question was where to put Pétya.

"He goes on the box. You will go on the box, Pétya, will you not?" cried Natásha.

Sónya was busy all the time herself; but the aim of her cares was contrary to that of Natásha. She put away the things which were to be left, noting them down at the request of the countess, and tried to have as many things as possible taken along with them.

XVII.

At two o'clock the Rostóvs' four carriages stood at the entrance all packed and with the horses harnessed in. The carts with the wounded, one after another, left the yard.

The carriage, in which Prince Andréy was being taken away, passing the porch, attracted the attention of Sónya, who with the aid of a maid was arranging a seat for the countess in her enormous high carriage, which was standing at the entrance.

"Whose vehicle is that?" asked Sónya, looking through the carriage window.

"Did you not know it, miss?" replied the maid. "The prince is wounded: he passed the night here, in our house, and is going with us."

"Who is it? What is his name?"

"Why, our former fiancé, Prince Bolkónski!" the maid said, with a sigh. "They say he is dying."

Sónya jumped out of the carriage and ran away to the countess. The countess, already dressed in travelling costume, with a shawl and hat, was walking wearily in the drawing-room, waiting for the family, in order to sit with them awhile with closed doors and pray before the departure. Natásha was not in the room.

"Mamma," said Sónya, "Prince Andréy is here, mortally wounded. He is travelling with us."

The countess opened her eyes in terror and, taking Sónya's hand, looked around her.

"Natásha?" she muttered.

Both for Sónya and for the countess this news had in the first moment but one meaning. They knew their Natásha, and the fright at what would happen to her when she received this news drowned in them all sympathy for the man, whom both loved.

"Natásha does not yet know; but he is travelling with us," said Sónya.

"You say that he is dying?"

Sónya nodded.

The countess embraced Sónya and burst out weeping.

"The ways of the Lord are inscrutable!" she thought, feeling that, in everything which was taking place now, there was beginning to be shown the hand of the Almighty, which heretofore had been hidden from the view of men.

"Well, mamma, everything is ready. What is the matter?" Natásha asked, with an animated face, as she rushed into the room.

"Nothing," said the countess. "If all is ready we will start." And the countess bent down over her reticule, to conceal her disturbed countenance. Sónya embraced Natásha and kissed her.

Natásha looked inquiringly at her.

"What is the matter with you? What has happened?"

"Nothing —nothing."

"Something very bad for me? What is it?" asked sensitive Natásha.

Sónya drew a sigh and made no reply. Pétya, Madame Schoss, Mávra Kuzmínishna, and Vasílich entered the drawing-room and, closing the door, all seated themselves and sat for a few moments in silence, without looking at each other.

The count was the first to rise. Drawing an audible sigh, he began to make the sign of the cross before the image. All did the same. Then the count began to embrace Mávra Kuzmínishna and Vasílich, who were to

remain in Moscow, and, while they caught his hand and kissed him on the shoulder, he tapped them lightly on their backs, saying indistinctly some kind words of consolation. The countess went into the image-room, and Sónya found her there on her knees before the images which, here and there, were still left hanging on the wall. (The most precious images, with which some family tradition was connected, were going with them.)

On the porch and in the yard, the men who were leaving, with daggers and swords, with which Pétya had armed them, and with their pantaloons tucked into their boots, and tightly girded with straps and belts, were bidding good-bye to those who were going to stay.

As always happens at a departure, much was forgotten and improperly packed. Two Haiduks stood for quite awhile at either side of the open carriage door and steps, ready to help the countess in, while the maids kept running with cushions and bundles from the house to the carriages, and back again.

"They will forget things as long as they live!" said the countess. "You know that I cannot sit this way."

And Dunyásha, clenching her teeth and without replying, with an expression of reproach in her face, rushed into the carriage to fix the seat differently.

"Oh, what people!" said the count, shaking his head.

Old coachman Efím, with whom alone the countess dared to travel, sitting high on his box, did not even look back at what was going on behind him. He knew from his experience of thirty years' standing that some time would pass yet before they would tell him to proceed, "With God's aid!" and that, even when that had been said, he would be stopped twice, and people would be sent back for something that had been forgotten, and that, after that, he would again be stopped and the countess herself would put her head out of the window and would ask him for Christ's sake to drive carefully down slopes. He knew

all that, and so waited for what would happen, much more patiently than his horses (especially the left chestnut horse, Falcon, which was pawing the ground and chewing at the bit). Finally all took their seats; the steps were raised and thrown into the carriage; the door slammed; somebody was sent to fetch a little box; the countess put her head out of the window and said what was expected. Then Efím slowly took off his cap from his head and began to cross himself. The outrider started. The right shaft horse tugged at his collar; the high springs creaked, and the body of the carriage began to move. A lackey jumped on the box, while the vehicle was in motion. The carriage began to jolt as it drove out on the uneven pavement; the same happened to the other vehicles, and the procession started down the street. In the carriages all made the sign of the cross toward a church which was opposite them. The people who were to remain in Moscow walked on both sides of the carriages, to see them off.

It was a long time since Natásha had experienced the joyful sensation she was now experiencing, as she was sitting in the carriage near the countess and looking at the slowly receding walls of agitated Moscow, which they were now abandoning. At times she put her head out of the window and looked both back and ahead at the long procession of the carts with the wounded, which preceded them. Almost in front of all she could see the closed top of Prince Andréy's carriage. She did not know who was in it, and yet, every time she surveyed the caravan, her eyes sought out that carriage. She knew that it was preceding them all.

At Kúdrino were met several caravans resembling the procession of the Rostóv vehicles, and coming from the Nikítskaya, the Pryésen, the Podnovínskoe wards. Down the Sadováya the carriages and teams drove in two rows.

Passing by the Sukhárev tower, Natásha, who was with

curiosity casting rapid glances at the passers-by and at the carriages, suddenly gave a shout of joy and surprise:

"O dear! Mamma, Sónya, see, it is he!"

"Who? Wh\{"

"Look, upon my word, Bezúkhi!" said Natásha, putting her head out of the carriage window and looking at a tall, fat man in the caftan of a coachman, evidently a disguised gentleman, to judge by his face and form, who was walking under the arch of the Sukhárev tower with a sallow, beardless old man in a frieze overcoat.

"Upon my word, Bezúkhi, in a caftan, with an old boy! Upon my word!" said Natásha, "look, look!"

"No, it is not he! How can you say such foolish things?"

"Mamma," cried Natásha, "I will stake my head that it is he. I assure you. Wait, wait," she shouted to the coachman; but the coachman could not stop because from Myeshchánskaya Street came other teams and carriages, and they yelled at the Rostóv caravan to move on and not bar the way.

Indeed, after a distance had been traversed, all the Rostóvs saw Pierre, or a man who remarkably resembled Pierre, in a coachman's caftan, walking down the street with bent head and serious face, by the side of a small, beardless old man, who had the appearance of a lackey. This old man noticed the face which looked out of the carriage at him, and he, respectfully touching Pierre's elbow, said something to him, while pointing to the carriage. It was quite awhile before Pierre made out what he meant, he was so much absorbed in his thoughts. Finally, when he understood him, he looked in the direction pointed out to him and, recognizing Natásha, that very second, submitting to his first impulse, moved rapidly toward the carriage. But, having taken about ten steps, he evidently recalled something and stopped.

Natásha's face, which was thrust out of the window, beamed with a sarcastic kindness.

"Pierre Kirílych, come here! We have recognized you! This is strange!" she cried, extending her hand. "What is this! Why are you dressed this way?"

Pierre took the offered hand and, while walking, kissed it awkwardly, as the carriage continued to move.

"What is this, count?" the countess asked him, in a voice expressive of surprise and compassion.

"What? What? Why? Do not ask me," said Pierre, looking at Natásha, whose beaming glance of joy (he felt this even without gazing at her) embraced him with its charm.

"Are you going to stay in Moscow?"

Pierre was silent for awhile.

"In Moscow?" he said, interrogatively. "Yes, in Moscow. Good-bye!"

"Oh, I wish I were a man! Then I should certainly stay with you! Oh, how good this is!" said Natásha. "Mamma, permit me to stay here!"

Pierre looked absently at Natásha and was on the point of saying something to her, but the countess interrupted him:

"You have been in a battle, we heard."

"Yes, I have," replied Pierre. "To-morrow there will again be a battle—" he began, but Natásha interrupted him:

"But what is this, count? You look like a different man."

"Oh, do not ask me, do not ask me! I do not know anything myself. To-morrow— No, no! Good-bye, good-bye!" he said. "This is a terrible time!" And, falling behind the carriage, he went to the sidewalk.

Natásha kept looking out of the window for a long time, beaming on him a kindly and, at the same time, slightly sarcastic, joyful smile.

XVIII.

SINCE his disappearance from his house, Pierre had passed two days in the empty quarters of the deceased Bazdyéev. It happened like this.

Awakening the next morning after his return to Moscow and his meeting with Rostopchín, Pierre could not for a long time make out where he was and what was wanted of him. When, among the names of other persons, who were waiting for him in the reception-room, he was informed of that of a Frenchman, who had brought a letter from Countess Hélène Vasílevna, he was suddenly overcome by that feeling of confusion and hopelessness to which he was prone to surrender. He suddenly imagined that everything was ended now, that everything was mixed, that there was no righteous and no guilty person, that there was nothing ahead, and that there was no issue from this situation. Smiling an unnatural smile and muttering something, he now sat down on the sofa in a helpless attitude, now rose, walked up to the door, and looked through a chink into the reception-room, now, waving his arms, went back and took up a book. The majordomo came for the second time to report to Pierre that the Frenchman who had brought him a letter from the countess was very anxious to see him if only for a minute, and that the widow of O. A. Bazdyéev asked him to take away the books, as she herself had left for the country.

"Oh, yes, wait! Or no, no, go and tell them that I shall be there soon," Pierre said to the majordomo.

But the moment the majordomo had left, Pierre took

his hat, which was lying on the table, and went out of the cabinet by the back door. There was nobody in the corridor. Pierre passed through the whole length of the corridor up to the staircase and, frowning and rubbing his brow with both hands, walked down to the first landing. The porter was standing at the main entrance. From the landing, to which Pierre had walked down, another staircase led to the back entrance. Pierre took this direction and came out into the yard. But in the street, the coachmen, who were standing with the carriages, and the janitor saw the master, as soon as he passed the gate, and took off their caps before him. Notwithstanding their glances directed upon him, Pierre acted like an ostrich, which hides its head in a bush, in order not to be seen ; he lowered his head and, accelerating his steps, walked down the street.

Of all the work which presented itself to Pierre, on that morning, that of examining the books and papers of Ósip Aleksyéevich seemed the most important to him.

He took the first cab he came across and gave orders to be driven to the Patriarch Ponds, where was the house of Bazdyéev's widow. Looking around all the time at the caravans which on both sides of him were starting away from Moscow, and so arranging his obese body on the rattling old cab as not to slip down, Pierre, experiencing a joyous sensation, like the one experienced by a truant boy, began to converse with the cabman.

The cabman told him that on that day they were distributing weapons at the Kremlin, and that on the following day the people would all be driven out to the Three Hills barrier, where a great battle would take place.

Upon arriving at the Patriarch Ponds, Pierre found Bazdyéev's house, where he had not been for a long time. Gerásim, the same sallow, beardless old man whom Pierre had seen five years before in Torzhók with Ósip Aleksyéevich, came out in response to his tap.

"Is any one at home?" asked Pierre.

"On account of the present state of affairs, Sófya Danílovna has left with her children for the Torzhók village, your Serenity."

"Nevertheless I will go in, — I have to examine the books," said Pierre.

"If you please, come in! The brother of the deceased, — the kingdom of heaven be his! — Makár Aleksyéevich, is staying here, but, as you know, he is feeble," said the old servant.

Makár Aleksyéevich was, as Pierre knew, a half-demented brother of Ósip Aleksyéevich, who drank to excess.

"Yes, yes, I know. Come, let us go in!" said Pierre, entering the house.

A tall, bald-headed old man in a morning-gown, with a red nose, wearing galoshes on his bare feet, was standing in the antechamber; upon noticing Pierre, he angrily muttered something and went into the corridor.

"He used to have a great mind, but now, as you may see, he is enfeebled," said Gerásim. "Would you like to go to the cabinet?" Pierre nodded. "The cabinet has remained in the same condition ever since it was sealed up. Sófya Danílovna left orders to have the books handed over to whomever you should send for them."

Pierre entered the same gloomy cabinet, which he had entered with such trepidation during the lifetime of his benefactor. This cabinet, now dusty and untouched since the demise of Ósip Aleksyéevich, looked gloomier still.

Gerásim opened a shutter and left the room on tiptoe. Pierre made the round of the cabinet, went up to the safe in which lay the manuscripts, and took out that which at one time formed one of the most important relics of the order. Those were the original Scotch acts with notes and explanations by the benefactor. He sat down at the

dusty writing-table and placed the manuscripts before him, opened them, closed them again, and finally, pushing them away from him, leaned his head on his arm and fell to musing.

Gerásim looked cautiously into the cabinet several times, and saw that Pierre was still sitting in the same posture. More than two hours passed. Gerásim permitted himself to make a slight noise at the door, in order to attract Pierre's attention. Pierre did not hear him.

"Do you command me to dismiss the driver?"

"Oh, yes," Pierre said, regaining consciousness, and rising rapidly. "Listen," he said, taking Gerásim by the button of his coat and looking down at the old man with sparkling, moist, ecstatic eyes, "listen! Do you know that there will be a battle to-morrow?"

"I have heard them say so," replied Gerásim.

"I beg you not to tell any one who I am. And do what I tell you —"

"Yes, sir," said Gerásim. "Do you wish to eat?"

"No, but I need something else. I need peasant attire and a pistol," said Pierre, suddenly growing red in the face.

"Yes, sir," Gerásim said, after a moment's hesitation.

The rest of that day Pierre passed alone in the cabinet of his benefactor, restlessly pacing from one corner to another, as Gerásim could hear, and speaking to himself. He slept that night on a bed made for him in the same room.

Gerásim, with the habit of a servant who in his lifetime has seen many queer things, accepted Pierre's migration without surprise, and seemed to be satisfied because he had some one to attend to. That same evening, he without even asking himself what it was for, got a caftan and cap for Pierre, and promised to supply him on the next day with the desired pistol. Makár Aleksyéevich on that evening, plashing with his galoshes, twice went up to the door and stopped, casting an humble look at him;

but the moment Pierre turned around to him, he angrily and shamefacedly wrapped himself in his morning-gown and hurried away. Pierre was dressed in the coachman's caftan, which Gerásim had provided and washed out for him, and was on his way with him to the Sukhárev Tower, to buy himself a pistol, when he met the Rostóvs.

XIX.

On the night of the 1st of September Kutúzov's command was given for the Russian troops to retreat to the Ryazán road by way of Moscow.

The first troops moved at night. The troops that were marching at night were not in a hurry and moved slowly and leisurely; but at daybreak, the moving troops, upon approaching the Dorogomílov Bridge, saw before them endless masses of soldiers, crowding on the other side, hurrying across the Bridge, and rising beyond and barring the streets and alleys, and other masses, pushing on from behind. A causeless haste and alarm took possession of the troops. They all rushed forward toward the bridge, upon the bridge, to the fords, and into the boats. Kutúzov ordered himself to be taken by back streets to the other side of Moscow.

By ten o'clock of the morning of September 2d, only the troops of the rear-guard were left in the Dorogomílov suburb. The army was already on the other side of the Moskvá and beyond Moscow.

At this same time, at ten o'clock of September 2d, Napoleon was standing among his troops on the Poklónnaya Hill and surveying the spectacle which was revealed before him. From August 26th to September 2d, that is, from the battle of Borodinó to the enemy's entrance into Moscow, during all the days of that alarming, that memorable week, there was that unusual autumn weather, which always surprises people, when the sun, low in the horizon, warms better than in spring; when everything

sparkles in the rarefied, pure air so as to make the eyes smart; when the breast grows more vigorous and is refreshed, as it inhales the redolent autumnal air; when even the nights are warm; and when, during these dark, warm nights, there is a downpour of golden stars from the heavens, — a constant source of fear and delight.

On September 2d, at ten o'clock, the weather was just like that. There was a fairylike morning glow. Moscow, viewed from the Poklónnaya Hill, extended spaciously with its river, its gardens, and its churches, and seemed to be living its life, quivering with its cupolas, like stars, in the rays of the sun.

At the sight of the strange city, with its unfamiliar forms of an unusual architecture, Napoleon experienced that somewhat envious and restless curiosity, which people experience at the sight of forms of life, which are foreign to them and do not know of them. Apparently this city was living with all the powers of its life. By those indefinable tokens, by which at a remote distance a living body is unmistakably distinguished from a dead, Napoleon on the Poklónnaya Hill saw the quivering of life in the city and, as it were, felt the breath of that large and beautiful body.

Every Russian, looking at Moscow, feels that she is a mother; every foreigner, looking at her and not knowing her maternal meaning, must feel the feminine character of this city, and Napoleon, too, felt it.

"*Cette ville asiatique aux innombrables églises, Moscou la sainte! La voilà donc enfin, cette fameuse ville! Il était temps,*" said Napoleon, and, dismounting, he ordered the map of this *Moscou* to be placed before him, and called up the interpreter, Lelorme d'Ideville. "*Une ville occupée par l'ennemi ressemble à une fille qui a perdu son honneur,*" he thought (as he had said to Tuchkóv at Smolénsk). And from this point of view he looked at the Eastern beauty, who was lying before him, and whom he

had never seen. It seemed strange to him that his old desire, which had seemed impossible, was now fulfilled. In the bright morning light he glanced now at the city, now at the plan, verifying the details of the city, and the certainty of possessing it both agitated and frightened him.

"But could it have been otherwise?" he thought. "Here it is, that capital, at my feet, awaiting its fate. Where is Alexander now, and what is he thinking? Strange, beautiful, majestic city! And strange, majestic moment! In what light do I appear to them?" he thought of his troops. "Here is the reward for all those who were of little faith," he thought, looking around at his suite and at the advancing troops as they were drawing up. "One word of mine, one motion of my hand, and the ancient capital *des Czars* will be in ruins. *Mais ma clémence est toujours prompte à descendre sur les vaincus.* I must be magnanimous and truly great. But no, it is not true that I am in Moscow," it suddenly occurred to him. "Still, there it lies at my feet, playing and quivering with its golden cupolas and crosses in the rays of the sun. But I will spare it. On the old monuments of barbarism and despotism I will write the great words of justice and mercy — Alexander will feel this more painfully than anything, I know him." It seemed to Napoleon that the chief meaning of what was taking place consisted in a personal struggle with Alexander. "From the heights of the Kremlin, — yes, this is the Kremlin, yes, — I will give them laws of justice, I will show them the meaning of true civilization, I will compel generations of boyárs lovingly to recall the name of their conqueror. I will tell the deputation that I did not want and still do not want the war; that I have been waging war only with the false politics of their court; that I love and respect Alexander; and that I will accept in Moscow conditions of peace worthy of me and of my nation. I

do not wish to profit by the fortune of war in order to humiliate the respected Tsar. 'Boyárs,' will I say to them, 'I do not want war; I want the peace and welfare of all my subjects.' However, I know that their presence will make me enthusiastic, and I will speak to them, as I always speak: clearly, solemnly, and grandly. But is it really true that I am in Moscow? Yes, here it is!"

"*Qu'on m'amène les boyards!*" he turned to the suite.

A general with a brilliant suite at once galloped away to fetch the boyárs. Two hours passed. Napoleon had had his breakfast and was again standing in the same spot on the Poklónnaya Hill, waiting for the deputation. His speech to the boyárs was now clearly defined in his imagination. It was full of dignity and of that grandeur which Napoleon understood.

The tone of magnanimity, with which Napoleon intended to act in Moscow, carried him away. In his imagination he appointed days of "*réunion dans le palais des Czars*," where the Russian notables were to meet the notables of the French emperor. He mentally appointed a governor, one who would be able to gain the confidence of the population. Having heard that there were many charitable institutions in Moscow, he decided in his imagination that these establishments should be showered with his favours. He thought that, as in Africa it was necessary to sit in a mosque in a bournous, so in Moscow he had to be as merciful as the Tsars. And, completely to touch the hearts of the Russians, he, like all Frenchmen, who cannot imagine anything sentimental without thinking of "*ma chère, ma tendre, ma pauvre mère*," decided that on all these institutions he would have inscribed in large letters: "*Etablissement dedié à ma chère mère.*" "No, simply, '*Maison de ma Mère*,'" he decided to himself. "But am I really in Moscow? Yes, there it is before me: but why is the deputation from the city so late in coming?" he thought.

In the meantime an agitated consultation was taking place in a whisper between the generals and marshals, in the rear of the emperor's suite. Those who had been sent after the deputation had returned with the news that Moscow was deserted, that all had left it. The countenances of those who were deliberating were pale and agitated. It was not the fact that Moscow had been abandoned by the inhabitants (however important this event seemed to be) which frightened them, but how to announce the fact to the emperor, how, without placing his Majesty in that terrible situation called by the French "*le ridicule*," to announce to him that he had in vain been waiting so long for the boyárs, and that there were there throngs of drunken men, and nobody else. Some said that it was necessary, at whatsoever cost, to get together some kind of a deputation; others disputed this opinion and insisted that it was necessary cautiously and cleverly to prepare the emperor and to inform him of the facts.

"*Il faudra le lui dire tout de même*," said the gentlemen of the suite. "*Mais, messieurs —*" The situation was the more difficult since the emperor, reflecting on his plans of magnanimity, kept walking patiently up and down, in front of the plan, now and then shielding his eyes and looking down the road toward Moscow and smiling a cheerful and proud smile.

"*Mais c'est impossible*," shrugging their shoulders, said the gentlemen of the suite, not daring to utter the well-understood, terrible word "*le ridicule*."

Meanwhile the emperor, tired of his vain expectancy, and feeling with his instinct of an actor that the majestic moment, lasting too long, was beginning to lose its grandeur, gave a sign with his hand. There resounded the single report of the signalling cannon, and the troops which had been besieging Moscow from various sides moved into the city through the Tver, Kalúga, and Dorogomílov barriers. Faster and faster, racing with each

other, at a quick step and at a trot, the troops moved, disappearing in the clouds of dust which they raised, and deafening the air with their shouts, which blended in one din.

Absorbed in watching the movement of his troops, Napoleon with them reached the Dorogomílov barrier; but there he stopped again and, dismounting, walked for a long time near the Kammer-kolleg rampart, waiting for the deputation.

XX.

Moscow, in the meantime, was deserted. There were still some people in it; there was still left one-fiftieth part of its population, but it was deserted. It was as deserted as is a queenless hive in the last days of its existence.

In the queenless hive life is extinct, but to a superficial glance it appears as animated as any other hive. The bees circle about the queenless hive as merrily, in the warm rays of an afternoon sun, as about living hives; like living hives it sends the odour of honey out for some distance away, and bees issue from it. But examine it close by, and you will understand that there is no life within. The bees do not fly in the same manner as about the living hives, and not the same odour, not the same sound, startles the bee-master. To the tap of the bee-master against the wall of the injured hive, instead of the former instantaneous, unisonal answer, the hissing of tens of thousands of bees lowering their backs and producing that aerial life sound by the swift beating of their wings, he receives a reply of discordant buzzes, dully resounding in the different parts of the empty hive. From the entrance does not proceed, as before, a pungent, winy odour of honey and poison, nor the warmth of fulness, but with the odour of the honey is blended the odour of emptiness and decay. At the entrance there are no longer the guards, who, ready to perish in the defence, raise up their backs and trumpet the alarm. There is no longer that even, soft sound, the pulsation of labour, re-

sembling the sound of boiling, but there is heard the hard, dissonant din of disorder. Into the hive and out of it fly black, longish, honey-stained plunderer bees; they do not sting, but slip away from danger. Formerly bees only flew in with burdens, and came out again without them, but now they fly out laden with burdens.

The bee-master opens the upper part of the hive, and looks down at the bottom. Instead of the black clusters of laboriously peaceful, plump bees, holding each other by the legs and pulling off the wax in an uninterrupted whisper of work, — drowsy, dried-up bees stroll here and there, on all sides, along the bottom and the walls of the hive. In place of the clean, glue-calked, wing-swept floor, the bottom is filled with bits of wax, excrements of bees, and half-dead bees, barely moving their legs, and dead ones, which have not been removed.

The bee-master opens the upper part and examines the mouth of the hive. Instead of the serried ranks of the bees, filling up all the interstices of the combs and warming the new brood, he sees the skilful labour of the combs, but no longer in the same state of virgin purity as before. Everything is abandoned and soiled. The black plunderer bees slink rapidly and stealthily through the combs; native bees, dried up, of small size, flabby, as though old, saunter slowly, not interfering with any one, wishing for nothing, and having lost the consciousness of life. Drones, humblebees, gadflies, butterflies in their flight senselessly strike against the walls of the hive. Here and there, amidst the comb, with the dead brood and the honey, occasionally is heard an angry hum; two bees cleaning a nest of the hive from old habit, somewhere are carefully dragging away a drone, tugging at it with all their might, without knowing why they are doing it. In another corner two old bees are languidly fighting, or cleaning, or feeding each other, not knowing whether they are doing so out of hostility or friendship. In a third place, a

mass of bees, crushing each other, attack some victim, and beat and choke it. And the weakened or dead bee falls slowly and lightly, like down, on a heap of dead bodies. The bee-master turns aside the middle combs, in order to examine the nets. Instead of the packed black circles of the thousands of bees sitting back to back, and guarding the highest mystery of birth, he sees hundreds of limp, half-dead, and drowsy skeletons of bees. They nearly all of them died without knowing it, while sitting on the sanctuary, which they watched, and which is no more. They emit an odour of decay and death. Only a few of them stir, rise, indolently fly about, and seat themselves on the hand of the enemy, not having the strength to die in stinging him; the others, that are dead, drop down like fish-scale. The bee-master closes up the hive, marks it with a piece of chalk, and, when the time comes, breaks it up and scrapes it clean.

Just so Moscow was deserted, when Napoleon, tired, restless, and frowning, was walking up and down near the Kammer-kolleg rampart, awaiting at least the external, though to his way of thinking necessary, observance of the proprieties, — the deputation.

In the different corners of Moscow people moved senselessly about, observing the old habits, and not understanding what was going on.

When Napoleon was informed, with due caution, that Moscow was empty, he looked angrily at him who made that announcement and, turning away, continued to walk in silence.

"The carriage!" he said. He seated himself in the carriage, by the side of the adjutant of the day, and drove into the suburb.

"*Moscou déserte! Quel évenement invraisemblable!*" he said to himself.

He did not have himself driven to the city, but stopped at a tavern of the Dorogomílov suburb.

Le coup de théâtre avait raté.

XXI.

Our troops passed through Moscow from two o'clock in the night to two o'clock in the afternoon, and drew along with them the last departing inhabitants and the wounded.

The largest crush, during the movement of the troops, took place on the Stone, Moskvá, and Yaúza Bridges. While the troops, forking off about the Kremlin, were crowding at the Moskvá and Stone Bridges, an immense number of soldiers, taking advantage of the stop and pressure, returned from the bridges and stealthily and silently slunk past the Church of Basil the Blessed and underneath the Borovítski Gate up to the Fair Esplanade, where they instinctively felt they could without much labour pilfer the goods of others. As big a crowd of people as gathered in Merchant Row, when wares were offered at bargains, now filled all its passages and crossways. But there were lacking the gentle, feigning, and enticing voices of the merchants and of the peddlers, and the variegated mass of female purchasers; there were only the uniforms and overcoats of the soldiers without their guns, silently entering the rows and coming out with burdens. The merchants and huckstresses (there were but few of them) walked, as though lost, among the soldiers, opened and closed their shops, and with the aid of the lads carried out the wares. In the square near the Merchant Row stood drummers, sounding an alarm; but the sound of the drum did not cause the plundering soldiers to assemble to the call, but only made them run away farther from the drum. Among the soldiers, in the

shops and along the walks, could be seen men in gray caftans with shaven heads. Two officers, one of them with a sash over his uniform, mounted on a lean dark gray horse, the other in an overcoat, on foot, were standing in the corner near the Ilínka and talking about something. A third officer galloped up to them.

"The general commanded them to be driven out at once at all costs. Why, this is dreadful! Half of the men have run away!"

"Where are you going? Where?" he shouted to three foot-soldiers, who, without their guns, lifting the skirts of their overcoats, were slipping past him back to the ranks. "Stop, rascals!"

"Yes, try and collect them!" replied another officer. "You can't pick them all up. They ought to move faster, so that the last of them should not escape, that is all!"

"How can they go faster? There is a crush on the bridge, and they can't move. Had we not better put out a cordon, to keep the men in the rear from running away?"

"Go there and drive them back!" shouted the senior officer.

The officer with the sash climbed down from his horse, called the drummer, and went with him under the arches. Several soldiers started on a run in a crowd. A merchant with red warts on his cheek near his nose, with a calm and imperturbable expression of calculation on his well-fed face, walked over hurriedly and foppishly to the officer, swaying his arms.

"Your Honour," he said, "do us the favour and defend us. We do not care so much for a trifle, on the contrary, with pleasure, if you please — I will bring out some cloth — to an honourable man I will give two pieces, with the greatest pleasure — because we feel — but this is mere robbery! Please! Can't you order up a guard and give us a chance to close our shops?"

Several merchants crowded about the officer.

"Oh! What is the use of complaining?" said one of them, a lean man with a stern face. "When your head is taken off you don't weep for your hair. Let them take what they want!" And, with an energetic gesture of his hand, he turned sidewise to the officer.

"Iván Sidórych, it is easy for you to talk that way!" the first merchant said, angrily. "Please, your Honour!"

"What is the use of talking!" cried the lean merchant. "I have here, in three shops, one hundred thousand roubles' worth of goods. Do you suppose I can save it all, after the army has left? People, let me tell you, God's power cannot be put down."

"Please, your Honour," said the first merchant, with a bow.

The officer stood in perplexity, and his face expressed indecision.

"What do I care?" he suddenly shouted, walking with rapid steps through the rows. In an open shop were heard blows and curses, and, just as the officer walked up to it, a man in a gray coat, with a shaven head, was kicked out from it. This man ducked and rushed past the merchants and officers. The officers made for the soldiers who were in the shop; but just then the furious cries of an immense crowd were heard on the Moskvá Bridge, and the officer rushed out in the square.

"What is it? What is it?" he asked, but his companion was already galloping in the direction of the cries, past the church of Basil the Blessed. The officer mounted his horse and rode after him. When he reached the bridge, he saw two unlimbered cannon, infantry marching over the bridge, several upturned carts, a number of frightened faces, and the smiling countenances of the soldiers. Near the cannon stood a team drawn by two horses. Back of the vehicle four greyhounds, in collars, were shying from the crowd. On the vehicle there was a

mountain of things, and on the very top, beside an upturned baby chair, sat a woman, who was shrieking in a piercing and desperate manner. The officer's comrades told him that the cries of the throng and the shrieks of the woman were caused by the fact that General Ermólov, coming up and learning that the soldiers were scattering in the shops and that crowds of inhabitants were barring the bridge, had ordered the cannon to be unlimbered and threatened to shoot on the bridge. The crowd, upsetting carts, crushing each other, crying furiously, and pressing forward, cleared the bridge, and the troops moved on.

XXII.

THE city, in the meantime, was deserted. There was hardly any one in the street. All the gates and shops were closed; here and there a lonely cry or drunken singing could be heard near a dram-shop. Nobody travelled through the streets, and but rarely could the steps of a passer-by be heard. In Povárskaya Street everything was quiet and abandoned. In the immense yard of Rostóv's house lay bits of hay and dung from the caravan which had departed, but not a man was to be seen. Two men of those who were left with all the goods in the house of the Rostóvs were sitting in the drawing-room. Those were janitor Ignát and Cossack Míshka, Vasílich's grandson, who remained in Moscow with his grandfather. Míshka opened the clavichord and played on it with one finger. The janitor, with arms akimbo and a smile of joy, was standing before a large mirror.

"This is fine, isn't it? Eh? Uncle Ignát!" said the boy, suddenly beginning to strike the keys with both his hands.

"I declare!" replied Ignát, wondering how it was that his face kept smiling more and more in the mirror.

"Shameless people! How shameless!" was heard, behind them, the voice of Mávra Kuzmínishna, who had just entered. "What are you grinning there for, fat snout? Nothing is put away, and Vasílich is all worn out. Just wait!"

Ignát adjusted his belt, stopped smiling, and, humbly lowering his eyes, left the room.

"Aunty, I was doing it lightly," said the boy.

"I will give you lightly, brat!" cried Mávra Kuzmínishna, lifting her arm against him. "Go and prepare the samovár for your grandfather!"

Mávra Kuzmínishna brushed off the dust, closed the clavichord, and, sighing deeply, left the drawing-room and locked the entrance door. Upon reaching the yard, she stopped to think where to go to now, whether to drink tea with Vasílich in the wing, or to the storeroom to put away what had not yet been straightened out. In the quiet street rapid steps were heard. They stopped at the small gate: the latch rattled in the hand of him who was trying to open it.

Mávra Kuzmínishna went up to the gate.

"Whom do you want?"

"The count, Count Ilyá Andréevich Rostóv."

"Who are you?"

"I am an officer. I want to see him," was heard the pleasant voice of a Russian gentleman.

Mávra Kuzmínishna opened the gate, and into the yard stepped an eighteen-year-old, round-faced officer, whose type of face resembled that of the Rostóvs.

"They have left, sir. They deigned to leave yesterday at vesper-time," Mávra Kuzmínishna said, kindly.

The young officer stood at the gate, as though in indecision whether to go in, or not, and he clicked with his tongue. "How annoying!" he muttered. "If only yesterday — Oh, what a pity!"

Mávra Kuzmínishna in the meantime attentively and sympathetically examined the familiar features of the Rostóv breed in the face of the young man, and the torn overcoat, and the worn boots, which he wore.

"What did you need the count for?" she asked.

"Well — what is to be done?" the officer said, in vexation, taking hold of the gate, as though wishing to leave. He again stopped in indecision.

"You see," he suddenly said, "I am a relative of the count's and he has always been good to me. So, you see," he looked with a kindly and cheerful smile at his overcoat and boots, "my clothes are getting worn, and I have no money; I wanted to ask the count —"

Mávra Kuzmínishna did not allow him to finish his sentence.

"Just wait a moment, sir! One little minute," she said.

The moment the officer dropped his hand from the gate, Mávra Kuzmínishna turned around and with a rapid old woman's walk went to the back yard and to her wing.

While Mávra Kuzmínishna was running to her room, the officer, lowering his head and looking at his torn boots, walked up and down the yard, with a slight smile on his face. "What a pity I did not find uncle! What a charming old woman! Where has she gone? If I can only find out by what streets I can soonest catch up with my regiment which now must be near the Rogózhskaya barrier," the young officer was thinking.

Mávra Kuzmínishna, with a frightened and, at the same time, determined face, carrying in her hand a rolled-up checkered handerchief, came around the corner. While still a few steps away from him, she unfolded the handkerchief, took out of it a white twenty-five rouble assignat and hastened to hand it to the officer.

"If his Serenity were at home, of course, he would treat you like a relative — but maybe — now —"

Mávra Kuzmínishna lost her composure and became embarrassed. But the officer, neither refusing, nor hurrying, took the bill and thanked Mávra Kuzmínishna.

"If the count were at home," Mávra Kuzmínishna repeated, as though apologizing. "Christ be with you, sir! May God preserve you!" said Mávra Kuzmínishna, bowing and seeing him out.

The officer, as though laughing at himself, smiling, and

shaking his head, almost at a trot ran through the empty streets to join his regiment at the Yaúza Bridge.

Mávra Kuzmínishna stood for a long time with moist eyes in front of the closed gate, pensively shaking her head and experiencing a sudden outburst of maternal tenderness and pity for the young officer, who was a stranger to her.

XXIII.

In the unfinished house in the Várvarka, underneath which was a dram-shop, could be heard drunken shouts and songs. On the benches at the tables, in a small, dirty room, sat some ten factory hands. All of them intoxicated, sweating, with dim eyes, straining hard, and opening their mouths wide, were singing some kind of a song. They were singing out of tune, with great labour and effort, evidently not because they wanted to sing, but in order to prove that they were drunk and carousing. One of them, a tall, light-complexioned fellow, in a clean, blue long coat, stood over them. His face with its thin, straight nose would have been handsome, if it had not been for his thin, hard-set, constantly moving lips, and blear, blinking, motionless eyes. He stood over those who were singing, and evidently reflecting about something, solemnly and angularly swayed above their heads his white arm, which was bared up to the elbow, and at the same time tried to spread his dirty fingers in an unnatural manner. The sleeve of his long coat kept falling down, and the lad every time carefully rolled it up again with his left hand, as though it were especially important that his white, muscular, swaying arm should remain uncovered. In the middle of the song, shouts of a fight and blows were heard outside on the porch. The tall lad swung his arm.

"Enough!" he yelled, commandingly. "A fight, boys!" and still continuing to roll up his sleeve, he went out on the porch.

The workmen went out after him. The factory hands, who on that morning were drinking in the dram-shop under the leadership of the tall lad, had brought the dram-shop-keeper hides from the factory, and for this he gave them the liquor. Some blacksmiths from neighbouring smithies, hearing the carousal in the dram-shop, and supposing it had been taken by force, wanted to make their way in. A fight took place on the porch.

The dram-shop-keeper was fighting at the door with a smith; just as the factory hands came out, the smith tore himself loose from the innkeeper and fell with his face on the pavement.

Another blacksmith was trying to get in, pressing with all his might against the innkeeper.

The lad with the rolled-up sleeve as he walked up struck the smith, who was trying to get in, a blow in his face, and yelled wildly:

"Boys, our men are being worsted!"

Just then the first smith got up from the ground and, scratching up blood on his mauled face, cried, in a whimpering voice:

"Help! Murder! They have killed a man! Friends!"

"O Lord, they have killed a man!" screamed a woman, who ran out from a neighbouring gate.

A crowd gathered about the bleeding blacksmith.

"You have robbed people long enough and taken their shirts off their backs," said some one, turning to the innkeeper. "Why have you killed a man? Murderer!"

The tall lad, who was standing on the porch, turned his eyes now upon the dram-shop-keeper, now upon the smiths, as though reflecting with whom he ought to fight now.

"Ruiner of souls!" he suddenly shouted at the dram-shop-keeper. "Bind him, boys!"

"I guess you will bind me!" shouted the dram-shop-keeper, swinging himself free from the men who were rushing up against him. Pulling off his cap, he threw it

down on the ground. As though this action had some mysterious meaning, the factory hands, who surrounded the innkeeper, stopped in indecision.

"My friend, I know what is what pretty well. I will go to the captain of police. You think I won't? Nobody has been permitted to act the robber to-day!" shouted the innkeeper, lifting up his cap.

"We will go there, I declare! We will — I declare!" repeated, one after the other, the innkeeper and that tall lad, and both moved down the street. The bleeding blacksmith walked by their side. The factory hands and others, talking and shouting, followed them.

At the corner of the Moroséyka, opposite a large house with closed shutters, on which there was a shoemaker's sign, stood about twenty gloomy-visaged shoemakers, lean, emaciated men in cloaks and torn long coats.

"He has paid the people nicely!" said the lean master shoemaker with a scant beard and wrinkled brow. "He has been sucking our blood, and that is the end of it. He has led us on and on, for a week. Now he has brought us to the extremity, and himself has left."

Upon seeing the people and the blood-stained man, the master stopped talking, and all the shoemakers, with hurried curiosity, joined the moving crowd.

"Where are the people going?"

"Where else but to find the authorities."

"Well, is it true that we have been worsted?"

"What do you think? Listen to what the people say!"

There were heard questions and replies. The innkeeper, profiting by the preoccupation of the crowd, fell back and returned to his inn.

The tall lad did not notice the disappearance of his enemy, the innkeeper, and, swaying his bared arm, kept talking to the crowd and thus attracted the universal attention. The rabble crowded mainly around him, hoping

to get from him a solution of all the questions that interested them.

"Let him show what is what, — let him show up the law, — that's what the authorities are for! Do I say it right, Orthodox people?" said the tall lad, with a barely perceptible smile.

"He thinks that there are no authorities! How could we get along without the authorities? There are enough who would be only too glad to rob!"

"What is the use of talking nonsense!" somebody said in the crowd. "How could they abandon Moscow? They made fun of you when they told you that, and you believed them. There are a lot of our soldiers coming on! So they have let him in! That's what the authorities are for! Listen to what people are saying," they said, pointing to the tall lad.

At the wall of Kitáy-gorod, another, a small group of men, surrounded a man in a frieze overcoat, who was holding a paper in his hands.

"An ukase, — they are reading an ukase!" the throng shouted and darted in the direction of the reader.

The man in a frieze overcoat was reading a broadside of August 31st. When the crowd surrounded him, he seemed to feel embarrassed, but, at the request of the tall lad, who had made his way up to him, he, with a slight tremble in his voice, began to read the broadside from the beginning:

"I will go to-morrow morning to the Most Serene Prince," he read ("To his Serenity!" the tall lad said solemnly, smiling with his mouth and knitting his brow), "in order to have a chat with him, and act and help the troops to destroy the malefactors; we will kick the life" (continued the reader, and stopped. "You see?" the tall lad shouted, triumphantly. "He will let them have it — ") "out of them, and will send all these guests to the devil; I will come to-morrow at dinner-time, and we will go to

work, and will do it up brown, and will do up the malefactors."

The last words were uttered by the reader during a complete silence. The tall lad gloomily hung his head. It was evident that no one had understood those last words, and that especially the words, "I will come tomorrow at dinner-time," pained obviously both the audience and the reader. The comprehension of the masses was tuned on a high key, and this was entirely too simple and too uselessly comprehensible; it was what any of them might have been able to say, and what, therefore, could not have been contained in an ukase which proceeded from the higher authorities.

All stood in grim silence. The tall lad moved his lips and staggered.

"We ought to ask him! — There he is! — I guess you will ask him! — Why not? He will tell — " suddenly was heard in the last rows of the throng, and the attention of all was directed toward the carriage of the chief of police, which was driving into the square, accompanied by two mounted dragoons.

The chief of police had on that morning driven out by the order of the count to set the barges on fire, and through this order had gained a large sum of money, which at that moment he was carrying in his pocket. Upon seeing the mass of people approaching toward him, he ordered the coachman to stop.

"What are the people doing there?" he shouted at the throng, who were singly and timidly walking up to the carriage. "What kind of people are these, I ask you?" repeated the chief of police, who did not receive an answer.

"They, your Honour," said the scribe in the frieze mantle, "they, your Worship, in consequence of the proclamation of his Most Serene Count, without sparing their lives, wish to serve, and not to be riotous, as is said by his Most Serene Highness, the count — "

"The count has not left. He is here, and there will be an order concerning you," said the chief of police. "March!" he said to the coachman.

The throng stopped and crowded about those who had heard what the chief had said, and looked at the receding carriage. Just then the chief looked back in fright, and said something to the coachman, and the horses drove off faster still.

"It's a deception, boys! Take us to *him!*" shouted the tall lad. "Don't let him get away, boys! Let him explain! Hold him!" yelled the men, and the rabble bolted for the carriage.

The throng started after the chief of police, turning with noisy conversation into the Lubyánka.

"How is this? The gentlefolk and the merchants have left, and we shall suffer for them! Are we dogs, or what?" could be heard with increasing frequency in the crowd.

XXIV.

On the evening of September 1st, after his interview with Kutúzov, Count Rostopchín, aggrieved and offended because he had not been invited to the council of war, and because Kutúzov had paid absolutely no attention to his proposition that he should take part in the defence of the capital, and surprised by the view, newly revealed to him in the camp, which held the question of the tranquillity of the capital and of its patriotic mood not only as of secondary importance, but even as absolutely useless and insignificant, — aggrieved, offended, and surprised by all this, Count Rostopchín returned to Moscow. Having eaten his supper, the count, without undressing, lay down on the sofa, and was at one o'clock wakened by a courier, who brought him a letter from Kutúzov. This letter informed him that, since the troops were retreating through Moscow on the Ryazán road, he was requested kindly to send out some officers of police who would see the troops through the city. This information was nothing new to Rostopchín. Not only since his meeting with Kutúzov on the Poklónnaya Hill on the previous day, but even since the battle of Borodinó, when all the generals who arrived in Moscow unanimously proclaimed that it was impossible to give battle, and when the Crown property was being taken away every night with his permission, and half the inhabitants left the city, had Count Rostopchín known that Moscow would be evacuated; none the less this news, transmitted in the form of a simple note

with a command from Kutúzov, and received at night, during his first sleep, surprised and irritated the count.

Later on, while explaining his activity during this time, Count Rostopchín wrote several times in his memoirs that he then had two important aims: "*De maintenir la tranquillité à Moscou et d'en faire partir les habitants.*" If this double aim be admitted, every act of Rostopchín's appears reproachless. Why had not the church property, the arms, cartridges, powder, stores of grain been taken away, and why had thousands of inhabitants been deceived into the belief that Moscow would not be surrendered, so that they suffered great losses? In order that tranquillity might be preserved in the capital, replies Count Rostopchín's explanation. Why were stacks of useless documents taken away from the government offices, and Leppich's balloon, and many other objects? In order to leave the city empty, replies Count Rostopchín's explanation. All that is necessary is to admit that something was endangering the public tranquillity, and every action becomes justifiable —

All the atrocities of the Terror were based only on the care for the public tranquillity. On what, then, was based Count Rostopchín's fear in regard to the public tranquillity of Moscow during the year 1812? What reason was there to assume in the city the possibility of an uprising? The inhabitants were all leaving; the army, retreating, filled Moscow. Why should the masses have become riotous?

Neither in Moscow, nor in the rest of Russia, did there take place anything resembling an uprising, during the invasion of the enemy. On the 1st and 2d of September more than ten thousand people were left in Moscow, and there was nothing in the way of a demonstration, except a throng which was assembled in the yard of the commander-in-chief, and which had been invited by him to come together. Evidently there would have been even

less fear of an uprising if, after the battle of Borodinó, when the evacuation of Moscow became an apparent fact, or, at least, probable, — instead of agitating the masses by the distribution of arms and by broadsides, Rostopchín had taken measures to take away all the church property, the powder, the ammunition, the money, and had frankly proclaimed to the people that the city was to be abandoned.

Rostopchín, a fiery man of sanguine temperament, who had always moved in the highest spheres of the administration, though possessed of a patriotic sentiment, did not have the slightest conception of the people over which he intended to exercise his rule. Ever since the beginning of the invasion of Smolénsk by the enemy, Rostopchín had formed in his imagination a plan of guiding the popular sentiment, — the heart of Russia. It seemed to him (as it seems to every administrator) not only that he was ruling over the external actions of the inhabitants of Moscow, but that he was also guiding their sentiments by means of those proclamations and broadsides, written in that language of the rowdies, which in their own circles the masses despise, and which they cannot understand when they hear it proceeding from above. The beautiful rôle of the guide of public sentiment was so much to the liking of Rostopchín and he had become so accustomed to it, that the necessity of emerging from this rôle and of abandoning Moscow without any heroic effect caught him unawares, and he suddenly lost from under him the soil on which he had been standing, and positively did not know what to do. Though he knew it, up to the last minute he did not believe with all his soul in the possibility of abandoning Moscow, and did nothing for this purpose. The inhabitants had been leaving against his wishes. If the government offices were taken away, this was done only at the request of the officials, with whom the count agreed reluctantly. He himself was occupied only with the rôle which he had laid out for himself. As

often happens with people who are endowed with a fiery imagination, he had known long ago that Moscow would be abandoned, but he had known this only by reflection; he had not believed it with his whole soul, had not transferred himself with his imagination into that new state of affairs.

All his activity, thorough and energetic as it was (as to how far it was useful and was reflected on the people is a different question), all his activity was directed only toward rousing in the inhabitants that feeling which he himself experienced, — a patriotic hatred of the French and a confidence in themselves. But when the event assumed its actual, historical proportions; when it proved insufficient to express in words only his hatred for the French; when it was impossible to give utterance to this hatred even in battle; when his self-confidence proved useless in relation to the one question of Moscow; when the whole population, like one man, abandoning their property, flowed out of Moscow, showing by this negative action the whole force of their national feeling, — the rôle which Rostopchín had chosen suddenly appeared irrational. He suddenly felt himself lonely, feeble, and ridiculous, without any ground under his feet.

When, awakened from his sleep, he received Kutúzov's cold and commanding note, he felt himself the more irritated the more he was conscious of being guilty. There was still left in Moscow all that which had been entrusted to him, all the Crown property, which he ought to take away. There was no possibility of hauling everything away.

"Who is to blame for it? Who has allowed it to come to all this?" he thought. "Of course, not I. Everything was in readiness with me, — I held Moscow like this! And see what they have brought us to! Scoundrels, traitors!" he thought, without clearly defining who these scoundrels and traitors were, but feeling the necessity of

hating these very traitors, who were to blame for that false and ridiculous position in which he was placed.

That night Count Rostopchín gave such orders as people from all corners of Moscow came to him to receive. The men nearest to the count had never seen him so gloomy and so irritated.

"Your Serenity, they have come from the Department of Estates, — the director is waiting for orders — From the Consistory, from the Senate, from the University, from the Foundling House, — the vicar has sent some one — he wants to know — What are your orders about the fire brigade? The inspector of the prisons — the inspector of the insane asylum —" they kept announcing men to the count all night long.

To all these questions the count gave short, angry answers, which showed that his orders were now useless, that the whole work which he had so carefully prepared had been spoiled by somebody, and that that somebody would have to bear all the responsibility for what was taking place.

"Tell that blockhead," he replied to the inquiry from the Department of Estates, "to stay and keep a watch on his documents. What nonsense are you asking there about the fire brigade? If they have horses, let them go to Vladímir. Certainly they won't leave them for the French!"

"Your Serenity, the superintendent from the insane asylum has come. What is your order?"

"What is my order? Let them all leave, that is all — And let the insane out on the city. Since crazy people are now commanding our armies, God means these, too, to be out."

To the question about the prisoners who were sitting in the hole, the count shouted angrily to the inspector:

"What do you want? Two battalions of guards, which do not exist? Let them out, that is all!"

"Your Serenity, there are some political prisoners: Myeshkóv, Vereshchágin."

"Vereshchágin! Has he not been hanged yet?" cried Rostopchín. "Bring him to me!"

XXV.

At nine o'clock in the morning, when the troops were already moving through Moscow, nobody came to ask the count's orders. Whoever could leave, went away of his own accord; those who stayed, decided for themselves what was to be done.

The count ordered his horses to be brought, in order to leave for Sokólniki, and taciturn, looking yellow, and knitting his brow, sat in his cabinet.

It seems to every administrator, during a quiet, stormless time, that the population in his charge moves only by his efforts, and this consciousness of his utility each administrator feels to be the chief reward for his labours and efforts. Naturally, so long as the historic sea is calm, to the administrative governor, who, in his leaky boat, sticks his pole into the ship of the nation and moves along, it must appear that the ship against which he is leaning is moving by his efforts. But let a storm rise, the sea become agitated, and the ship begin to move, and the illusion becomes impossible. The ship moves with its large, independent motion; the pole does not reach as far as the moving ship, and the administrator suddenly, from his position as ruler, from the source of power, passes over to the rôle of a useless, insignificant, feeble man.

Rostopchín felt this, and it irritated him.

The chief of police, whom the crowd had stopped, and an adjutant, announcing that the horses were ready, entered the count's cabinet. Both were pale, and the chief of police, having reported the execution of his order,

informed the count that there was an immense concourse of people who wanted to see him.

Without replying a word, Rostopchín rose and with rapid steps marched toward his luxurious, bright drawing-room, walked over to the door of the balcony, took hold of the knob, dropped it again, and went up to the window, from which the throng could be seen better. The tall lad was standing in the front row and was saying something, with a stern face and a swinging of his arm. The blood-stained blacksmith with the gloomy aspect was standing near him. Through the closed windows could be heard the din of voices.

"Is the carriage ready?" asked Rostopchín, walking away from the window.

"Yes, your Serenity," said the adjutant.

Rostopchín again went up to the door of the balcony.

"What do they want?" he asked the chief of police.

"Your Serenity, they say that they have assembled to go against the French, as you have ordered, and they have been shouting something about treason. It is a riotous crowd, your Serenity. I got away from them with difficulty. Your Serenity, I take the liberty of proposing — "

"Please to leave! I know without you what is to be done," Rostopchín cried out, angrily. He was standing near the door of the balcony, looking at the rabble. "This is what they have done with Russia! This is what they have done with me!" thought Rostopchín, feeling that in his soul there was rising an irrepressible fury against some one, to whom the cause of all that was happening might be ascribed. As is frequently the case with impassioned people, fury had already possessed him, but he was still looking for an object of his rage: "*La voilà, la populace, la lie du peuple,*" he thought, looking at the rabble, "*la plèbe qu'ils ont soulevée par leur sottise. Ils leur faut une victime,*" it occurred to him, as he glanced at

the tall lad, who was swinging his arm. And so it occurred to him that he himself needed this victim, this object of his rage.

"Is the carriage ready?" he asked for the second time.

"Yes, your Serenity. What is your order in respect to Vereshchágin? He is waiting at the porch," replied the adjutant.

"Ah!" exclaimed Rostopchín, as though startled by some unexpected recollection.

Opening the door rapidly, he stepped out on the balcony with a determined gait. The din of noises died down; the caps and hats were taken off, and all eyes were directed upon the count.

"Good morning, boys!" the count said, in a rapid and loud voice. "Thank you for having come. I will be out in a minute, but first we must attend to the malefactor. We must punish the malefactor who is the cause of the ruin of Moscow. Wait for me!" And the count just as rapidly returned to the apartments, slamming the door behind him.

Through the throng went an approving murmur of satisfaction.

"So, he will attend to all the malefactors! And you said it was the French — He will show you what is what!" said the men, as though upbraiding each other for their want of faith.

A few minutes later an officer hurriedly walked out by the parade entrance and gave some command, and the dragoons drew up. The crowd eagerly moved from the balcony to the porch. Walking out on the porch with swift, angry steps, Rostopchín looked about him, as though in search of somebody.

"Where is he?" said the count, and the very moment he said this, he saw a young man with a long, thin neck and half of his head shaven and grown out again, coming around the corner, accompanied by two dragoons. The

young man wore what once had been a foppish fox fur coat, covered with blue cloth, but was now threadbare and dirty, hempen prisoner's pantaloons, tucked in uncleaned, worn-out, thin boots. On his thin, weak legs hung heavy fetters, which retarded the faltering gait of the young man.

"Ah!" said Rostopchín, hurriedly turning his glance away from the young man in the fox fur coat, and pointing to the lower step of the porch. "Put him there!"

The young man, clanging his fetters, stepped heavily to the place indicated, holding down with a finger the tight collar of his fur coat, twice turned his long neck around, and, with a sigh and an humble gesture, placed his thin hands, which were not those of a labourer, over his abdomen.

The silence lasted a few seconds while the young man took up his position on the step. Only in the last rows of the throng, where people were pressing forward to one spot, was there heard grunting, groaning, punching, and the thud of shuffling feet.

Rostopchín waited for him to stand still, and in the meantime rubbed his face with his hand.

"Boys!" said Rostopchín, in a metallic, sonorous voice. "This man is Vereshchágin, that same scoundrel, from whom Moscow has perished."

The young man in the fox fur coat stood in an humble attitude, folding his hands in front of his abdomen and bending his head slightly. His emaciated, hopeless-looking, youthful face, disfigured by the shaven head, was drooping. At the first words of the count he slowly raised his head and looked up at the count, as though wishing to say something or at least to catch his eyes. But Rostopchín did not look at him. On the long, thin neck of the young man, a vein back of his ear swelled like a rope and grew livid, and his face was flushed red.

All eyes were directed upon him. He glanced at the

crowd and, as though despairing at the sight of the expressions which he read on the faces of the men, he smiled sadly and timidly, and, again dropping his head, changed his position on the steps.

"He has betrayed his Tsar and his country; he has delivered himself to Bonaparte; he alone of all the Russians has disgraced the name of a Russian, and from him Moscow is perishing," said Rostopchín, in an even, piercing voice. He suddenly cast a rapid glance down at Vereshchágin, who was still standing in his submissive attitude. This glance seemed to explode him, and, raising his hand, he shouted, almost addressing the rabble:

"Judge him with your judgment! I give him to you!"

The throng was silent and only pressed closer and closer against each other. It became unbearable to support each other, to breathe in that pestiferous air, to miss the power of motion, and to wait for something unknown, incomprehensible, and terrible. The men who were standing in the front rows and who saw and heard everything which was taking place before them, all with frightened and wide-open eyes and gaping mouths, straining their last strength, were stemming with their backs the pressure from behind.

"Strike him!— Let the traitor perish and not disgrace the name of a Russian!" shouted Rostopchín. "Beat him! I command it!"

Hearing, not Rostopchín's words, but his furious sounds, the crowd groaned and moved forward, but again stopped.

"Count!" muttered Vereshchágin, in a timid and at the same time theatrical voice, during a moment of silence, which had ensued. "Count, God alone is above us—" said Vereshchágin, raising his head, and again the thick vein on his thin neck was filled with blood, and the colour rapidly flushed and left his face. He did not finish what he intended to say.

"Strike him! I command it!" shrieked Rostopchín, suddenly growing as pale as Vereshchágin.

"Unsheath your sabres!" the officer called out to the dragoons, himself taking out his sword.

Another, stronger wave surged through the crowd and, rushing up to the first rows, this wave dislodged the men in front and carried them tottering to the very steps of the porch. The tall lad, with a petrified expression on his face and with arrested raised arm, stood beside Vereshchágin.

"Strike him!" the officer almost whispered to the dragoons, and one of the soldiers, with a face disfigured by rage, suddenly struck Vereshchágin on the head with the dull side of the sabre.

"Ah!" Vereshchágin gave a short, surprised shriek, looking around in fright, as though he did not understand why this was being done to him. The same groan of amazement and terror ran through the crowd. "O Lord!" was heard some one's sad exclamation.

But immediately after the exclamation of surprise which had escaped him, Vereshchágin gave a pitiful cry of pain, and this cry was his ruin. The barrier of humane feeling, which, strained to the highest degree, was holding back the crowd broke instantaneously. The crime was begun, it was necessary to finish it. The pitiful groan of rebuke was drowned by a stormy, furious roar from the rabble. Like the last, the seventh wall which breaks the ships, this last, irrepressible wave surged from the rear, was borne to the front, knocked them down, and swallowed everything. The dragoon who had given the blow wanted to repeat his act. Vereshchágin, with a cry of terror, shielding himself with his hands, rushed up to the throng. The tall lad, against whom he had run, clutched Vereshchágin's thin neck with his hands, and, with a savage yell, fell with him under the feet of the crushing, tearing throng.

Some struck and tugged at Vereshchágin, while others struck at the tall lad. The cries of the crushed men and of those who tried to save the tall lad only roused the fury of the mass. The dragoons had a hard time freeing the blood-stained factory hand, who was half-beaten to death. And, in spite of all the feverish haste with which the crowd tried to accomplish the work when it had once been begun, those who beat, choked, and tore Vereshchágin were for a long time unable to kill him; they had him in the middle, but the throng pressing upon them on all sides and like one mass swaying from side to side, made it impossible for them either to kill, or to give him up.

"Why don't you strike him with an axe? He is killed. — Traitor, you have betrayed Christ! — He is alive — very much alive — Serves a thief right. Strike him with a rail! — Is he still alive?"

Only when the victim stopped struggling and his cries gave way to an even, long-drawn snoring, the crowd hurriedly moved away from the prostrate, gory corpse. Each walked up, looked at what had been done, and in terror, reproach, and surprise moved back again.

"O Lord, what a beast the people are! How can any one be left alive!" were heard expressions in the crowd. "He is a young lad — no doubt, from the merchant class! What people! — They say it was not he — How not he? — O Lord! — They have beaten another, and they say he is barely alive! — Oh, what people! — Who is not afraid of the sin?" — now spoke the same people, looking with an expression of pain and pity at the dead body with the livid, blood-stained and dust-covered face and with the hacked, long, thin neck.

An officious police officer, finding the presence of a corpse in the yard of his Serenity improper, ordered the dragoons to take the body into the streets. Two soldiers took hold of the disfigured legs and dragged the body away. The blood-stained, dust-grimed, lifeless, shaven

head on the long neck turned from side to side as it was drawn along the ground. The people withdrew from the corpse.

Just as Vereshchágin fell and the crowd with a savage roar pressed and swayed about him, Rostopchín suddenly grew pale and, instead of going to the back porch, where his horses were waiting for him, he, without knowing whither, nor wherefore, hanging his head, walked with rapid steps through the corridor which led to the rooms of the lower story. The count's face was pale, and he could not stop the motion of his nether jaw, which was shaking as though in a fever.

"Your Serenity, this way — whither do you wish to go? This way, if you please," said behind him a trembling, frightened voice.

Count Rostopchín was not able to make any reply and, submissively turning back, went in the direction pointed out to him. His carriage was standing at the back porch. The distant din of the roaring crowd could be heard even there. Count Rostopchín hurriedly seated himself in the carriage and ordered the coachman to drive him to his suburban house in Sokólniki. When the count reached Myasnítskaya Street and no longer heard the cries of the crowd, he began to repent. He recalled with dissatisfaction the agitation and fright which he had evinced in the presence of his subordinates.

"*La populace est terrible, elle est hideuse,*" he thought in French. "*Ils sont comme les loups qu'on ne peut apaiser qu'avec de la chair.*" "Count, God only is above us!" he suddenly thought of Vereshchágin's words, and a disagreeable chill ran down the back of Count Rostopchín. But this feeling was only momentary, and he contemptuously smiled at himself. "*J'avais d'autres devoirs,*" he thought. "*Il fallait apaiser le peuple. Bien d'autres victimes ont peri et perissent pour le bien public,*" and he began to think of those general duties which he had

toward his family, toward his capital, which was entrusted to him, and toward himself, not as Fédor Vasílevich Rostopchín (he thought that Fédor Vasílevich Rostopchín was sacrificing himself for the *bien public*) but as the commander-in-chief, the representative of power and the plenipotentiary of the Tsar. "If I were only Fédor Vasílevich, *ma ligne de conduite aurait été tout autrement tracée*, but I had to preserve the life and dignity of the commander-in-chief."

Swaying lightly on the soft springs of the carriage, and no longer hearing the terrible sounds of the rabble, Rostopchín physically calmed down, and, as is usually the case, simultaneously with the physical tranquillity, reason found for him causes for moral tranquillity as well. The thought which put Rostopchín at his ease was not a new one. Ever since the world has existed and men have been killing each other, a man has never committed a crime against his like without finding consolation in the same thought. This thought is *le bien public*, the assumed good of other men.

A man who is not carried away by passions never knows this good; but a man who commits a crime always knows to a certainty wherein it consists. Rostopchín, too, knew it.

In his reflections he not only did not rebuke himself for the act which he had committed, but even found causes for self-congratulation for having so successfully made use of the occasion, — of punishing a criminal and at the same time assuaging the crowd.

"Vereshchágin was under trial and condemned to death," thought Rostopchín (though the Senate had condemned Vereshchágin only to hard labour). "He was a traitor; I could not let him go unpunished, and, then, *je faisais d'une pierre deux coups;* I gave the populace a victim to assuage them, and I punished a criminal."

After arriving at his suburban house and attending to

the business of the home, he was entirely set at ease. Half an hour later the count drove with fast horses over the Sokólniki field, no longer thinking of what had been, but only of what would be. He now was driving to the Yaúza Bridge, where he was told Kutúzov was. Count Rostopchín was preparing in his imagination those angry and sarcastic reproaches, which he meant to utter to Kutúzov because of his deception. He would let that old fox of a courtier know that the responsibility for all the misfortunes arising from the evacuation of the capital, from the ruin of Russia (as Rostopchín thought), would rest on his doting old head alone. In thinking over what he would tell him Rostopchín angrily tossed in his carriage and looked on either side.

The field of Sokólniki was deserted. Only at the end of it, near the charitable institution and the insane asylum, could be seen small groups of men in white attire and a few separate people, similarly dressed, who were walking over the field, shouting and waving their hands. One of them ran across the path of the carriage of Count Rostopchín. He himself, and his coachman, and the dragoons, — all looked, with a dim feeling of terror and curiosity, at these insane people who had been set free, and especially at the one who had run up to them.

Tottering on his long, thin legs, in his fluttering cloak, this crazy man kept running headlong, without taking his eyes off Rostopchín, shouting to him in a hoarse voice, and making signs to him to stop. His gloomy, solemn face, overgrown with uneven tufts of beard, was pale and sallow. His black, agate pupils flitted low and agitatedly over the saffron-yellow whites of his eyes.

"Stop! Stop, I say!" he shouted, piercingly, and again called out something out of breath, with impressive intonations and gestures.

He came abreast with the carriage and ran along with it.

"Thrice they have slain me, and thrice have I risen

from the dead. They have stoned me, and crucified me — I shall rise from the dead — I shall rise from the dead — I shall rise from the dead. They have racked my body. The kingdom of God will be destroyed — Thrice will I destroy it, and thrice will I build it up," he shouted, raising his voice more and more.

Count Rostopchín suddenly paled, as he had paled when the crowd had cast itself upon Vereshchágin. He turned away.

"Go! Go fast!" he shouted at the coachman in a trembling voice. The carriage flew as fast as the horses could run; but Count Rostopchín could for a long time hear behind him the receding, senseless, desperate cry, and see before his eyes the amazed and frightened, bloody face of the traitor in the fox fur coat.

However fresh this recollection, Rostopchín felt now that it had impressed itself deeply, to the blood, in his heart. He felt clearly that the bloody trace of this memory would never heal, and that, on the contrary, the more time went on, the more cruelly and tormentingly this terrible recollection would live in his heart. He thought he heard the sound of his own words: "Strike him! You will answer for it to me with your heads!" "Why did I say these words? I said them by accident. I might have refrained from saying them," he thought. "Then there would be nothing." He saw the frightened and then ferocious face of the striking dragoon, and the look of taciturn, timid rebuke which that boy in the fox fur coat cast at him.

"But I did not do it for my own sake. I had to act so. *La plèbe, le traître — le bien public*," he thought.

The troops were still crowding at the Yaúza Bridge. It was hot. Kutúzov, frowning, gloomy, was sitting on a bench near the bridge and playing in the sand with his whip, when a carriage noisily drove up to him. A man in the uniform of a general, in a hat with a panache, with

fleeting, half-angry, half-frightened eyes, walked over to Kutúzov and began to speak with him in French. This was Count Rostopchín. He told Kutúzov that he had come to see him, because there was no longer a Moscow and a capital, but only an army.

"It would have been different if your Serenity had not told me that Moscow would not be surrendered without a battle: there would be nothing of this!" he said.

Kutúzov gazed at Rostopchín and, as though not comprehending the meaning of the words addressed to him, was making a great effort to read something especial in the face of the man who was speaking to him. Rostopchín became embarrassed and grew silent. Kutúzov slightly shook his head and, without taking his inquisitive look off Rostopchín's countenance, said, softly:

"Yes, I will not give up Moscow without a battle."

Kutúzov was either thinking of something quite different as he said these words, or else he uttered them on purpose, fully aware of their meaninglessness; in any case, Rostopchín made no reply and hurriedly walked away from Kutúzov. And a strange thing happened! The commander-in-chief of Moscow, proud Count Rostopchín, took a Cossack whip into his hands, walked over to the bridge, and, shouting, began to drive away the crowding carts.

XXVI.

At about four o'clock in the afternoon the troops of Murat began to enter Moscow. In front rode a detachment of Würtemberg hussars; in the rear, on horseback, and surrounded by a large suite, came the King of Naples himself.

Near the middle of the Arbát, in the neighbourhood of the Church of St. Nicholas the Manifested, Murat stopped, awaiting news from the detachment in the van as to the condition of the city fortress, "*le Kremlin.*"

About Murat there was gathered a small group of men from among those inhabitants who were left in Moscow. They looked with timid surprise at the strange, long-haired chief, adorned with feathers and gold.

"Well, is this their Tsar? He is all right!" were heard their soft voices.

An interpreter rode up to the group of men.

"Take off your hats — your hats —" they said in the crowd, turning to each other. The interpreter turned to an old janitor, and asked him how far it was to the Kremlin. The janitor, listening in perplexity to the strange Polish accent and not recognizing the sounds of his speech as belonging to the Russian language, did not understand what the interpreter was saying to him, and hid himself behind the rest.

Murat moved up toward the interpreter and ordered him to ask them where the Russian troops were. One of the Russians understood what he was asked, and several voices began to answer the interpreter. A French officer

from the detachment of the van rode up to Murat and reported that the gates of the fort were locked, and that there was, no doubt, an ambush there.

"All right," said Murat, and, turning to one of the gentlemen of his suite, ordered him to move out four pieces of light ordnance and to fire at the gate.

The artillery trotted out from behind the column, which followed Murat, and drove down the Arbát. Having descended to the end of the Vzdvízhenka, the artillery stopped and drew up in the square. Several French officers took charge of the cannon, placing them in position and looking at the Kremlin through a field-glass.

In the Kremlin was heard the ringing of bells calling to vesper service, and this sound disconcerted the French. They supposed that it was a call to arms. Several foot-soldiers ran up to the Kutáfev gate. There lay logs and wooden shields. Two muskets were fired from the direction of the gate, the moment an officer started to run toward it with his command. A general, who was standing near the cannon, shouted a command to the officer, and the officer and his soldiers ran back again.

Three more shots were fired from the gate. One shot hit the leg of a French soldier, and there was heard a strange cry from a few voices back of the shields. On the faces of the French general, the officers, and the soldiers the former expression of merriment and calm simultaneously, as though by command, gave way to a stubborn, concentrated expression of readiness for a fight and for suffering. For all of them, beginning with the marshal and ending with the last soldier, this place was not the Vzdvízhenka, the Mokhováya, the Kutáfev, and Trinity Gates, but a new locality of a new field, no doubt, of a sanguinary battle. All prepared themselves for this battle. The cries at the gate died down. The ordnance was moved out. The artillerists fanned the burning linstocks. An officer commanded, "*Feu!*" and two whistling sounds

of canisters resounded one after the other. The grape-shot rattled over the stones of the gate, over the logs and shields, and two columns of smoke quivered in the square.

A few minutes after the peals of the discharges had died down in the stone Kremlin, a strange sound was heard over the heads of the French. An immense flock of jackdaws rose over the walls and, cawing and whirring their thousands of wings, began to circle in the air. At the same time there was heard a solitary human cry in the gateway, and from behind the smoke emerged the figure of a man without a cap and in a caftan. He held his gun and aimed at the French. "*Feu!*" repeated the officer of artillery, and at exactly the same time were heard one musket-shot and two cannon-shots. The smoke again concealed the gate.

Nothing was now moving behind the shields, and the French soldiers and officers of infantry walked up to the gate. In the gate lay three wounded and four killed. Two men in caftans were running at the foot of the hill, along the walls, toward the Známenka.

"*Enlevez-moi ça!*" said an officer, pointing to the logs and corpses, and the French, killing the wounded, threw the corpses down over the enclosure. No one knew who these men were. "*Enlevez-moi ça!*" was all there was said about them, and they were thrown away and later picked up, to keep them from infesting the air. Thiers only devoted a few eloquent words to their memory: "*Ces misérables avaient envahi la citadelle sacrée, s'étaient emparés des fusils de l'arsenal, et tiraient (ces misérables) sur les Français. On en sabra quelques uns et on purgea le Kremlin de leur présence.*"

Murat was informed that the way was clear. The French entered through the gate and began to encamp on Senate Square. Soldiers threw out chairs from the windows of the Senate building on the square, and fires were lighted.

Other detachments crossed the Kremlin and encamped on the Moroséyka, Lubyánka, and Pokróvka. Others again were located on the Vzdvízhenka, Známenka, Níkolskaya, and Tverskáya Streets. Not finding anywhere any persons in their houses, the French located themselves not in quarters, as in a city, but as in a camp which is pitched in a city.

Though ragged, hungry, exhausted, and diminished to one-half of their former numbers, the French soldiers entered Moscow still in good order. This was an exhausted, emaciated, but still threatening and effective army; but they formed an army only so long as the soldiers did not take up quarters. The moment the men of the regiments began to scatter in the empty and wealthy houses, the army was for ever disbanded, and they formed neither inhabitants nor soldiers, but something intermediate, called marauders. When, five weeks later, the same men left Moscow, they no longer formed an army. They were a crowd of marauders, each of whom carried along with him a mass of things which seemed costly and necessary to him. The aim of each of them, upon leaving Moscow, did not consist, as before, in conquering, but only in retaining what had been acquired. Like the monkey, which, putting its hand through a narrow neck of a pitcher and taking hold of a pile of nuts, does not open its fist, for fear of losing its booty, and thus perishes, the French, upon leaving Moscow, had apparently to perish because they were dragging along with them a mass of plundered things, and it was as impossible for them to give up their plunder as for the monkey to let go of the nuts. Ten minutes after any French regiment reached a given ward of Moscow, not an officer or soldier was left. In the windows of the houses could be seen men in mantles and gaiters, laughing as they walked through the rooms; in the cellars and basements the same kind of people took possession of provisions; in the

yards they opened and broke off the doors of sheds and stables; in the kitchens, rolling up their sleeves, they made fires, baked, kneaded, and cooked, and frightened, amused, and caressed the women and the children. These men were everywhere, — in the shops and in the houses; but of the army there was none.

On that day order after order was promulgated by the French chiefs, in which the troops were prohibited from scattering over the city, no violence was to be offered to the inhabitants, and no marauding permitted, and in the evening there was to be a general roll-call; but, in spite of all the measures, the men who formerly made up an army spread over the opulent, deserted city, rich in comforts and supplies. Just as a hungry flock goes in a mass over a barren field, but immediately disbands without restraint as soon as it strikes rich pasturage, so the army disbanded without restraint in the wealthy city.

There were no inhabitants in Moscow, and the soldiers percolated through it, like water through sand, and oozed out without hindrance, and radiated from the Kremlin, which they entered first. Cavalrymen, going into a merchant house, which was abandoned with all its possessions, and finding there stalls not only for their horses, but also many to spare, none the less went to occupy the neighbouring house, which seemed to them to be better. Many occupied several houses at a time, wrote upon them with chalk the names of the new occupants, and quarrelled and even fought for them with the other commands. Before they had time to settle down, the soldiers ran out into the streets, to look at the city, and, hearing that everything had been abandoned, rushed to the place where they could pick up costly things for nothing. The chiefs went forth to stop the soldiers, and involuntarily were drawn into committing the same acts. In the Carriage Row the carriage shops were left, and the generals assembled there, to pick out carriages for themselves. Such inhabit-

ants as were left invited the chiefs to their houses, hoping thus to secure themselves against being looted. There was no end to the wealth, and no end of it could be seen; everywhere about the places which the French occupied there were still left untried unexamined places where, so the French thought, there ought to be still greater riches. And Moscow sucked them in more and more. Just as when water is poured on dry dirt, both the water and the dirt disappear; so, as the result of the fact that a hungry army entered an opulent, deserted city, there came the destruction of the army and the destruction of the opulent city; and there was dirt, and conflagrations, and marauding.

The French ascribed the conflagration of Moscow "*au patriotisme féroce de Rostopchine;*" the Russians, to the savagery of the French. In reality, there were no causes, and there could be none, for the conflagration of Moscow, in the sense of referring this conflagration to the responsibility of one or several persons. Moscow was burnt because it was placed under conditions under which any city built of wood must be consumed, independently of any question whether it possesses 130 wretched hose brigades, or not. Moscow was doomed to destruction, because the inhabitants had left it, and just as inevitably as a heap of shavings must catch on fire, if for several days in succession sparks fall upon it. A city of wood, in which, with the presence of the proprietors and the police, there are fires nearly every day, cannot help being consumed when there are no inhabitants in it, and there are only the troops, smoking pipes, making camp-fires on Senate Square with the chairs of the Senate, and cooking their victuals twice a day. An army need only take up quarters in the villages of a certain locality, even though in times of peace, and the number of the fires is at once increased in that locality. To what extent, then, will the

chance of fires increase in an abandoned wooden city in which a foreign army is quartered? *Le patriotisme féroce de Rostopchine* and the savagery of the French have nothing whatever to do with it. Moscow caught fire from the pipes, the kitchens, the camp-fires, from the recklessness of the hostile soldiers and the inhabitants, who were not the owners of any houses. If there was arson (which is very doubtful, because no one had any special reason to set houses on fire, whereas in any case it was troublesome and perilous), the cases of arson cannot be assumed as the causes, because without them the same would have taken place.

No matter how pleasing it was for the French to accuse Rostopchín of ferocity, and for the Russians to accuse the malefactor Napoleon, or later to place the heroic torch into the hands of the nation, one cannot help seeing that there could have been no such immediate cause of the fire, because Moscow had to be consumed, just as every village, every factory, every house must burn, if the proprietors leave it and strange people are permitted to make themselves at home in it and to cook their meals there. Moscow was burnt by the inhabitants, that is true; but not by the inhabitants who were left in it, but by those who had deserted it. The reason that Moscow, occupied by the enemy, was not left intact, like Berlin, Vienna, and other cities, was merely because its inhabitants did not offer the French bread and salt, and the keys of the city, but had abandoned it.

XXVII.

THE star-shaped percolation of the French through Moscow did not reach the quarter in which Pierre was now living until the evening of September 2d.

After the last two days, spent in solitude and in such a strange manner, Pierre was in a state that bordered on insanity. One fixed idea took possession of his whole being. He did not know himself how and when, but this thought had such a hold on him, that he did not remember anything of the past, nor understand anything of the present; and everything he saw and heard took place before him as in a dream.

Pierre had left his house only in order to be freed from the complex labyrinth of the demands of life, which had taken possession of him, and which he, in the condition in which he then was, had been unable to unravel. He had gone to the quarters of Ósip Aleksyéevich under the pretext of examining the books and papers of the deceased only because he was trying to find rest from the tribulations of life, and because with the memory of Ósip Aleksyéevich there was connected in his soul a world of eternal, calm, and solemn ideas, quite opposed to that troublesome tangle into which he felt himself drawn. He was looking for a quiet retreat, and actually found it in the cabinet of Ósip Aleksyéevich. When, in the dead silence of the cabinet, he sat down leaning on his arms at the dust-covered writing-desk of the deceased, there arose calmly and significantly, one after another, his recollections of the past few days, especially of the battle

of Borodinó, and of that insuperable sensation of his insignificance and mendacity in comparison with the truth, simplicity, and force of that category of men who had impressed themselves on his mind under the appellation of "they." When Gerásim woke him from his reverie, it occurred to Pierre that he would take part in the popular defence of Moscow, which, he knew, was contemplated. For this purpose he at once asked Gerásim to get him a caftan and a pistol, and declared to him his intention of remaining in Ósip Aleksyéevich's house and concealing his real name. Then, in the course of the first day which he passed in idle solitude (he tried several times to fix his attention on the Masonic manuscripts, but was unable to do so), there came to him several times the dim idea, which had come to him before, about the cabalistic significance of his name in connection with that of Bonaparte; but the thought that he, "*l'Russe Besuhof*," was destined to put a limit to the power of the *beast*, came to him only as one of the reveries which causelessly and tracklessly run through one's imagination.

When, having bought the caftan (only with the intention of taking part in the popular defence of Moscow), Pierre met the Rostóvs, and Natásha said to him, "You will stay? Oh, how nice that is!" the thought flashed through his mind that it would indeed be nice for him to stay in Moscow and fulfil that which was his predestination.

On the following day he went out to the Three Hills' barrier, with the only thought of not sparing himself and of not falling behind "them" in anything. But when he returned home, convinced that Moscow would not be defended, he suddenly felt that what had formerly appeared to him only as a possibility had now become necessary and inevitable. He had to conceal his name and remain in Moscow, and ought to meet Napoleon and kill him, in order to perish himself, or to avert the misfortune of the

whole of Europe, which, in Pierre's opinion, was due to Napoleon alone.

Pierre knew all the details of the attempt of the German student on the life of Bonaparte in Vienna in 1809, and he knew that that student had been shot. And the peril to which he subjected his life in the accomplishment of his intention incited him only more.

Two equally strong sentiments invincibly attracted Pierre to his intention. The first was the necessity of sacrifice and suffering in connection with the consciousness of the common calamity, — that feeling, in consequence of which he had gone on the 25th to Mozháysk and had ridden into the very thickest of the battle, then had run away from his house, and, instead of his habitual luxury and comforts of life, had slept without undressing on a hard sofa and had eaten the same food as Gerásim. The other was that indefinite, exclusively Russian feeling of contempt for everything conventional, artificial, human, for all that which by the majority of men is regarded as the greatest good in the world. For the first time, Pierre had experienced this strange and alluring sensation in the Slobódski Palace, when he felt that wealth, and power, and life, all that people build up and preserve with such care, — that if all that was worth anything, it was so only from the pleasure with which one could give it up.

It was that feeling, on account of which a volunteer recruit spends his last kopek in drink, and a carousing man breaks all the windows and glasses without any visible cause, knowing full well that this will take away his last money, — that feeling on account of which a man, committing a senselessly base act, seems to be testing his personal power and strength, invoking the presence of a higher tribunal of life, which stands outside human conditions.

Ever since the day when Pierre for the first time had experienced this feeling in the Slobódski Palace, he constantly was under its influence, but only now found its

full gratification. Besides, at the present moment, Pierre was sustained in his intention and deprived of the possibility of renouncing it by what he had already done in that direction. His flight from his house, his caftan, the pistol, his declaration to the Rostóvs that he would remain in Moscow, — everything would not only lose its meaning, but would also be contemptible and ridiculous (about that Pierre was sensitive), if, after all that, he left Moscow like the rest.

Pierre's physical condition, as is generally the case, coincided with the moral. The unaccustomed coarse food, the vódka which he drank during those days, the absence of wine and cigars, the dirty, unchanged underwear, the two half-sleepless nights, passed on a short sofa without bedding, — all this kept Pierre in a state of irritation approaching insanity.

It was now two o'clock in the afternoon. The French had entered Moscow. Pierre knew it, but, instead of acting, he thought only of his undertaking, reflecting on all its minutest future details. In his reveries, Pierre did not form a vivid conception of either the process of striking itself, or of the death of Napoleon, but with unusual clearness and with melancholy pleasure presented to himself his ruin and his heroic valour.

"Yes, I must accomplish it, once for all, or perish!" he thought. "Yes, I will go —" and then suddenly — "With a pistol or with a dagger?" thought Pierre. "What difference does it make? Not I, but the hand of Providence is executing you — I will say," Pierre thought of the words which he would utter while killing Napoleon. "Very well, take me and kill me," Pierre continued to speak to himself, with a sad, but firm expression on his face, and with drooping head.

Just as Pierre, standing in the middle of the room, was reflecting in this manner, the door of the cabinet opened,

and at the threshold appeared the totally changed figure of the formerly timid Makár Aleksyéevich.

His morning-gown was wide open. His face was red and homely. Evidently he was drunk. Upon seeing Pierre, he was confused during the first moment, but, noticing the embarrassment on Pierre's face, he became bolder, and with his tottering, thin legs walked out to the middle of the room.

"They became frightened —" he said, in a hoarse, confidential voice. "I said, 'I will not surrender' — am I right, sir?" He mused and, suddenly, seeing the pistol on the table, he grasped it and ran out into the corridor.

Gerásim and the janitor, who followed after Makár Aleksyéevich, stopped him in the vestibule and tried to get the pistol away from him. Pierre went out into the corridor and looked with pity and repulsion at the half-demented old man. Makár Aleksyéevich, frowning from the effort, was still keeping hold the pistol and crying in a hoarse voice, evidently imagining something solemn.

"To arms! Board the ships! You lie, you will not take it away from me!" he yelled.

"Stop it, truly, you must stop it! Please let it go. I beg you, sir —" said Gerásim, cautiously attempting to turn Makár Aleksyéevich by the elbows toward the door.

"Who are you? Bonaparte!" shouted Makár Aleksyéevich.

"That is not nice, sir. Please to go to your room and rest yourself. Let me have the pistol!"

"Away, despised slave! Do not touch me! Did you see?" cried Makár Aleksyéevich, shaking the pistol. "Board the ships!"

"Take hold of him!" Gerásim whispered to the janitor.

Makár Aleksyéevich was seized by his arms and dragged to the door. The vestibule was filled with the discordant noises of the struggle and with the drunken, snoring sounds of the gasping voice.

Suddenly a new, piercing, feminine cry was heard on the porch, and the cook ran out into the vestibule.

"It is they! O Lord!— Upon my word, they'! Four of them, on horseback!" she cried.

Gerásim and the janitor let Makár Aleksyéevich go, and in the quieted corridor could clearly be heard the taps of several hands against the entrance door.

XXVIII.

PIERRE, who had made up his mind that previous to the execution of his intention he ought not to reveal his calling, nor his knowledge of the French language, stood in the half-open door of the corridor, intending to hide himself as soon as the Frenchmen appeared. But the Frenchmen entered, and Pierre did not go away from the door: he was held by an invincible curiosity.

There were two of them. One an officer, a tall, stately, and handsome man, the other, apparently a soldier or orderly, of low stature, a lean, sunburnt man with sunken cheeks and a dull expression on his face. Having taken a few steps, the officer, as though deciding that this would be good quarters, stopped, turned back to the soldiers who were standing at the door, and in a loud, commanding voice told them to take in the horses. Having done this, the officer with a dashing gesture, raising the elbow high, fixed his moustache and touched his hat.

"*Bonjour la compagnie!*" he said, merrily, smiling, and looking about him.

No one said anything.

"*Vous êtes le bourgeois?*" the officer turned to Gerásim.

Gerásim looked in a frightened and inquiring way at the officer.

"*Quartire, quartire, logement,*" said the officer, superciliously, with a condescending and good-natured smile, looking at the little man. "*Les Français sont de bons enfants. Que diable! Voyons! Ne nous fâchons pas, mon vieux,*" he added, patting the frightened and taciturn Gerásim on the shoulder.

"*A ça! Dites donc, on ne parle donc pas français dans cette boutique?*" he added, looking around and meeting Pierre's glance.

Pierre moved back toward the door.

The officer again turned to Gerásim. He wanted Gerásim to show him the rooms of the house.

"Master gone — me no understand — mine, yours —" said Gerásim, imagining that he was making himself more intelligible by contorting the words.

The French officer, smiling, waved his hands before Gerásim's face, to let him know that he, too, did not understand him, and, limping, walked toward the door where Pierre stood. Pierre was on the point of going away, in order to conceal himself, but just then he noticed Makár Aleksyéevich coming out of the kitchen door, with the pistol in his hands. With the cunning of an insane man, Makár Aleksyéevich examined the Frenchman and, raising the pistol, aimed at him.

"Board the ships!" shouted the drunken man, pressing the trigger. The French officer turned around at the cry, and at the same moment Pierre threw himself on the drunken man. Just as Pierre grasped and raised the pistol, Makár Aleksyéevich at last got his finger on the trigger, and there resounded a deafening report, covering all with smoke. The Frenchman grew pale and ran back toward the door.

Forgetting his intention not to disclose his knowledge of French, Pierre, having pulled the pistol away and thrown it down, ran up to the officer and spoke to him in French.

"*Vous n'êtes pas blessé?*"

"*Je crois que non,*" replied the officer, touching himself, "*mais je l'ai manqué belle cette fois-ci,*" he added, pointing to the broken plaster on the wall. "*Quel est cet homme?*" said the officer, looking sternly at Pierre.

"*Ah, je suis vraiment au désespoir de ce qui vient d'ar-*

river," Pierre said, rapidly, entirely forgetful of his rôle. "*C'est un fou, un malheureux qui ne savait pas ce qu'il faisait.*"

The officer went up to Makár Aleksyéevich and grabbed him by the collar.

Makár Aleksyéevich, opening his mouth, as though falling asleep, staggered, leaning against the wall.

"*Brigand, tu me la payeras!*" said the Frenchman, taking his hand away. "*Nous autres, nous sommes cléments après la victoire; mais nous ne pardonnons pas aux traîtres,*" he added, with gloomy solemnity on his face, and with a beautiful, energetic gesture.

Pierre continued to persuade the officer in French that he should not punish this drunken, senseless man. The Frenchman listened to him in silence, without changing his sad expression, and suddenly turned to Pierre, with a smile. He glanced at him in silence for several seconds. His handsome face assumed a tragically gentle expression, and he extended his hand.

"*Vous m'avez sauvé la vie! Vous êtes Français,*" he said.

For the Frenchman this deduction was incontestable. Only a Frenchman was capable of performing a great act, and the salvation of *M. Ramball, capitaine du 13-me léger*, was no doubt a great act.

But, no matter how indubitable this conclusion was and the officer's conviction, which was based on it, Pierre regarded it as necessary to disenchant him.

"*Je suis Russe,*" Pierre said, rapidly.

"*Ti-ti-ti, à d'autres,*" the Frenchman said, waving his finger before his nose and smiling. "*Tout à l'heure vous allez me conter tout ça,*" he said. "*Charmé de rencontrer un compatriote. Eh bien! Qu' allons-nous faire de cet homme?*" he added, turning to Pierre, as to a brother. Even if Pierre had not been a Frenchman, he, having received this highest appellation in the world, could not

renounce it, was what the expression and tone of the French officer seemed to say.

In reply to the last question, Pierre once more explained who Makár Aleksyéevich was, and how, immediately before the arrival of the French, this drunken, senseless man had abstracted the loaded pistol, which they had had no time to take away from him. At the same time he begged the officer to let the deed go unpunished.

The Frenchman arched his chest and made a royal gesture with his hand.

"*Vous m'avez sauvé la vie! Vous êtes Français. Vous me demandez sa grâce? Je vous l'accorde. Qu'on emmène cet homme,*" swiftly and energetically said the French officer, taking the arm of Pierre, now promoted to the rank of Frenchman for having saved his life, and going with him into the house.

The soldiers, who were in the yard, having heard the shot, entered the vestibule, asking what had happened, and expressing their readiness to punish the guilty; but the officer stopped them with a stern look:

"*On vous demandera quand on aura besoin de vous,*" he said.

The soldiers went out. The orderly, who in the meantime had looked around in the kitchen, went up to the officer:

"*Capitaine, ils ont de la soupe et du gigot de mouton dans la cuisine,*" he said. "*Faut-il vous l'apporter?*"

"*Oui, et le vin,*" replied the captain.

XXIX.

WHEN the French officer entered the house with Pierre, the latter considered it his duty again to assure the captain that he was not a Frenchman, and wanted to leave, but the French officer did not even wish to hear of his going. He was so polite, amiable, good-natured, and sincerely grateful for his salvation, that Pierre did not have heart to refuse him, and sat down with him in the parlour, the first room which they entered. In reply to Pierre's assurance that he was not a Frenchman, the captain, who evidently could not comprehend how one could refuse such a flattering distinction, shrugged his shoulders and said that if Pierre by all means insisted on passing for a Russian he should do so, but that he himself, none the less, was for ever united to Pierre by a sentiment of gratitude for Pierre's having saved his life.

If this man had been endowed with the slightest ability of comprehending the sentiments of others and could have guessed Pierre's feelings, Pierre would have left him; but his animated dulness and lack of penetration in matters not strictly connected with himself conquered Pierre.

"*Français ou prince russe incognito*," said the Frenchman, looking at Pierre's fine, though soiled shirt and at the ring on his finger. "*Je vous dois la vie et je vous offre mon amitié. Un Français n'oublie jamais ni une insulte, ni un service. Je vous offre mon amitié. Je ne vous dis que ça.*"

In the sound of his voice, in the expression of his face, in his gestures, there was so much good nature and nobility (in the French sense) that Pierre, replying with an

unconscious smile to the smile of the Frenchman, pressed the extended hand.

"*Capitaine Ramball du 13-me léger, decoré pour l'affaire du Sept,*" he introduced himself with a self-satisfied, irrepressible smile, which made his lips curl beneath his moustache. "*Voudrez-vous bien me dire à présent à qui j'ai l'honneur de parler aussi agréablement au lieu de rester à l'ambulance avec la balle de ce fou dans le corps?*"

Pierre replied that he could not give him his name and, blushing, was trying to invent a name and to give him the reasons for not being able to tell it to him, but the Frenchman interrupted him:

"*De grâce,*" he said. "*Je comprends vos raisons. Vous êtes officier — officier superieur, peut-être. Vous avez porté les armes contre nous. Ce n'est pas mon affaire. Je vous dois la vie. Cela me suffit. Je suis tout à vous. Vous êtes gentilhomme!*" he added, with a shade of interrogation. Pierre inclined his head. "*Votre nom de baptême, s'il vous plaît? Je ne demande pas davantage. M. Pierre, dites vous — Parfait. C'est tout ce que je désire savoir.*"

When they brought the mutton, the omelet, the samovár, the vódka, and the wine from a Russian wine-cellar, which the French had brought with them, Ramball asked Pierre to take part in the dinner, and at once eagerly and rapidly, like a healthy and hungry man, began to eat, chewing fast with his strong teeth, smacking his lips all the time, and saying, "*Excellent, exquis!*" His face grew red and was covered with perspiration. Pierre was hungry and partook of the dinner. Morel, the orderly, brought a deep saucepan with hot water and placed in it a bottle of red wine. He brought, besides, a bottle of kvas, which he had taken from the kitchen for a trial. This drink was already familiar to the French and had received a name. They called the kvas "*limonade de cochon,*" and Morel praised this *limonade de cochon* which

he had found in the kitchen. But, as the captain had some wine, which he had procured while crossing Moscow, he left the kvas to Morel and himself took up the bottle of Bordeaux. He wrapped the bottle up to the neck in a napkin and poured out a glass for himself and for Pierre. The satisfying of his hunger and the drinking of the wine animated the captain still more, and he talked unceasingly during the dinner.

"*Oui, mon cher, M. Pierre, je vous dois une fière chandelle de m'avoir sauvé — de cet enragé — J'en ai assez, voyez-vous, de balles dans ce corps. En voilà une*" (he pointed to his side) *à Wagram, et de deux à Smolensk,*" he pointed to a scar on his cheek. "*Et cette jambe, comme vous voyez, que ne veut pas marcher. C'est à la grande bataille du 7 à la Moskowa que j'ai reçu ça. Sacré Dieu, c'était beau! Il fallait voir ça, c'était un deluge de feu. Vous nous avez taillé une rude besogne; vous pouvez vous en vanter, nom d'un petit bonhomme. Et, ma parole, malgré l'atout, que j'y ai gagné, je serais prêt à recommencer. Je plains ceux qui n'ont pas vu ça.*"

"*J'y ai été,*" said Pierre.

"*Bah, vraiment! Eh bien, tant mieux,*" said the Frenchman. "*Vous êtes de fiers ennemis, tout de même. La grande redoute a été tenace, nom d'une pipe. Et vous nous l'avez fait crânement payer. J'y suis allé trois fois tel que vous me voyez. Trois fois nous étions sur les canons et trois fois on nous a culbutés et comme des capucins de cartes. Oh! c'était beau, M. Pierre. Vos grenadiers ont été superbes, tonnerre de Dieu. Je les ai vus six fois de suite serrer les rangs, et marcher comme à une revue. Les beaux hommes! Notre roi de Naples qui s'y connaît, a crié, 'Bravo!' — Ah! ah! Soldats comme nous autres!*" he said, smiling, after a moment's silence. "*Tant mieux, tant mieux, M. Pierre. Terribles en bataille — galants —*" he winked, with a smile, "*avec les belles, voilà les Français, M. Pierre, n'est-ce pas?*"

The captain was so naïvely and good-naturedly merry, and frank, and satisfied with himself, that Pierre came very near winking himself, as he merrily looked at him. Apparently the word "*galant*" made the captain think of the condition of Moscow.

"*A propos, dites donc, est-ce vrai que toutes les femmes ont quitté Moscou? Une drôle d'idée! Qu'avaient-elles à craindre?*"

"*Est-ce que les dames françaises ne quitteraient pas Paris, si les Russes y entraient?*" asked Pierre.

"*Ah, ah, ah!*" the Frenchman laughed a merry, sanguine laugh, tapping Pierre on his shoulder. "*Ah! elle est forte celle-là,*" he said. "*Paris? Mais Paris, Paris —*"

"*Paris, la capitale du monde,*" said Pierre, finishing his sentence.

The captain looked at Pierre. He had a habit of stopping in the middle of his conversation and gazing fixedly with his laughing, kindly eyes.

"*Eh bien, si vous ne m'aviez pas dit que vous êtes Russe, j'aurais parié que vous êtes Parisien. Vous avez ce je ne sais quoi, ce —*" and, having said this compliment, he again looked at him in silence.

"*J'ai été à Paris, j'y ai passé des années,*" said Pierre.

"*Oh! ça se voit bien. Paris! — Un homme qui ne connaît pas Paris est un sauvage. Un Parisien, ça se sent a deux lieux. Paris, c'est Talma, la Duschénois, Potier, la Sorbonne, les boulevards,*" and observing that his conclusion was weaker than what preceded it, he added: "*Il n'y a qu'un Paris au monde. Vous avez été à Paris et vous êtes resté Russe. Eh bien, je ne vous en estime pas moins.*"

Under the influence of the wine and after days passed in solitude with his gloomy thoughts, Pierre experienced an involuntary pleasure in his conversation with this merry and good-natured man.

"*Pour en revenir à vos dames, on les dit bien belles.*

Quelle fichue idée d'aller s'enterrer dans les steppes, quand l'armée française est à Moscou. Quelle chance elles ont manqué celles-là. Vos moujicks c'est autre chose, mais vous autres gens civilisés, vous devriez nous connaître mieux que ça. Nous avons pris Vienne, Berlin, Madrid, Naples, Rome, Varsovie, toutes les capitales du monde — On nous craint, mais on nous aime. Nous sommes bons à connaître. Et puis l'empereur," he began.

But Pierre interrupted him.

"*L'empereur,*" repeated Pierre, and his face suddenly assumed a sad and embarrassed expression. "*Est-ce que l'empereur —*"

"*L'empereur? C'est la générosité, la clémence, la justice, l'ordre, le génie, voilà l'empereur! C'est moi, Ramball, qui vous le dit. Tel que vous ne voyez, j'étais son ennemi il y a encore huit ans. Mon père a été comte emigré — Mais il m'a vaincu, cet homme. Il m'a empoigné. Je n'ai pas pu résister au spectacle de grandeur et de gloire dont il couvrait la France. Quand j'ai compris ce qu'il voulait, quand j'ai vu qu'il nous faisait une litière de lauriers, voyez-vous, je me suis dit: voilà un souverain, et je me suis donné à lui. Eh voilà! Oh, oui, mon cher, c'est le plus grand homme des siècles passés et à venir.*"

"*Est-il à Moscou?*" Pierre asked, in embarrassment and with a guilty face.

The Frenchman looked at Pierre's guilty face and smiled.

"*Non, il fera son entrée demain,*" he said, continuing his conversation.

Their chat was interrupted by the cry of several voices at the gate and by the arrival of Morel, who came to inform the captain that there had come some Würtemberg hussars who wanted to station their horses in the same yard where the captain's horses now stood. The difficulty arose chiefly from the fact that the hussars did not understand what they were told.

The captain sent for the senior under-officer, whom he asked in a stern voice to what regiment he belonged, who was their commander, and on what ground he permitted himself to occupy quarters which were already occupied. To the first two questions the German, who understood French but poorly, named his regiment and his commander; but to the last question, which he had not understood, he replied, by mingling broken French sentences with his German speech, that he was the quartermaster of the regiment, and that he had been ordered by his chief to occupy all the yards in succession. Pierre, who spoke German, translated to the captain what the German was saying, and communicated the captain's answer to the Würtemberg hussar. When the hussar understood what was wanted of him, he surrendered and took his horses away. The captain went out on the porch and gave some orders in a loud voice.

When he returned to the room, he found Pierre sitting in the same spot as before, with his head leaning on his arms. His face expressed suffering. He was actually suffering at that moment. When the captain had gone and Pierre was left alone, he suddenly regained his senses and became conscious of the position he was in. Not because Moscow had been taken, and not because these lucky victors made themselves at home in it and spoke condescendingly to him, — however much this weighed on Pierre, — was what at that moment tormented him. He was tortured by the consciousness of his weakness. A few glasses of wine and the chat with that good-natured man had destroyed the concentrated and gloomy frame of mind in which he had passed the last few days, and which was necessary for the execution of his intention. The pistol and the dagger and the long coat were ready, and Napoleon would make his entrance on the morrow. Pierre still regarded the killing of the malefactor as a useful and worthy act, but he felt that he should

never do it. Why, he did not know, but he had a presentiment that he should never do it. He fought against the consciousness of his weakness, but he had a dim feeling that he should not overcome it, and that the former gloomy trend of ideas about revenge, murder, and self-sacrifice had dispersed like dust at the touch of the first man.

The captain entered the room, limping slightly, and whistling some kind of a tune.

The Frenchman's prattling, which before had amused Pierre, now appeared despicable to him. The whistling of the song, the gait, the gesture in twisting the moustache, — everything now appeared offensive to Pierre.

"I will go away at once, and will not speak another word to him," thought Pierre. That was what he thought, but he continued to sit in the same spot. A strange sensation of weakness fettered him to his seat: he wanted to get up and get away, but he could not.

The captain, on the contrary, seemed very jolly. He twice crossed the room. His eyes glistened, and his moustache twitched lightly as though he smiled to himself at some amusing thought of his.

"*Charmant,*" he suddenly said, "*le colonel de ces Wurtembergeois! C'est un Allemand; mais, brave garçon s'il en fût. Mais Allemand.*"

He sat down opposite Pierre.

"*A propos, vous savez donc l'allemand, vous?*"

Pierre looked at him in silence.

"*Comment dites-vous asile en allemand?*"

"*Asile?*" repeated Pierre. "*Asile en allemand — Unterkunft.*"

"*Comment dites-vous?*" the captain repeated, incredulously and hurriedly.

"*Unterkunft,*" repeated Pierre.

"*Onterkoff,*" said the captain, looking for a few seconds with his laughing eyes at Pierre. "*Les Allemands*

sont de fières bêtes. N'est-ce pas, M. Pierre?" he concluded.

"Eh bien, encore une bouteille de ce Bordeaux Moscovite, n'est-ce pas? Morel, va nous chauffer encore une petite bouteille. Morel!" the captain called out, in a merry voice.

Morel brought candles and a bottle of wine. The captain looked at Pierre under the illumination, and he was evidently struck by the disturbed face of his interlocutor. Ramball went up to Pierre with sincere sorrow and sympathy in his face, and bent down over him.

"Eh bien, nous sommes tristes," he said, touching Pierre's hand. *"Vous aurais-je fait de la peine? Non, vrai, avez-vous quelque chose contre moi?"* he asked him. *"Peut-être rapport à la situation?"*

Pierre made no reply, but looked kindly at the Frenchman. This expression of sympathy pleased him.

"Parole d'honneur, sans parler de ce que je vous dois, j'ai de l'amitié pour vous. Puis-je faire quelque chose pour vous? Disposez de moi. C'est à la vie et à la mort. C'est la main sur le cœur que je vous le dis," he said, striking his breast.

"Merci," said Pierre.

The captain looked fixedly at Pierre, just as he had looked when he found out what the German word for "refuge" was, and his face suddenly brightened.

"Ah! dans ce cas je bois à notre amitié!" he shouted merrily, filling two glasses of wine.

Pierre took the glass and emptied it. Ramball drank his, once more pressed Pierre's hand, and leaned against the table in an attitude of melancholy meditation.

"Oui, mon ami, voilà les caprices de la fortune," he began. *"Qui m'aurait dit que je serais soldat et capitaine de dragons au service de Bonaparte, comme nous l'appellions jadis. Et cependant me voilà à Moscou avec lui. Il faut vous dire, mon cher,"* he continued in the melancholy and measured voice of a man who is getting ready to tell a

long story, "*que notre nom est l'un des plus anciens de la France.*"

And with the light and naïve frankness of a Frenchman, the captain told Pierre the story of his ancestors, his childhood, youth, and manhood, and of all his family, property, and domestic relations. "*Ma pauvre mère*" naturally played an important part in this story.

"*Mais tout ça n'est que la mise en scène de la vie, le fond c'est l'amour. L'amour! N'est-ce pas, M. Pierre?*" he said, becoming animated. "*Encore un ver!*"

Pierre drank again and filled himself a third glass.

"*Oh! les femmes, les femmes!*" and the captain, looking at Pierre with liquid eyes, began to speak of love and of his amatory exploits. There were very many of them, which it was not hard to believe, when one looked at the self-satisfied, handsome face of the officer, and saw the ecstatic animation with which he spoke of women. Although all of Ramball's love-stories had that character of nastiness, in which the French see the exclusive charm and poetry of love, the captain told his history with such sincere conviction that he had experienced and discovered all the charms of love, and so enticingly described women, that Pierre listened to him with curiosity.

It was evident that *l'amour*, which the Frenchman loved so much, was not that lower and common kind of love, which Pierre had once experienced toward his wife, not that romantic love, fanned by himself, which he had experienced toward Natásha (Ramball despised equally both these kinds of love, — the first was *l'amour des charretiers*, the second *l'amour des nigauds*); *l'amour*, before which the Frenchman bowed, consisted mainly in the unnaturalness of the relations to the woman, and in the combination of vicious extravagancies, in which lay the chief charm of the sensation.

Thus the captain told a touching story of his love for a seductive marquise of thirty-five years and, at the same

time, for the charming, innocent, seventeen-year-old girl, the daughter of the seductive marquise. The struggle of magnanimity between the mother and daughter, which ended in the mother's sacrificing herself and offering her daughter as a wife to her lover, even now, though it was a remote recollection, agitated the captain. Then he told an episode, in which the husband played the rôle of a lover, and he (the lover) the rôle of husband, and several comic episodes from his *souvenirs d'Allemagne*, where *asile* was *Unterkunft*, where *les maris mangent de la choux croute*, and where *les jeunes filles sont trop blondes*.

Finally, the last episode in Poland, still fresh in the captain's memory, which he told with rapid gestures and burning face, was to the effect that he had saved a Pole's life (the episode of saving some one's life was, in general, of frequent occurrence in the recitals of the captain), and that this Pole entrusted to him his seductive wife, *Parisienne de cœur*, while he himself entered the French service. The captain was happy; the seductive Polish woman wanted to run away with him; but he, actuated by magnanimity, returned the wife to her husband, saying to him, "*Je vous ai sauvé la vie, et je sauve votre honneur!*" Having repeated these words, the captain rubbed his eyes and shook himself, as though repelling the weakness which possessed him at this touching recollection.

Listening to the recitals of the captain, as often happens late in the evening and under the influence of wine, Pierre was alert to everything which the captain was telling him, understood everything, and, at the same time, followed up a series of his own personal recollections, which for some reason suddenly presented themselves to his imagination. As he listened to these stories of love, his own love for Natásha suddenly occurred to him, and, reviewing in his imagination the pictures of that love, he mentally compared them with Ramball's stories. As he listened to the story about the struggle of duty and love,

Pierre saw before him all the minutest details of his last meeting with the object of his love at the Sukhárev Tower. At that time the meeting had produced no effect upon him; he had not even once thought of it. But now it seemed to him that that meeting was somehow very significant and poetical.

"Pierre Kirílych, come here, I have recognized you," he now heard her words, and saw before him her eyes, smile, travelling cap, straying lock of hair — and in all this there was something touching and tender.

Having finished his recital about the seductive Polish woman, the captain turned to Pierre with the question, whether he had experienced such a feeling of self-sacrifice for love's sake and of envy of the legitimate husband.

Provoked by this question, Pierre raised his head and felt himself impelled to give utterance to the thoughts which interested him; he began to explain to him that he understood somewhat differently what love for woman was. He said that he had loved only one woman all his life, and that this woman could never be his.

"*Tiens!*" said the captain.

Then Pierre explained that he had loved this woman since his earliest youth; but that he had not dared to think of her because she was too young, and he an illegitimate son without a name. Later, when he had received a name and wealth, he had not dared to think of her because he loved her too much and placed her too high above the whole world, and therefore so much above himself. Upon reaching this point in his story, he turned to the captain with the question whether he understood what he said.

The captain made a gesture which said that, even if he did not understand him, he asked him to proceed.

"*L'amour platonique, les nuages* —" he muttered.

The wine consumed, or the need of unburdening his heart, or the thought that this man did not know and

never would know any of the actors of his story, or all these taken together, unloosened Pierre's tongue, and he, with lisping mouth and liquid eyes, looking somewhere into the distance, told his whole history: his marriage, the story of Natásha's love for his best friend, and her treason, and all his simple relations with her. Incited by Ramball's questions, he told him what he had concealed at first, — his position in society, and even disclosed his name to him.

What most startled the captain in Pierre's recital was the fact that he was very rich, that he had two palaces in Moscow, and that he had abandoned everything and had not gone away from Moscow, but had remained in the city, concealing his name and station.

It was late at night when both went out into the street. It was a warm, bright night. To the left of the house could be seen the glow of the first fire in Moscow, on the Petróvka. High on the right stood the young sickle of the moon, and on the side opposite to the moon hung that bright comet, which in Pierre's soul was connected with his love.

At the gate stood Gerásim, the cook, and two Frenchmen. One could hear their laughter and conversation in languages mutually incomprehensible. They looked at the ruddy sky which was visible over the city. There was nothing terrible in the small, distant fire in the immense city.

Looking at the high starry heaven, at the moon, at the comet, and at the glow, Pierre experienced a joyous satisfaction. "How nice this is! What else do I want?" he thought. And suddenly, as he recalled his intention, his head began to turn and he felt a nausea so that he had to lean against the fence to keep from falling down.

Without bidding his new friend good-bye, Pierre walked with unsteady feet away from the gate and, returning to his room, lay down on the sofa and immediately fell asleep.

XXX.

THE fleeing inhabitants and retreating troops looked with various feelings at the glow of the first conflagration, visible on September 2d from various roads.

The caravan of the Rostóvs that night rested at Mytíshchi, within twenty versts of Moscow. They had left so late on September 1st; the road was so barred by carts and troops; so many things had been forgotten, and men had to be sent for them, — that on that first night it had been decided to stop within five versts of Moscow. The next morning they awoke late, and there were again so many delays, that they got only as far as Great Mytíshchi. At ten o'clock the Rostóvs and the wounded who travelled with them took up quarters in the yards and huts of the large village. The servants, the coachman of the Rostóvs, and the orderlies of the wounded, having looked after their masters, ate their supper, fed their horses, and went out on the porch.

In a neighbouring hut lay Raévski's wounded adjutant, with a shattered hand, and the terrible pain which he experienced made him groan pitifully without cessation, and these groans sounded terrible in the autumnal darkness of the night. During the first night this adjutant had been located in the same yard with the Rostóvs. The countess said that she had not been able to close her eyes that night, and so in Mytíshchi she took up the worst hut, only to be as far as possible away from this wounded man.

One of the servants noticed, in the darkness of the night, beyond the high body of the carriage standing at the

entrance, another small glow of another conflagration. One glow had been observed long ago, and all knew that it was the reflection from the burning Little Mytíshchi, set on fire by Mamónov's Cossacks.

"Friends, this is another fire!" said an orderly.

All turned their eyes to the glow.

"They say that Mamónov's Cossacks set Little Mytíshchi on fire. Oh, no, this is not Mytíshchi, it is farther. Look there, it must be in Moscow." Two of the men went down from the porch, walked around the carriage, and sat down on the carriage steps. "This is more to the left, — Mytíshchi is over there, and this is in an entirely different direction," several persons joined the first. "See it flame up!" said one. "This, gentlemen, is a fire in Moscow; either in the Suchévskaya, or the Rogózhskaya parts."

Nobody made any reply to this remark. The men for a long time watched in silence the distant, growing flame of the new fire.

An old man, the count's chamberlain, as they called him, Danílo Teréntich, went up to the crowd and called Míshka.

"What are you looking at there, lazybones! The count will ask for you, and there will be no one near by; go and pick up the clothes!"

"I was just going to fetch some water," said Míshka.

"What do you think, Danílo Teréntich? Isn't this glow in Moscow?" asked one of the lackeys.

Danílo Teréntich made no reply, and all kept silence for a long time. The glow spread and surged farther and farther.

"God have mercy! Wind and drouth —" again said a voice.

"Look there, how it goes up! O Lord! You may even see the jackdaws. O Lord, have mercy on us sinners!"

"They will, probably, put it out."

"Who is to put it out?" was heard the voice of Danflo Teréntich, who had kept silence until then. His voice was calm and grave. "It is Moscow, friends," he said, "Moscow, our white stone —" his voice broke and he began to sob in old man fashion.

It was as though all had been waiting only for this in order to grasp the meaning that the glow had for them. There were heard sighs, words of prayer, and the sobs of the count's valet.

XXXI.

THE valet returned to the count and informed him that Moscow was burning. The count put on his morning-gown and went out to look. With him went Sónya and Madame Schoss, who were not yet undressed. Natásha and the countess were left alone in the room. (Pétya was no longer with his family: he had gone ahead with his regiment, marching toward Tróitsa.)

The countess wept when she heard the news of the fire in Moscow. Natásha, pale, with arrested glance, sitting beneath the images on a bench (the same spot she had been sitting on since her arrival), paid not the least attention to her father's words. She listened to the unceasing groan of the adjutant, which, though three houses away, could be distinctly heard.

"Oh, how terrible!" said chilled and frightened Sónya, returning from the yard. "I think all Moscow will burn, — it is a terrible glow! Natásha, look there, you can see it through the window," she said to her, evidently wishing to distract her attention. But Natásha looked at her as though she did not understand what she was asked about, and again gazed at the corner of the oven. Natásha had been in that condition of stupour since the morning, when Sónya, to the surprise and annoyance of the countess, for some incomprehensible reason, had found it necessary to inform Natásha of Prince Andréy's wound and of his presence in the caravan. The countess had seldom been so angry with Sónya as she was then. Sónya wept and begged forgiveness, and now, as though to atone for her guilt, constantly attended to her sister.

"See, Natásha, how terribly it is burning!" said Sónya.

"What is burning?" asked Natásha. "Oh, yes, Moscow." And, as though not to offend Sónya by a refusal, and to get rid of her, she turned her head to the window, looked in such a way that she certainly could not see a thing, and again took up her old attitude.

"But you did not see?"

"Really, I did," she said, as though entreating to be left alone.

And it was clear to the countess and to Sónya that Moscow, the fire at Moscow, or anything else, could naturally have no meaning for Natásha.

The count again entered beyond the partition and lay down. The countess walked over to Natásha, touched her head with the back of her hand, as she used to do when her daughter was ill, then touched her brow with her lips, as though to discover whether she had any fever, and kissed her.

"You are chilled. You are all in a tremble. You had better lie down," she said.

"Lie down? Yes, all right, I will lie down. I will, at once," said Natásha.

When Natásha had been told in the morning that Prince Andréy was dangerously wounded and was travelling with them, she at first asked only, whither? how? was he mortally wounded? and could she see him? But when she was told that she could not see him, that he was badly wounded, but that his life was not in danger, she apparently did not believe what she was told, but convinced herself that no matter how much she might ask, she would receive the same reply, and so stopped asking and talking.

During the whole journey Natásha sat motionless in the corner of the carriage, her eyes wide open in the way which the countess knew so well, and was so much afraid, and remained in the same posture on the bench on which she had sat down. She was either plotting and planning

something, or had already made up her mind to something, — this the countess knew; but she did not know what it really was, and that terrified and tormented her.

"Natásha, undress yourself, my darling! Lie down on my bed!"

It was only the countess who had a bed made up for her; Madame Schoss and the two young ladies had to sleep on the floor on hay.

"No, mamma, I will lie down here, on the floor," Natásha said, angrily, going up to the window and opening it. The groans of the adjutant were heard more distinctly through the open window. She put her head out into the damp air of the night, and the countess saw that her thin neck shook from sobs and beat against the frame. Natásha knew that it was not Prince Andréy who was groaning. She knew that Prince Andréy was lying in the same series of buildings with them, in a hut across the vestibule; but this terrible, unceasing groan, made her sob, too. The countess exchanged glances with Sónya.

"Lie down, my darling! Lie down, my dear!" said the countess, gently touching Natásha's shoulder. "Do lie down!"

"Oh, yes — Immediately, immediately," said Natásha, undressing herself in a hurry and breaking the skirt strings. Having thrown off her garments and donned a sack, she sat down on the bed prepared for her on the floor, with her legs under her, and, throwing her short, thin braid over her shoulder, began to braid it. Her thin, long, experienced fingers swiftly and deftly unbraided, braided, and fastened her hair. Natásha's head with a habitual gesture turned now to one, and now to another side, but her eyes, open feverishly, gazed fixedly in front of her. When her night toilet was finished, she softly let herself down on the sheet, which had been placed over the hay in the corner, near the door.

"Natásha, lie down in the middle!" said Sónya.

"I am all right here," said Natásha. "Lie down all!" she added, with annoyance. And she buried her face in the pillow.

The countess, Madame Schoss, and Sónya hurriedly undressed themselves and lay down. Only one little lamp was burning in the room. But the yard was lighted up by the fire at Little Mytíshchi, two versts away, and there was a nocturnal din of voices in the inn which Mamónov's Cossacks had pitched in the street diagonally across, and there could be heard the incessant groan of the adjutant.

Natásha for a long time listened to the sounds which were borne to her, from within and without, and did not stir. She heard at first her mother's prayers and sighs, the creaking of the bed under her, the familiar wheezing snore of Madame Schoss, and Sónya's quiet breathing. Then the countess called Natásha. Natásha made no reply.

"I think she is asleep, mamma," Sónya answered, softly.

After a moment's silence, the countess called her again, but no one this time made any reply.

Soon after Natásha heard the even breathing of her mother. Natásha did not stir, though her bare little foot, straying from the coverlet, was feeling cold on the bare floor.

As though celebrating a victory over everybody, a cricket began to chirp in a chink. A cock crowed in the distance, and one near by gave response. The sounds had died down in the inn, and only the groan of the adjutant was audible. Natásha raised herself a little.

"Sónya, are you asleep? Mamma?" she whispered. No one replied. Natásha rose slowly, cautiously made the sign of the cross, and then with her narrow and flexible bare feet stepped cautiously on the dirty, cold floor. The deals creaked. Rapidly alternating her feet, she ran several steps forward, like a kitten, and took hold of the cold door-latch.

She thought that something heavy was striking in even measure against all the walls of the house: it was the palpitation of her heart, tremulous with fear and with terror, and torn asunder by love.

She opened the door, stepped across the threshold, and put her foot on the damp, cold floor of the vestibule. The cold which surrounded her refreshed her. She ran with her bare foot against a sleeping person, stepped over him, and opened the door to the room in which lay Prince Andréy. This room was dark. In the back corner, near a bed on which lay something, stood a tallow dip, which had guttered into the shape of a large mushroom.

Natásha had decided the very morning when she was told of Prince Andréy's wound and of his presence, that she must see him. She did not know why it ought to be, but she knew that the meeting would be painful, and she was more and more convinced that it had to be.

The whole day she had been living only in the hope of seeing him at night. But now, when this moment had arrived, she was overcome by terror at what she would see. Was he disfigured? What was left of him? Was he just like that incessant groan of the adjutant? Yes, he was precisely like it. To her imagination he was the personification of that terrible groan. When she saw an indistinct mass in the corner, and took his knees, which were raised up under the coverlet, for his shoulders, she imagined a terrible body and stopped in dismay. But an insuperable power drew her on. She cautiously made one step, another, and found herself in the middle of a small room, filled up with many things. Under the images, on the bench, lay another man (it was Timókhin), and on the floor lay two more men (those were the doctor and the valet).

The valet raised himself and whispered something. Timókhin, suffering from pain in his wounded leg, was not sleeping, and looked, with wide eyes, at the strange appari-

tion of the girl in the white shirt, sack, and nightcap. The sleepy and frightened words of the valet, "What do you wish? What is it?" made Natásha only walk faster toward that which was lying in the corner. No matter how terrible and how unlike a man that body was, she must see it. She passed the valet, the mushroom-like guttering fell off from the candle, and she saw clearly Prince Andréy, such as he had always been, lying with straightened arms on the coverlet.

He was the same as always; but the inflamed colour of his face, the glistening eyes, ecstatically directed upon her, and especially his soft, childlike neck, protruding from the turn-over collar of his nightgown, gave him a peculiar, innocent, childlike appearance, which she had never before observed in Prince Andréy. She went up to him and with a rapid, flexible, youthful motion kneeled down before him.

He smiled and extended his hand to her.

XXXII.

SEVEN days had passed from the time when Prince Andréy regained his consciousness in the ambulance of the field of Borodinó. He had been almost all the time unconscious. The feverish condition and inflammation of the bowels, which had been injured, would, in the opinion of the doctor, who was travelling with the wounded man, certainly carry him off. But, on the seventh day, he ate a piece of bread with relish and drank tea, and the doctor noticed that his general fever was subsiding. In the morning Prince Andréy had regained consciousness. The first night after leaving Moscow it was quite warm, and Prince Andréy was left overnight in his carriage; but in Mytíshchi the wounded man himself asked to be taken out and to be given some tea. The pain which was occasioned by his transportation to the room made him groan aloud, and he fainted again. When he was placed on a camp-bed, he lay for a long time with closed eyes. Then he opened them and softly whispered, "Well, the tea?" This attention to the little details of life startled the doctor. He felt the pulse and, to his surprise and dissatisfaction, noticed that it was better. The doctor noticed it with dissatisfaction because, from his experience, he was convinced that Prince Andréy could not live, and that if he did not die at once, he would only die later with greater suffering. With Prince Andréy travelled Major Timókhin, of his regiment, the man with the red little nose, who had been wounded in the same battle of Borodinó; he had joined Prince Andréy in Moscow.

With them also travelled a doctor, the prince's valet, his coachman, and two orderlies.

Prince Andréy was given some tea. He drank it eagerly, looking with feverish eyes in front of him, at the door, as though endeavouring to comprehend something, and to make something out.

"No more! Is Timókhin here?" he asked.

Timókhin crawled up toward him on his bench.

"I am here, your Serenity."

"How is the wound?"

"Whose? Mine? All right. But how is yours?"

Prince Andréy again fell to musing, as though trying to recall something.

"Can't I get a book?" he asked.

"What kind of a book?"

"The Gospel! I have none."

The doctor promised he would try to get him one, and began to ask the prince how he felt. Prince Andréy answered reluctantly, but intelligently, to all the questions of the doctor, and then said that a cushion ought to be put under him, because he felt so uncomfortable and had such pain. The doctor and the valet raised the mantle with which he was covered, and, frowning from the oppressive stench of decaying flesh, which proceeded from the wound, began to examine that terrible place. The doctor was very much dissatisfied with what he saw, changed something, and turned the wounded man around so that he again groaned and, from the pain caused in the turning, again fainted and became delirious. He kept talking about getting him this book as soon as possible, and of putting it down there.

"It would not be much for you to get it!" he said. "I haven't it, — please get it, — put it there for a minute," he said, in a pitiful voice.

The doctor went out into the vestibule to wash his hands. "Oh, how careless of us, truly!" the doctor said

to the valet, who was pouring water on his hands. "Just neglected him for a minute. Why, it is such a pain, that I wonder how he can bear it."

"I thought we had fixed him, O Lord Jesus Christ!" said the valet.

Prince Andréy comprehended for the first time where he was and what had happened to him, and he recalled that he was wounded, and that, at the moment that the carriage stopped in Mytíshchi, he had asked to be taken into a house. His thoughts becoming muddled from the pain, he again remembered himself in the house, drinking tea, and then again, repeating in his imagination everything which had happened to him, he most vividly thought of the moment in the ambulance when, at the sight of the suffering of the man he did not like, there had come thoughts to him which gave a promise of happiness. And these thoughts, though indefinite and indistinct, now again possessed his soul. He recalled that he now had a new happiness, and that this happiness had something in common with the Gospel. And so he asked for the book. But the bad position given to his wound and the new turning again mixed up his ideas, and he returned to life only in the dead silence of the night. All were asleep about him. A cricket was chirping in the room across the vestibule; in the street some one was singing and shouting; cockroaches rustled on the table, the images, and the walls; a fat fly was buzzing above his head and near the tallow dip, which had guttered in the shape of a large mushroom, and which was standing near by.

His mind was in a normal condition. The healthy man generally thinks, feels, and recalls simultaneously an endless number of things, but has the power and strength to choose one series of thoughts and phenomena and to hold his attention on that one series. The healthy man in the moment of his profoundest meditation tears himself

away in order to say a few polite words to a person entering, and again returns to his thoughts. In this respect, Prince Andréy's mind was not in a normal condition. All the powers of his mind were more active, clearer than ever, but they operated outside his will. The most diverse thoughts and conceptions possessed him at the same time. Occasionally his mind suddenly began to work, with such strength, clearness, and depth, as it had never been able to attain when he was in his health; but suddenly, in the middle of its work, it broke and gave way to some unexpected representation, and he did not have the power to return to the former thought.

"Yes, a new happiness has been revealed to me, — one that is inseparable from man," he thought, as he was lying in the dim, quiet hut, gazing ahead of him with feverishly open, fixed eyes, "a happiness which is beyond material powers, beyond material, external influences upon man, the happiness of soul alone, the happiness of love! Any man may grasp it, but only God could have conceived and prescribed it. But when was it that God prescribed this law? Why the son?" And suddenly the thread of these thoughts broke, and Prince Andréy heard (not knowing whether it was in a dream or in reality that he heard it) a soft, whispering voice, incessantly repeating in even measure: "I piti-piti-piti," and then "i ti-ti," and again "i piti-piti-piti," and again "i ti-ti." At the same time, to the sound of this whispering music, Prince Andréy felt that above his face, above the very middle of it, was being raised a strange aerial structure of fine needles or splinters. He felt that (though this was hard for him) he must carefully preserve the balance in order that the building which was being reared might not fall in; it fell in none the less, and again was erected to the sound of the whispered, cadenced music. "It is expanding, expanding, expanding all the time!" Prince Andréy said to himself. At the same time that he was

listening to the whisper and feeling the expansion and the rearing of the building of needles, he saw by starts the red, encircled candle-light, and heard the rustling of the cockroaches and the buzzing of the fly, which flapped against his pillow and his face. And every time when the fly touched his face, it produced a stinging sensation; at the same time he was surprised to see that the fly, striking into the very sphere of the structure rising above his face, did not destroy it. In addition to this, there was something else which was of importance. It was something white at the door, the statue of a sphinx, which, too, was pressing him.

"But, maybe, it is only my shirt on the table," thought Prince Andréy, "and these are my legs, and this is the door, — but why does it all expand and rise?" I piti-piti-piti i ti-ti — i piti-piti-piti — "Enough, stop, please, stop!" Prince Andréy implored some one. And suddenly thought and feeling again swam cut with extraordinary clearness and strength.

"Yes, love," he thought, with absolute clearness, "not the love which loves for something, for some purpose, or for some reason, but that love which I experienced for the first time when, dying, I saw my enemy and yet loved him. I experienced that sentiment of love which is the very essence of the soul, and for which no object is needed. I even now experience that blissful feeling. To love your neighbour, to love your enemies! To love everything, — to love God in all His manifestations!

"A dear man may be loved with a human love; but only an enemy may be loved with a divine love. And this is why I experienced such joy when I felt that I loved that man. What has happened to him? Is he still alive?

"Loving a man with the human love, one can pass from love to hatred; but the divine love cannot change. Nothing, not even death, nothing can destroy it. It is

the essence of the soul. How many people I have hated in my lifetime! And of all people I have loved and hated none more than her." And he thought vividly of Natásha, not as he had thought of her before, with only her charm, which had given him so much pleasure; he for the first time thought of her soul. And he understood her sentiment, her suffering, shame, repentance. He now for the first time comprehended the cruelty of his refusal, saw the cruelty of his rupture with her. "If I only could see her once more! Once only, looking into those eyes, to say —"

I piti-piti-piti i ti-ti i piti-piti-piti — boom, the fly struck against something — And his attention was suddenly transferred to another world of reality and delirium, in which something peculiar was taking place. In this world the structure was still ascending without falling down, and something expanded, and the candle burnt with that red circle, and the shirt-sphinx lay at the door; but, in addition to all this, something creaked, there was a breath of fresh air, and a new, white sphinx stood before the door. And in the head of this sphinx there were the pale face and the beaming eyes of that very Natásha of whom he had just been thinking.

"Oh, how oppressive this unceasing delirium is!" thought Prince Andréy, essaying to drive this face away from his imagination. But the face stood before him with the power of reality, and it came nearer. Prince Andréy wanted to turn back to the former world of pure thought, but he could not, and the delirium drew him into its sphere. The soft, whispering voice continued its measured lisp; something pressed him, and expanded, and the strange face stood before him. Prince Andréy collected all his strength, in order to regain consciousness; he stirred, and suddenly there was a ringing sound in his ears, his eyes grew dim, and, like a man ducking in the water, he swooned. When he came to, Natásha, that

same living Natásha whom of all people in the world he wanted to love with that new, pure, divine love now disclosed to him, knelt before him. He understood that this was the living, real Natásha, and was not surprised, but softly rejoiced. Natásha, kneeling, frightened, fettered to the ground (she could not move), looked at him, repressing her tears. Her face was pale and immovable. Only at the lower part of it something quivered.

Prince Andréy sighed in relief, smiled, and extended his hand.

"Is it you?" he said. "What happiness!"

Natásha with a rapid but cautious motion moved up to him on her knees and, carefully taking his hand, bent her face down to him and began to kiss it, barely touching it with her lips.

"Forgive me!" she said, in a whisper, raising her head and looking at him. "Forgive me!"

"I love you," said Prince Andréy.

"Forgive me —"

"What is there to forgive?" asked Prince Andréy.

"Forgive me for what I have — done," Natásha muttered, in a scarcely audible, interrupted whisper, and, barely touching his hand with her lips, began to kiss it oftener and oftener.

"I love thee more, better than before," said Prince Andréy, raising her face with his hand, so as to be able to look into her eyes.

These eyes, filled with tears of happiness, looked at him timidly, compassionately, and full of the joy of love. Natásha's thin, pale face with the swollen lips was more than homely, it was terrible. But Prince Andréy did not see that face, — he saw the glowing eyes, which were beautiful. Behind them was heard conversation.

Pèter, the valet, now entirely awakened, woke the doctor. Timókhin, who had not slept all the time from the pain in his leg, had for a long time been seeing all that

was happening, and writhed on his bench, trying to cover his bare body with the sheet.

"What is this?" asked the doctor, raising himself a little in his bed. "Please go, madam!"

Just then there was a knock at the door: the countess, discovering the absence of her daughter, had sent the maid for her.

Like a somnambulist who is awakened in the middle of her sleep, Natásha left the room and, upon returning to the other hut, fell down on her bed sobbing.

From that day on, during all the wandering of the Rostóvs, at all resting-places and stops for the night, Natásha did not leave the bedside of wounded Bolkónski, and the doctor had to confess that he had not expected from the maiden either such firmness, or such skill in tending the wounded man. Although the countess felt terribly at the thought that Prince Andréy might (very probably would, according to the words of the physician) die on the road on the hands of her daughter, she could not oppose Natásha. Although, on account of the now established relations between the wounded Prince Andréy and Natásha, it occurred to many that, in case of his recovery, the former relations of fiancés would be renewed, no one, least of all Natásha and Prince Andréy, spoke of it: the undecided, imminent question of life and death, not only in the case of Bolkónski, but also of Russia, veiled all other considerations.

XXXIII.

PIERRE awoke late on September 3d. His head pained him; the clothes, in which he, without undressing, had slept, weighed heavily on his body, and on his mind was a dim consciousness of something disgraceful, which he had done the day before; this disgraceful thing was his conversation with Captain Ramball.

His watch pointed to eleven, but it looked very gloomy outside. Pierre rose, rubbed his eyes, and, seeing the pistol with the carved stock, which Gerásim had put back on the writing-desk, Pierre recalled where he was and what he had to do on that day.

"Maybe I am already late!" thought Pierre. "No, no doubt he will not make his entrance before noon." Pierre did not permit himself to reflect on what was before him, but hastened to act.

Adjusting his dress, Pierre took the pistol into his hands and was getting ready to go. But just then it occurred to him for the first time that he certainly could not carry the weapon openly in his hand. Even under a broad caftan it was difficult to conceal a large pistol. It could not be put away in his belt, nor under his arm. Besides, the pistol had been discharged, and Pierre had had no time to reload it. "All right, the dagger will do," Pierre said to himself, though, in deliberating on the execution of his intention, he had more than once decided that the chief error of the student in 1809 consisted in his attempt at stabbing Napoleon. But, as though Pierre's chief aim consisted not in executing the plan, but in proving to himself that he had not given up his intention

and that he was doing everything for its execution, Pierre grasped the dull-toothed dagger in a green sheath, which he had bought at the Sukhárev Tower at the same time that he bought the pistol, and concealed it under his waistcoat.

Having girded his caftan and pulled his cap over his forehead, Pierre, endeavouring not to make any noise and not to meet the captain, passed into the corridor and went out into the street.

The fire, at which he had looked so indifferently the night before, had considerably increased in the night. There were burning simultaneously the Carriage Row, the Transmoskvá, Merchant Row, Povárskaya Street, the barges on the Moskvá River, and the wood market at the Dorogomílov Bridge.

Pierre's path lay through the alleys to Povárskaya Street, and thence down the Arbát to the Church of St. Nicholas the Manifested, near which he had decided long ago that he would commit his act. In the majority of houses the gates and shutters were closed. The streets and alleys were deserted. The air reeked with fumes and smoke. Now and then he met Russians with restless and timid faces and Frenchmen with an uncitylike, camp look, walking in the middle of the streets. Both looked in surprise at Pierre. In addition to his great size and fatness, and the strange, gloomily concentrated and suffering expression of his face and whole figure, the Russians looked at Pierre because they could not make out to what condition that man might belong. The Frenchmen, on the contrary, followed him with their eyes, because Pierre, unlike all the other Russians, who looked at the Frenchmen with fear or curiosity, paid not the least attention to them. At the gate of one of the houses three Frenchmen, who were talking to some Russians without being understood by them, stopped Pierre, asking him whether he knew French.

In the Kremlin.

Pierre gave a negative shake of his head and walked on. In another alley a sentry, standing near a green caisson, called out to him, and only after his repeated threatening call and the sound of his gun which he took up, did Pierre understand that he had to walk around the caisson on the other side of the street. He neither heard nor saw anything about him. He carried his intention within him in haste and dread, as something terrible and foreign to him, fearing, from his experience of the night before, that he might lose it. But Pierre was not destined to carry his frame of mind intact to the place toward which he was tending. Besides, even if he had not been delayed by any one on his way, his intention could not have been carried out for the simple reason that Napoleon had four hours before gone from the Dorogomílov Suburb over the Arbát to the Kremlin, and now was sitting, in the gloomiest of moods, in the Tsar's cabinet in the Kremlin palace, and giving detailed, minute orders about the measures which were to be taken to put out the fires at once, prevent marauding, and pacify the inhabitants. But Pierre did not know it. All absorbed by what was impending, he was tormented like a man who stubbornly undertakes a task which is impossible, not on account of its difficulty, but on account of the incompatibility of the deed with his nature; he was tormented by the thought of weakening at the decisive moment, and, consequently, of losing respect for himself.

Though he did not hear, nor see anything about him, he instinctively groped his way, and did not make any mistake in the alleys which brought him out to Povárskaya Street.

As he approached the street more nearly, the smoke became denser and denser, and he even felt warm from the radiated heat. Occasionally tongues of fire shot up behind the roofs of houses. More people were met with in the streets, and they looked more agitated. But, although

Pierre felt that something unusual was taking place around him, he did not account for it by the fact that he was approaching a fire. As he walked along a path, which ran across a vacant place which on one side bordered on Povárskaya Street, and on the other on the gardens of Prince Gruzínski, Pierre suddenly heard the desperate wail of a woman near him. He stopped, as though waking up from sleep, and raised his head.

On one side of the path, on the dried-up, dusty grass, were heaped up household goods: feather beds, a samovár, images, and boxes. On the ground, near the boxes, sat a middle-aged, lean woman, with long, protruding upper teeth, dressed in a black cloak and cap. This woman swayed to and fro and, lamenting, wept her heart out. Two little girls of ten and twelve years of age, wearing soiled short dresses and little cloaks, looked at their mother with an expression of perplexity on their pale, frightened faces. A smaller boy, of about seven years, in a long coat and an immense cap, evidently not his own, was weeping in the arms of an old nurse. A barefoot, dirty maid was sitting on a box and, opening her light blond braid, was picking out the singed hair, by smelling at it. The husband, an undersized, stooping man, in an undress uniform, with wheel-shaped whiskers and smooth temple locks, which could be seen underneath the squarely lodged cap, was, with an immobile face, rearranging the boxes placed on top of each other, and pulling out some kind of garments from them.

The woman almost rushed to Pierre's feet, when she saw him.

"Dear people, Christians, Orthodox men, save me, help me! Somebody help me!" she said, through sobs. "The girl! The daughter! — My youngest daughter has been left there! — She has burnt! Oh, oh! What did I fondle you for? — Oh, oh, oh!"

"Stop, Márya Nikoláevna!" the husband addressed her

in a soft voice, evidently only in order to justify himself in the presence of a stranger. "No doubt, sister has carried her away, for where else could she be?" he added.

"Monster, rascal!" furiously shouted the woman, suddenly ceasing to cry. "You have no heart, — you do not pity your child! Any other man would take her out of the fire. But he is a monster, and not a man, a father! You are a gentleman," the woman turned to Pierre, speaking rapidly between sobs. "There was a fire next door, and our house caught fire, too. The maid cried: 'We are burning!' She rushed to pick up things. We jumped out just as we were — This is what we have saved — By God's mercy we have saved the bed of the dowry, for everything else is lost. We grabbed the children, but Kátichka is gone. Oh, oh, oh! O Lord!" and she sobbed again. "My sweet little child! Burnt! Burnt!"

"Where, where was she left?" asked Pierre.

From the expression of his animated face, the woman saw that this man could help her.

"Father!" she cried, grasping his legs. "Benefactor, at least satisfy my heart — Ániska, go, wretch, take him there!" she shouted to the maid, angrily opening her mouth and in this motion displaying her long teeth even more.

"Take me, take me there! I — I — will do it, I," Pierre spoke rapidly, with a gasping voice.

The dirty maid came out from behind the box, fixed her braid, and, sighing, went ahead with her heavy, bare feet over the path. Pierre felt as though he had just revived after a long swoon. He raised his head higher, his eyes beamed with the sparkle of life, and he followed the girl with rapid step, catching up with her and walking out on Povárskaya Street. The whole street was shrouded by a cloud of black smoke. The people were crowding before the fire in a large mass. In the middle of the street stood a French general, speaking to those who surrounded

him. Pierre, accompanied by the maid, was approaching the place where the French general was standing; but the French soldiers stopped him.

"*On ne passe pas,*" he shouted to him.

"This way, uncle," exclaimed the girl. "We will pass by an alley through the Nikúlin yard."

Pierre turned back and, running now and then, managed to keep up with the maid. The maid ran across the street, to the left up an alley, and, pāssing three houses, turned to the right through a gate.

"It is not far now," said the maid, and, running through a yard, she opened a small gate in the wooden fence and, stopping, indicated to Pierre the wooden wing of a house, which was burning bright and hot. One of its sides had fallen down, another was burning, and the flame licked brightly through the openings of the windows and through the roof.

Passing through the gate, Pierre was overcome by the heat, and instinctively stopped.

"Which, which is your house?" he asked.

"Oh, oh, oh!" howled the girl, pointing to the wing. "This one, — here was our lodging. You are burnt now, treasure, Kátichka, my precious miss, oh, oh!" Ániska whined at the sight of the fire, feeling the necessity of expressing her feeling.

Pierre rushed toward the wing, but the heat was so great that he involuntarily described a large arc around the wing and found himself near a large house, which was burning from one side only, at the roof, and near which there swarmed a mass of Frenchmen. At first Pierre did not understand what the Frenchmen who were dragging things out were doing there; but, upon seeing before him a Frenchman, who was striking a peasant with a dull sword, trying to take away from him a fox fur coat, Pierre understood that they were looting there, but he had no time to dwell on that idea.

The sound of crackling and the din of the falling walls and ceilings; the whistle and hissing of the flame; the animated shouts of the people; the sight of the swaying clouds of smoke, now rolling dense and black, now surging up in lighter colour, with the tinsel of sparks; the sight of the now compact, sheaf-shaped, red, and now scaly golden flames, licking the walls; the sensation of heat and smoke and the rapidity of motion, — all these produced on Pierre the usual, stirring effect of fires. This effect was particularly strong on Pierre because, at the sight of this fire, he suddenly felt himself freed from the thoughts which had weighed so heavily upon him. He felt himself young, merry, agile, and determined. He ran around the wing from the side of the house, and was on the point of running into that part of it which was still standing, when right above him was heard the call of several voices and soon after the thud and metallic sound of something heavy falling near him.

Pierre looked around and saw in the windows of the house the Frenchmen who had thrown out the drawer of a commode, full of some metallic things. Other Frenchmen, standing below, walked over to the drawer.

"*Eh bien, qu'est-ce qu'il veut celui-là?*" one of the Frenchmen shouted to Pierre.

"*Un enfant dans cette maison. N'avez-vous pas vu un enfant?*" asked Pierre.

"*Tiens, qu'est-ce qu'il chante, celui-là? Va te promener!*" were heard some voices, and one of the soldiers, evidently afraid that Pierre might want to take away the silver and bronzes which were in the drawer, moved threateningly up to him.

"*Un enfant?*" a Frenchman shouted from above. "*J'ai entendu piailler quelque chose au jardin. Peut-être c'est son moutard au bonhomme. Faut être humain, voyez-vous —*"

"*Où est-il? Où est-il?*" asked Pierre.

"*Par ici! Par ici!*" the Frenchman called out to him from the window, pointing to the garden, which was behind the house. "*Attendez, je vais descendre.*" And, indeed, a minute later the Frenchman, a black-eyed lad with a smouch on his cheek, with his coat off, jumped out of the window of the lower floor and, tapping Pierre on the shoulder, ran with him into the garden. "*Dépêchez-vous, vous autres,*" he called out to his companions, "*commence à faire chaud.*"

Running back of the house on a sand-covered path, the Frenchman pulled Pierre by the sleeve and pointed to a circle. Under a bench lay a three-year-old girl in a pink little dress.

"*Voilà votre moutard. Ah, une petite! Tant mieux,*" said the Frenchman. "*A revoir, mon gros. Faut être humain. Nous sommes tous mortels, voyez-vous,*" and the Frenchman with the smouch on his cheek ran back to his companions.

Pierre, gasping for joy, ran up to the girl and wanted to take her up in his arms. But, upon seeing a strange man, the scrofulous, homely little child, who resembled her mother, cried out and started to run away. Pierre, however, seized her and lifted her on his arm; she screamed in a desperate and furious voice and with her tiny hands tried to tear Pierre's arms away from her, and wanted to bite him with her snotty mouth. Pierre was seized by a sensation of terror and loathing, such as he had experienced at the touch of some little animal. But he made an effort over himself to keep from throwing down the child, and ran back with it to the large house. But it was impossible to run back the same way; the girl Ániska was not there, and Pierre, with a sensation of pity and loathing, pressing to him as tenderly as possible the sobbing, wet girl, ran through the garden to find another exit.

XXXIV.

When Pierre, running through yards and alleys, at last reached with his charge the Gruzínski garden, at the corner of Povárskaya Street, he at first did not recognize the place from which he had started for the child: it was so filled up with people and with household goods dragged out from the houses. Besides the Russian families, with their goods, who were seeking safety from the fire, there were also some French soldiers in various costumes. Pierre paid no attention to them. He hastened to find the family of the official, in order to return the daughter to her mother and go back to save some one else. Pierre felt that he had to do many things yet, and that he ought to do them at once. Having heated himself from the fire and the running, Pierre even more powerfully felt that sensation of youthfulness, animation, and determination, which had possessed him at the time he had run away to save the child. The girl had now quieted down, and, holding on to Pierre's caftan with her little hands, sat in his arms and looked around like a wild little animal. Pierre now and then looked at her and smiled. It seemed to him that he saw something touchingly innocent in that frightened and sickly face.

Neither the official nor his wife was in the place where he had left them. Pierre walked with rapid steps among the people, looking into the faces of those he met. Accidentally he noticed a Georgian or Armenian family, which consisted of a handsome, very old man with an Eastern type of face, wearing a new, covered fur coat and new

boots, an old woman of the same type, and a young woman. This very young woman appeared to Pierre the perfection of an Eastern beauty, with her sharply outlined, arched black eyebrows and long, exquisitely ruddy, beautiful, expressionless face. Amidst the scattered goods in the crowd on the square, she, in her rich velvet cloak and brightly coloured lilac kerchief, which covered her head, reminded one of a tender hothouse plant thrown out into the snow. She was sitting on bundles, a little behind the old woman, and with her immovable, large, black, oblong eyes, with their long lashes, looked upon the ground. She evidently knew her beauty and was afraid because of it. Her face startled Pierre, and he, in his hurry, passing along the fence, several times looked at her. When he reached the enclosure and did not find those he was looking for, he stopped and looked about him.

The figure of Pierre with a child in his arms was more startling than before, and a few Russian men and women collected about him.

"Have you lost any one, dear man? Are you yourself a nobleman? Whose child is it?" he was asked.

Pierre replied that the child belonged to a woman in a black cloak, who had been sitting there with her children, and asked whether they did not know where she had gone.

"This must be Anférovs' child," said an old deacon, turning to a pockmarked woman. "The Lord have mercy upon us! The Lord have mercy upon us!" he added, in his habitual bass.

"Indeed not Anférovs'!" said the woman. "The Anférovs left in the morning. This must be Márya Nikoláevna's, or Ivánovna's child."

"He says a woman, and Márya Nikoláevna is a lady," said a manorial servant.

"Do you know her? Long teeth, thin," said Pierre.

"Precisely, it is Márya Nikoláevna. They went into the garden when the wolves came down here," said the woman, pointing to the French soldiers.

"O Lord, have mercy upon us!" the deacon added again.

"You go over there, they are there. It is she. She has been lamenting all the time," the woman said again. "It is she. This way!"

But Pierre paid no attention to the woman. He had been looking for some moments at what was going on within a few steps of him. He was gazing at the Armenian family and at two French soldiers, who had gone up to the Armenians. One of these soldiers, a small, wily man, was dressed in a blue mantle, which was girded with a rope. On his head he wore a nightcap, and his feet were bare. The other, who particularly attracted Pierre's attention, was a tall, stooping, blond, lean man with slow motions and an idiotic expression on his face. He wore a frieze capote, blue pantaloons, and large, torn jack-boots. The little Frenchman, the one without shoes, in the blue mantle, walked up to the Armenians and, saying something, at once took hold of the old man's feet, whereat the old man hurriedly began to take off his boots. The other, in the capote, stopped in front of the beautiful Armenian maiden, and, planting himself silently and with his hands in his pockets in front of her, kept gazing at her.

"Take, take the child," said Pierre, giving the woman the child and speaking commandingly to her. "Return her to them!" he almost shouted to the woman, putting the weeping child on the ground, and again looking at the Frenchmen and at the Armenian family. The old man was already sitting barefoot. The little Frenchman had taken off his second boot, and was striking both boots against each other. The old man was sobbing and saying something; but Pierre saw this only in passing; his whole

attention was directed upon the Frenchman in the capote, who, softly swaying, had moved up to the young woman and, drawing his hands out of his pocket, had taken hold of her neck.

The beautiful Armenian woman remained sitting in the same immovable position with drooping, long lashes, as though she did not see, nor feel, what the soldier was doing to her.

While Pierre was running the few steps which separated him from the Frenchmen, the tall marauder in the capote was already pulling from her neck a necklace which she wore, and the young woman, grasping her neck with both her hands, cried in a piercing voice.

"*Laissez cette femme!*" Pierre cried, hoarsely, in a voice of fury, taking the tall, stooping soldier by his shoulder and hurling him away. The soldier fell down, got up, and ran away. But his companion, throwing away the boots, took out his sword and moved threateningly up toward Pierre.

"*Voyons, pas de bêtises!*" he shouted.

Pierre was in one of those transports of fury, when he did not remember anything, and when his strength was increased tenfold. He rushed up against the barefoot Frenchman and, before he had time to unsheath his sword, knocked him down and pounded him with his fists. There was heard the approving cry of the surrounding crowd, and at the same time a mounted patrol of French uhlans appeared around the corner. The uhlans rode up at a trot to Pierre and the Frenchman, and surrounded them. Pierre did not remember anything that followed. He remembered having beaten some one, and some one beating him, and that at last he felt that his arms were tied, and that a crowd of French soldiers was standing around him and searching his clothes.

"*Il a un poignard, lieutenant,*" were the first words which he understood.

"*Ah, une arme!*" said the officer, turning to the barefoot soldier who was taken with Pierre.

"*C'est bon. Vous direz tout cela au conseil de guerre,*" said the officer. And then, turning to Pierre, "*Parlez-vous français, vous?*"

Pierre looked around him with blood-filled eyes and made no reply. His face must have looked very terrible, because the officer said something in a whisper, and four more uhlans separated from the command and stationed themselves on both sides of Pierre.

"*Parlez-vous français?*" the officer repeated the question, keeping at a safe distance from him. "*Faites venir l'interprète.*"

From the rear rode forth a man of short stature, in the uniform of the Russian civil service. Pierre from his attire and speech immediately recognized in him a Frenchman from one of the Moscow shops.

"*Il n'a pas l'air d'un homme du peuple,*" said the interpreter, looking at Pierre.

"*Oh, oh! ça m'a bien l'air d'un des incendiaires,*" said the officer. "*Demandez-lui ce qu'il est!*" he added.

"You who are?" asked the interpreter. "You to authority must reply right," he said.

"*Je ne vous dirai pas qui je suis. Je suis votre prisonnier. Emmenez-moi!*" Pierre suddenly said in French.

"Ah, ah!" the officer muttered, frowning. "*Marchons!*"

A crowd had gathered about the uhlans. Nearest to Pierre stood the pockmarked woman with the little girl. When the patrol started, she moved forward.

"Where are they taking you to, my dear?" she said. "The girl, what shall I do with the girl if she does not belong to them?" asked the woman.

"*Qu'est-ce qu'elle veut, cette femme?*" asked the officer.

Pierre was like a drunken man. His ecstatic condition

was enhanced at the sight of the little girl whom he had saved.

"*Ce qu'elle dit ?*" he said. "*Elle m'apporte ma fille que je viens de sauver des flammes*," he said. "*Adieu !*" and, not knowing himself how this aimless lie had escaped him, went along with a determined, solemn step between the Frenchmen.

The patrol of the French was one of those which had been sent out by Durosnel through the different streets of Moscow in order to put a stop to marauding and, especially, to catch the incendiaries, who, according to the general opinion held at that time by the higher French officers, were the cause of the fires. Making the round of several other streets, the patrol arrested five other suspicious Russians, one shopkeeper, two seminarists, a peasant, and a manorial servant, and a few marauders. But of all the suspects, Pierre seemed to be the most suspicious. When they were all brought for the night to a large house at the Zúbov rampart, where the guard-house was, Pierre was incarcerated separately, under strict surveillance.

WAR AND PEACE

1864–1869

Parts XII., XIII., XIV., and XV.
Epilogue

WAR AND PEACE

PART THE TWELFTH

I.

In the upper circles of St. Petersburg society there was just then going on a battle, more acrimonious than ever, between the parties of Rumyántsev, the French, Márya Feódorovna, the Tsesarévich, and others, and, as always, it was drowned by the trumpeting of the court drones. But the calm, luxurious St. Petersburg life, busying itself only with the apparitions and reflections of life, went on as of old; and through the tenor of this life one had to make great efforts in order to recognize the danger and the serious state the Russian nation was in. There were the same court ceremonies and balls, the same French theatre, the same interests of the courts, the same interests of the service, and the same intrigues. Only in the very highest circles were efforts made to remind the people of the seriousness of the contemporary state of affairs. They told in a whisper of the entirely different conduct of the two empresses in these grave circumstances. Empress Márya Feódorovna, solicitous for the welfare of the charitable and educational institutions under her patronage, had given orders about the transportation of all these institutions to Kazán, and their belongings had been

packed for a long time. On the contrary, with her characteristic Russian patriotism, Empress Elizavéta Aleksyéevna deigned to reply to the question what it would be her pleasure to command, that she could give no orders about affairs of State, as that belonged to the emperor; but, so far as she was personally concerned, she deigned to say that she would be the last to leave St. Petersburg.

On August 26th, the very day of the battle of Borodinó, Anna Pávlovna gave a soirée, the flower of which was to be the reading of a letter of the metropolitan, which he had written on the occasion of sending the emperor an image of St. Sergius. This epistle was regarded as a model of patriotic ecclesiastic eloquence. It was to be read by Prince Vasíli himself, who had a reputation as a good reader. (He had read to the empress.) This art of reading consisted in rolling off the words in a loud singsong, between a despairing wail and a tender murmur, independently of their meaning, so that quite by chance the wail fell on some words, and the murmur on others. This reading, like all of Anna Pávlovna's soirées, had a political significance. At this evening entertainment were to be several important personages, who were to be put to shame for attending the French theatre and to be stirred to patriotic fervour. Quite a number of people had already assembled, but Anna Pávlovna did not yet see in her parlour all those who were to be there, and so the reading was delayed, and, instead, she caused the conversation to become general.

The news of that day in St. Petersburg was the illness of Countess Bezúkhi. She had suddenly grown ill, had missed several meetings, of which she was the ornament, and it was rumoured that she did not receive any one, and that, instead of entrusting herself to the famous St. Petersburg doctors, who generally attended on her, she had employed an Italian physician, who was curing her by some new and unusual method.

All knew well that the disease of the charming countess was due to the inconvenience of marrying two men at once, and that the Italian's cure consisted in removing this inconvenience, but in the presence of Anna Pávlovna nobody dared to think of it, and they even pretended not to know anything about it.

"*On dit que la pauvre comtesse est très mal. Le médecin dit que c'est l'angine pectorale.*"

"*L'angine? Oh, c'est une maladie terrible!*"

"*On dit que les rivaux se sont reconciliés grâce à l'angine —*" The word "*angine*" was repeated with great pleasure.

"*Le vieux comte est touchant à ce qu'on dit. Il a pleuré comme un enfant quand le médecin lui a dit que le cas était dangereux.*"

"*Oh, ce serait une perte terrible. C'est une femme ravissante.*"

"*Vous parlez de la pauvre comtesse,*" said Anna Pávlovna, coming up. "*J'ai envoyé savoir de ses nouvelles. On m'a dit qu'elle allait un peu mieux. Oh, sans doute, c'est la plus charmante femme du monde,*" said Anna Pávlovna, with a smile at her transport. "*Nous appartenons à des camps differents, mais cela ne m'empêche pas de l'estimer, comme elle le mérite. Elle est bien malheureuse,*" added Anna Pávlovna.

Imagining that with these words Anna Pávlovna had slightly raised the curtain of mystery on the countess's disease, a heedless young man took the liberty of expressing his surprise because the best physicians had not been called in, and the countess allowed herself to be cured by a charlatan, who might give her injurious remedies.

"*Vos informations peuvent être meilleures que les miennes,*" Anna Pávlovna suddenly retorted with venom to the inexperienced young man, "*mais je sais de bonne source que ce médecin est un homme très savant et très habile. C'est le médecin intime de la Reine d'Espagne.*"

Having thus annihilated the young man, Anna Pávlovna turned to Bilíbin, who, in another circle, was talking about the Austrians. Having knit his brow, he was apparently getting ready to unwrinkle it, in order to say a *mot*.

"*Je trouve que c'est charmant,*" he said about a diplomatic paper, which referred to the Austrian flags taken by Wittgenstein, *le héros de Pétropol* (as he was called in St. Petersburg), which had been sent back to Vienna.

"How, how is this?" Anna Pávlovna turned to him, provoking a silence, so that they might hear his *mot*, which she knew already.

Bilíbin repeated the identical words of the despatch composed by him as follows:

"*L'Empereur renvoie les drapeaux Autrichiens,*" said Bilíbin, "*drapeaux amis et égarés, qu'il a trouvés hors de la route,*" finished Bilíbin, unwrinkling his brow.

"*Charmant, charmant!*" said Prince Vasíli.

"*C'est la route de Varsovie peut-être,*" Prince Ippolít unexpectedly said, in a loud voice.

All looked back at him, wondering what it was he meant to say. Prince Ippolít himself gazed about him in merry surprise. He understood as little as the rest what the words uttered by him meant. During his diplomatic career he had observed more than once that words suddenly enunciated in this manner appeared very clever, and so he at all events said the words that happened to be at his tongue's end. "Maybe it will come out all right," he thought, "and if not, they will somehow fix it." Indeed, just as an awkward silence had ensued, there entered that insufficiently patriotic person, whom Anna Pávlovna wanted to convert. Smiling, and threatening Ippolít with her fingers, she invited Prince Vasíli to the table and, bringing him two candles and the manuscript, asked him to begin. All grew silent.

"Most August Tsar and Emperor!" Prince Vasíli ex-

claimed, in a stern voice. He surveyed the audience, as though asking if there was any one present who objected to this; but no one made any reply. "Moscow, the first capital, the New Jerusalem, receives *her* Christ," he suddenly emphasized the word "her," "just as a mother embracing her zealous sons, and through the rising mist, foreseeing the brilliant glory of thy power, sings in ecstasy, 'Hosanna, blessed is He who comes!'" Prince Vasíli pronounced these last words in a tearful voice.

Bilíbin carefully examined his nails, and many were apparently intimidated, as though they asked themselves what their guilt consisted in. Anna Pávlovna in a whisper repeated the coming words, like an old woman saying the prayer of the communion, "Let the impudent and bold Goliath —"

Prince Vasíli continued:

"Let the impudent and bold Goliath, coming from the boundaries of France, carry death-dealing terrors to the confines of Russia; the humble faith, this sling of the Russian David, will at once vanquish the head of his bloodthirsty pride. This image of St. Sergius, the ancient champion of our country's weal, is presented to your Imperial Majesty. I regret that my enfeebled strength prevents my enjoying the sweet sight of you. I send ardent prayers to heaven, asking the Almighty to magnify the race of the just and to fulfil the pious wishes of your Majesty!"

"*Quelle force! Quel style!*" were heard the praises to the reader and the author.

Animated by this address, Anna Pávlovna's guests for a long time talked of the state of the country, and made all kinds of conjectures about the issue of the battle which was to be fought in a few days.

"*Vous verrez*," said Anna Pávlovna, "that to-morrow, on the birthday of the emperor, we shall get some news. I have a good presentiment."

II.

ANNA PÁVLOVNA'S presentiment was realized. On the following day, during the Te Deum in the palace, on the occasion of the emperor's birthday, Prince Volkónski was called out from church, and received a sealed letter from Prince Kutúzov. It was Kutúzov's report, written on the day of the battle at Tatárinovo. Kutúzov wrote that the Russians had not retreated one step; that the French had lost a great many more men than the Russians; and that he was reporting hurriedly from the field of battle, having still been unable to collect all the last data. Consequently it was a victory. And thus immediately, without leaving the church, a thanksgiving was read to the Creator for His aid and for the victory.

Anna Pávlovna's presentiment was realized, and in the city there reigned all day a festive mood. Everybody recognized the victory as complete, and some went so far as to speak of the captivity of Napoleon himself, of his dethronement, and of the choice of a new head for France.

Removed from action, and amidst the conditions of court life, it was very hard for the events to be reflected in all their fulness and strength. Involuntarily general events group themselves about some special occurrence. Thus now the chief joy of the courtiers was due, not so much to the fact that we were victorious, as that the news of this victory reached us exactly on the day of the emperor's birthday. It was like a successful surprise. In Kutúzov's report mention was also made of the Russian losses, and among them were mentioned Tuchkóv, Bagra-

tión, Kutáysov. Even the sad part of the event involuntarily grouped itself, in the St. Petersburg society, about the one incident of Kutáysov's death. All knew him; the emperor loved him; he was young and interesting. On that day all met with the words:

"How wonderfully it all happened. During the very Te Deum. And what a loss! — Kutáysov! Oh, what a pity!"

"What did I tell you about Kutúzov?" Prince Vasíli now said, with the pride of a prophet. "I have always maintained that he was the only one capable of vanquishing Napoleon."

But on the following day no news was received from the army, and the public became agitated. The courtiers suffered from the anguish of uncertainty in which the emperor was.

"Imagine the position of the Tsar!" said the courtiers, and they no longer extolled, as two days before, but condemned, Kutúzov, who was the cause of the emperor's anxiety. Prince Vasíli on that day no longer bragged of his protégé Kutúzov, but kept silence whenever any one mentioned Kutúzov's name. Besides, on the evening of that day everything seemed to combine in order to cast alarm and anxiety on the inhabitants of St. Petersburg: there was added a terrible bit of news. Countess Bezúkhi had suddenly died from that dreadful disease, which it was pleasant to pronounce. Officially, in general society, all said that Countess Bezúkhi died from a terrible attack of *angine pectorale*, but in intimate circles they told the details of how "*le médecin intime de la Reine d'Espagne*" had prescribed to Hélène small doses of a certain medicine to produce a certain effect; and how Hélène, vexed because the old count suspected her and because her husband, to whom she had written (that miserable, immoral Pierre!), had not answered her, suddenly took an immense dose of the prescribed medicine and died in agony, before

she could receive any aid. They said that Prince Vasíli and the old count went for the Italian, but that the Italian showed them such notes from the unfortunate woman that he was at once released.

The general conversation centred on three sad events: the uncertainty of the emperor, the loss of Kutáysov, and the death of Hélène.

On the third day after Kutúzov's report, a landed proprietor arrived in St. Petersburg from Moscow, and the news of the surrender of Moscow at once spread throughout the city. It was terrible! What a dreadful position for the Tsar! Kutúzov was a traitor, and Prince Vasíli, during the *visites de condoléance* made him on the occasion of his daughter's death, said of Kutúzov, whom he had praised so much before (it was pardonable for him, in his sorrow, to forget what he had said before), that nothing else could have been expected from a blind and corrupt old man. "I only wonder how the fate of Russia could have been entrusted to such a man."

So long as this news was not yet official, it was possible to doubt it, but on the following day there came the following report from Rostopchín:

"An adjutant of Prince Kutúzov brought me a letter, in which he asks me for officers of police to lead the army out on the Ryazán road. He says that he is sorry to abandon Moscow. Emperor! Kutúzov's act decides the fate of the capital and of your empire. Russia will shudder when she hears of the abandonment of the city where is concentrated the grandeur of Russia, where lies the dust of your ancestors. I shall follow after the army. I have taken everything away, and I have only to weep for the fate of my country."

Having received this communication, the emperor sent by Prince Volkónski the following rescript to Kutúzov:

"Prince Mikhaíl Ilariónovich! Since August 29th I have had no reports from you. In the meantime I have

received, through Yaroslávl, the sad news from the commander-in-chief of Moscow that you have decided to go away with your army from Moscow. You can yourself imagine the effect this news had produced upon me, and your silence only increases my surprise. I send herewith Adjutant-General Prince Volkónski to find out from you the condition of the army and the causes which have led you to such a sad determination."

III.

NINE days after the evacuation of Moscow, there arrived in St. Petersburg a messenger from Kutúzov with the official news of the abandonment of Moscow. This messenger was Michaud, who could not speak Russian, but "*quoique étranger, Russe de cœur et d'âme,*" as he said of himself.

The emperor at once received him in his cabinet, in the palace on Stone Island. Michaud, who had never seen Moscow before the campaign, and who could speak no Russian, nevertheless was very much disturbed when he appeared before "*Notre très gracieux Souverain*" (as he himself wrote), with the news of the conflagration of Moscow, "*dont les flammes éclairaient sa route.*"

Though the source of M. Michaud's chagrin ought to have been different from the one from which flowed the sorrow of the Russians, he had such a sad expression when he was ushered into the emperor's cabinet that the emperor at once asked him:

"*M'apportez-vous de tristes nouvelles, colonel?*"

"*Bien tristes, Sire,*" replied Michaud, lowering his eyes with a sigh, "*l'abandon de Moscou.*"

"*Aurait-on livré mon ancienne capitale sans se battre?*" the emperor spoke rapidly, his face being flushed.

Michaud respectfully transmitted Kutúzov's message, which was that it had been impossible to fight at the walls of Moscow, and that, since there was the choice of losing Moscow and the army, or only Moscow, the field-marshal had been compelled to choose the latter.

The emperor listened in silence, without looking at Michaud.

"*L'ennemi est-il entré en ville?*" he asked.

"*Oui, Sire, et elle est en cendres à l'heure qu'il est. Je l'ai laissée toute en flammes,*" Michaud said, with determination; but, looking at the emperor, Michaud was frightened at what he had done.

The emperor began to breathe heavily and quickly; his nether jaw quivered, and his beautiful blue eyes suddenly were veiled with tears.

But this lasted but a minute. The emperor suddenly frowned, as though rebuking himself for his weakness. And, raising his head, he turned to Michaud with a firm voice:

"*Je vois, colonel, par tout ce qui arrive,*" he said, "*que la Providence éxige de grands sacrifices de nous — Je suis prêt à me soumettre à toutes Ses volontés; mais dites-moi, Michaud, comment avez-vous laissé l'armée, en voyant ainsi, sans coup férir, abandonner mon ancienne capitale? N'avez-vous pas aperçu du découragement?*"

Noticing the composure of his "*très gracieux Souverain,*" Michaud calmed down himself, but to the emperor's direct and relevant question, which demanded a direct answer, he had not yet formulated a reply.

"*Sire, me permettrez-vous de vous parler franchement en loyal militaire?*" he said, to gain time.

"*Colonel, je l'éxige toujours,*" said the emperor. "*Ne me cachez rien! Je veux savoir absolument ce qu'il en est.*"

"*Sire!*" said Michaud, with a fine, scarcely perceptible smile, having succeeded in preparing his answer in the form of a light and respectful *jeu de mots.* "*Sire, j'ai laissé toute l'armée depuis les chefs jusqu'au dernier soldat, sans exception, dans une crainte épouvantable, effrayante —*"

"*Comment ça?*" sternly knitting his brow, the em-

peror interrupted him. "*Mes Russes se laisseront-ils abattre par le malheur? Jamais —*"

This was precisely what Michaud had been waiting for in order to introduce his play of words.

"*Sire,*" he said, with a respectful playfulness of expression, "*ils craignent seulement que Votre Majesté par bonté de cœur ne se laisse persuader de faire la paix. Ils brûlent de combattre,*" spoke the representative of the Russian nation, "*et de prouver à Votre Altesse par le sacrifice de leur vie, combien ils lui sont devoués —*"

"*Ah!*" the emperor said, with composure, and with a kindly gleam of his eyes, striking Michaud on his shoulder. "*Vous me tranquillisez, colonel.*"

The emperor let his head fall and kept silence for awhile.

"*Eh bien, retournez à l'armée,*" he said, straightening himself up to his full stature and turning to Michaud with a majestic gesture, "*et dites à nos braves, dites à tous mes bons sujets partout où vous passerez, que quand je n'aurais plus qu'un soldat, je me mettrai, moi-même, à la tête de ma chère noblesse, de mes bons paysans, et j'userai ainsi jusqu'à la dernière ressource de mon empire. Il m'en offre encore plus que mes ennemis ne pensent,*" said the emperor, becoming more and more animated. "*Mais si jamais il fut écrit dans les decrets de la Divine Providence,*" he said, raising his beautiful, gentle, feeling eyes to heaven, "*que ma dynastie dût cesser de régner sur le trône de mes ancêtres, alors, après avoir épuisé tous les moyens qui sont en mon pouvoir, je me laisserai croître la barbe jusqu' ici*" (the emperor pointed with his hand to his chest), "*et j'irai manger des pommes de terre avec le dernier de mes paysans plutôt, que de signer la honte de ma patrie et de ma chère nation, dont je sais apprécier les sacrifices!*"

Having uttered these words in an agitated voice, the emperor suddenly turned away, as though wishing to

conceal from Michaud the tears which had come to his eyes, and walked to the other end of his cabinet. After standing there for a few moments, he returned to Michaud with long steps and pressed his arm below the elbow. The handsome, gentle face of the emperor was flushed, and his eyes burned with the gleam of determination and anger.

"*Colonel Michaud, n'oubliez pas ce que je vous dis ici! Peut-être qu'un jour nous nous le rappellerons avec plaisir — Napoléon ou moi,*" said the emperor, touching his breast. "*Nous ne pouvons plus régner ensemble. J'ai appris à le connaître il ne me trompera plus —*" And the emperor frowned and kept silence.

Hearing these words, and seeing the expression of firm determination in the emperor's eyes, Michaud, "*quoique étranger, mais Russe de cœur et d'âme,*" felt himself, at that solemn moment "*entousiasmé par tout ce qu'il venait d'entendre*" (as he himself later said), and he in the following expressions gave vent to his feelings, as well as to the feelings of the Russian nation, of which he regarded himself as the representative.

"*Sire,*" he said, "*Votre Majesté signe dans ce moment la gloire de la nation et le salut de l'Europe.*"

The emperor dismissed Michaud with an inclination of his head.

IV.

At the time when Russia was half-conquered, and the inhabitants of Moscow fled to distant provinces, and militia after militia was levied for the defence of the country, we, who did not live during that period, instinctively imagine that all the Russians, from great to small, were busy sacrificing themselves, saving the country, or weeping over its ruin. The stories and descriptions of that time all without exception speak only of self-sacrifice, love of country, despair, sorrow, and heroism on the part of the Russians. In reality it was not so. It only seems to us to have been so because we see of the past only its historical interest, and do not see all those personal, human interests which the people then had. And yet, in reality, those personal interests of the present are to such an extent more important than the common interests that one never feels (never notices even) the common interests behind them. The great majority of men at that time did not pay the least attention to the general course of events, but were guided only by their personal interests of the present. And it was these men who were the most useful factors of that time.

Those who tried to understand the common course of affairs and essayed by self-sacrifice and heroism to take part in it, were the most useless members of society; they saw everything topsyturvy, and everything they did turned out to be useless and insipid, like the regiments of Pierre and of Mamónov, which pillaged Russian villages,

like the lint picked by young ladies, which never reached the wounded, and so forth. Even those who were fond of philosophizing and expressing their sentiments, and discoursed of the contemporary state of Russia, bore, in their speeches, the imprint either of dissimulation and falsehood, or of useless animosity and condemnation of men who were accused of what no one could possibly be guilty of. In nothing is the prohibition of eating the fruit of the tree of knowledge so manifest as in historic events. Only unconscious activity bears fruit, and a man who plays any part in a historical event never comprehends its significance. If he attempts to grasp it, he is struck with sterility.

The significance of what was then taking place in Russia was the less observable the closer the relations men had with the event. In St. Petersburg and in the Governments which were remote from Moscow, ladies and men in the uniforms of the militia lamented Russia and the capital, and talked of self-sacrifice, and so forth; but in the army, which retreated beyond Moscow, they hardly spoke or thought of Moscow, and, looking at its conflagration, no one swore to wreak vengeance on the French; they thought only of the next four months' pay, of the next resting-place, of Matréshka, the canteen-woman, and the like.

Nikoláy Rostóv, without any set purpose of self-sacrifice, but accidentally, because the war had overtaken him while in service, was taking an intimate and continued interest in the defence of his country, and so looked without despair or gloomy conclusions at what was then taking place in Russia. If he had been asked what he thought of the condition of Russia, he would have answered that he had no time to think; that for this purpose there were Kutúzov and others; that he had heard that the regiments were being filled; that, no doubt, they would be fighting for a long time yet; and that in the present cir-

cumstances he would not be surprised if he received a regiment within two years.

For the very reason that he thus looked upon matters, he not only felt no regret at being deprived of the chance of taking part in the latest battle, when he received the news of his appointment to a mission to Vorónezh to provide remounts for his division, but even experienced pleasure, which he did not conceal, and which his comrades understood quite well.

A few days previous to the battle of Borodinó, Nikoláy received the necessary money and the papers, and, sending some hussars ahead of him, travelled post to Vorónezh.

Only he who has experienced it, that is, who has passed several months without interruption in the atmosphere of a military, war life, can appreciate the joy which Nikoláy experienced when he got beyond the region to which the troops reached with their foragings, transports of supplies, and hospitals; when, without soldiers, wagons, or dirty traces of the presence of a camp, he saw villages with peasants, manors, fields with herding cattle, post-stations with sleeping inspectors, he felt a joy as though he saw all for the first time. What most surprised and pleased him was the young healthy women, none of whom were courted by dozens of officers, and women who were glad and flattered to have the transient officer jest with them.

In the happiest frame of mind, Nikoláy arrived in the night at the hotel in Vorónezh, where he ordered the things which he had missed for a long time in the army, and on the following day, having shaved himself clean and put on his long unworn parade uniform, went to present himself to the authorities.

The chief of the militia was a general in civil service, an old man, who evidently took pleasure in his military calling and rank. He received Nikoláy in a surly manner (supposing that this was the proper way for a military man), and questioned him with an air of importance, as

though he had a right to do so, and as though he, approving here and disapproving there, passed judgment on the general course of affairs.

From the chief of the militia he drove to the governor. The governor was a small, lively man, very kindly and simple. He indicated to Nikoláy the studs where he could get horses, recommended to him a horse-dealer in the city and a landed proprietor twenty versts away, who had the best mounts, and promised him every coöperation.

"Are you the son of Count Ilyá Andréevich? My wife used to be great friends with your mother. We have Thursdays at home; to-day is Thursday,— and I ask you kindly to call," said the governor, dismissing him.

From the governor Nikoláy hired a cart and, taking the sergeant-major with him, drove twenty versts to the stud of the landed proprietor. Everything, during this first part of his stay in Vorónezh, was light and cheerful for Nikoláy, and everything, as generally is the case when a man is in a good humour, went well with him.

The landed proprietor, to whom Nikoláy drove, was an old bachelor, a former cavalryman, who was a connoisseur in horse-flesh, a hunter, the possessor of a rug-room, of a hundred-year-old mulled brandy, of old Hungarian wine, and of superb horses.

After two words Nikoláy bought of him for six thousand roubles seventeen stallions, to match with the show end of his remounts, as he said. Having dined and imbibed a little too much Hungarian wine, Rostóv, after kissing the proprietor, with whom he had been talking "thou," drove back, in the merriest of moods, over a horrible road, constantly urging on the driver, in order to be in time for the governor's soirée.

He changed his clothes, perfumed himself, soaked his head in cold water, and, though a little late, made his appearance at the governor's with the ready phrase, "*Vaut mieux tard que jamais!*"

It was not a ball, and nothing had been said about dancing; but all knew that Katerína Petróvna would be playing waltzes and écossaises on the clavichord, and that they would dance, and so all, counting on this, arrived dressed in ball fashion.

Provincial life in 1812 was precisely such as it had always been, with this difference only, that things were livelier than usual on account of the presence of many wealthy families from Moscow, and that, as in everything which at that time was taking place in Russia, there could be observed a certain "don't give a snap" recklessness, as also that the small talk, which is a necessity for men, and which formerly turned on the weather and on common acquaintances, now ran on Moscow, on the army, and on Napoleon.

The society which was gathered at the governor's was the best Vorónezh had.

There were very many ladies, several of them Nikoláy's Moscow acquaintances; but of men there was none who could in any way rival the chevalier of St. George, the remounting hussar, and, at the same time, the good-natured and well-mannered Count Rostóv. Among the men was one captive Italian, an officer of the French army, and Nikoláy felt that the presence of this prisoner only enhanced his importance as a Russian hero. He was something like a trophy. Nikoláy felt this, and it seemed to him that all looked in the same manner at the Italian, and Nikoláy was kind to him, with dignity and reserve.

The moment Nikoláy entered with his hussar figure, spreading about him the odour of perfume and wine, and himself said and heard several times repeated the words, "*Vaut mieux tard que jamais!*" he was surrounded. All eyes were directed upon him, and he felt at once that he entered into the position of a general favourite, appropriate enough for him in the province and always agreeable,

but now, after the long deprivation, intoxicating him with pleasure. Not only at the stations, and inns, and in the rug-room of the landed proprietor had he received the flattering attention of the maids; but here, at the soirée of the governor, there was (as it appeared to Nikoláy) an inexhaustible quantity of very young ladies and pretty maidens, who were impatiently waiting for Nikoláy to turn his attention to them. The ladies and maidens coquetted with him, and the older people were planning from the first day to get him married, so as to settle this rogue of a hussar. Among these latter was the governor's wife herself, who received Rostóv as a near relative and called him "Nicolas" and "thou."

Katerína Petróvna, indeed, began to play waltzes and écossaises, and they danced, when Nikoláy still more charmed the provincial society by his agility. He surprised all with his peculiarly easy manner in dancing. Nikoláy himself was somewhat surprised at his ease in dancing on that evening. He had never danced so in Moscow and would even have regarded such carelessness in dancing as indecent and "*mauvais genre;*" but here he felt the necessity of startling them by something unusual, by something which they might regard as peculiar to the capital, but still unknown in the province.

During the whole evening Nikoláy paid the greatest attention to a blue-eyed, plump, sweet-faced blonde, the wife of one of the Government officials. With that naïve conviction of sportive young men, that other people's wives were made for them, Rostóv did not leave the side of that lady, and treated her husband in a friendly and somewhat plotting mannner, as if they knew, though they did not say it, that they, that is, Nikoláy and this man's wife, would meet on intimate terms. The husband, however, did not seem to share Rostóv's conviction and tried to treat him sternly; but Nikoláy's good-natured naïveté was so boundless, that now and then the husband involun-

tarily submitted to Nikoláy's merry mood. But toward evening, in measure as the wife's face grew more flushed and animated, the husband's face grew sadder and more solemn, as though her animation was enough for two, so that his diminished as hers increased.

V.

Nikoláy, with an unchanging smile on his countenance, slightly bending over in his chair, leaned close to the blonde and paid her mythological compliments.

Rapidly changing the position of his legs in his tightly fitting riding-pantaloons, spreading about him the odour of perfume, and admiring his lady and himself and the beautiful form of his legs under his closely fitting boot-legs, Nikoláy told the blonde that he wanted to steal a lady in Vorónezh.

"What lady?"

"A charming, divine lady. Her eyes" (Nikoláy looked at his interlocutrice) "are blue, her teeth corals in whiteness," he looked at her shoulders, "her figure that of Diana —"

Her husband came up to them and gloomily asked his wife what they were talking about.

"Ah, Nikíta Ivánovich," said Nikoláy, rising politely. And, as though wishing that Nikíta Ivánovich should take part in his jokes, he began to communicate to him also his intention of stealing a blonde lady.

The husband smiled grimly, his wife merrily. The good wife of the governor went up to them with a disapproving glance.

"Anna Ignátevna wants to see you, Nicolas," she said, pronouncing "Anna Ignátevna" in such a tone that Rostóv at once understood that she must be an important personage. "Come, Nicolas! You don't mind my calling you that?"

"No, *ma tante.* Who is it?"

"Anna Ignátevna Malvíntsev. She has heard of you from her niece whom you have saved. Do you guess?"

"Well, I have saved such a lot of them!" said Nikoláy.

"Her niece, Princess Bolkónski. She is here in Vorónezh with her aunt. Oh, how you blush! Well, how is it?"

"Not at all, *ma tante.*"

"All right, all right! How queer you are!"

The governor's wife led him up to a tall and very stout old woman in a blue toque, who had just finished her game of cards with the most distinguished people of the city. This was Madame Malvíntsev, the aunt of Princess Márya by her mother, a rich childless widow, who had always lived at Vorónezh. She was standing and squaring up her card account, when Rostóv came up to her. She blinked sternly and cast a glance at him, and continued to scold the general who had won the game from her.

"Am very glad, my dear," she said, extending her hand to him. "Please to call!"

Having said a few words about Princess Márya and her deceased father, whom she evidently did not like, and asked him what he knew of Prince Andréy, who apparently was not much more in her favour, the dignified old woman dismissed him, repeating her invitation to call on her.

Leaving Madame Malvíntsev, Rostóv wanted to return to the dances, but the little wife of the governor put her chubby little hand on Nikoláy's sleeve and, saying that she wanted to speak to him, led him to the sofa-room, which those who happened to be there left in order not to incommode her.

"Do you know, *mon cher*," said the governor's wife, with a serious expression on her small, kindly face, "she

is just the match for you. If you want me to, I will make the match for you."

"Who, *ma tante?*" asked Nikoláy.

"The princess. Katerína Petróvna says that it is Lili, but I say, no, it is the princess. Do you want me to? I am sure your mother will be grateful to me. Really, she is a fine girl! And she is by no means so homely!"

"By no means," Nikoláy said, as though offended. "I, *ma tante*, as is proper for a soldier, intrude nowhere and refuse nothing," said Rostóv, before thinking what it was he had said.

"So remember: it is no joke!"

"What joke?"

"Yes, yes," said the wife of the governor, as though speaking to herself. "Listen, *mon cher, entre autres. Vous êtes trop assidu auprès de l'autre, la blonde.* The husband is truly pitiful—"

"Oh, no, we are friends," Nikoláy said, in the simplicity of his heart: it did not even occur to him that such a jolly pastime for him could be the opposite of jolly to any one else.

"What a stupid thing I have told the governor's wife!" Nikoláy suddenly thought at supper. "She will begin to make that match at once, and Sónya?" When he was bidding the governor's wife good-bye, and she, smiling once more, said to him, "Well, so remember!" he took her to one side:

"Really, *ma tante*, to tell you the truth—"

"What, what, my friend? Come, let us sit down there!"

Nikoláy suddenly felt the desire and need of telling his intimate thoughts (such as he would not have told his mother, sister, friend) to this almost strange woman. When later he thought of this outburst of entirely unprovoked, inexplicable confession, which had very important consequences for him, it seemed to him (and it so seems

to all people) as though a stupid fellow had stumbled on a rhyme; and yet, this outburst of sincerity, together with other minor events, had for him, and for his whole family, enormous consequences.

"It is like this, *ma tante*. *Maman* has long been wishing to get me married to a rich girl; but this thought of marrying for money's sake is repulsive to me."

"Oh, yes, I understand," said the governor's wife.

"But Princess Bolkónski is a different matter; in the first place, I will tell you the truth. I like her very much; she just suits me, and then, ever since I met her in those circumstances, she has been strangely on my mind: it is fate. Mamma, in particular, has long been thinking of this, but I somehow never met her before. During the time that my sister Natásha was the fiancée of her brother, I naturally could not think of marrying her. It seems to be my fate to meet her when Natásha's marriage is not to come off, and then — Really, I have never told this to any one, and I never will. Only to you."

The governor's wife gratefully pressed his elbow.

"You know Sónya, my cousin? I love her, and I have promised to marry her, and — I will — So you see that she is out of the question," Nikoláy said, in embarrassment, and blushing.

"*Mon cher, mon cher*, how you judge! Sónya has not a thing, and you said yourself that your father's affairs are in a bad shape. And your mamma? It will kill her. Then, if Sónya is a girl with a heart, what kind of a life will it be for her? Your mother is in despair, your affairs are in a bad shape — No, *mon cher*, you and Sónya must understand this."

Nikoláy was silent. It pleased him to hear these deductions.

"Still, *ma tante*, this cannot be," he said, with a sigh, after a moment's silence. "Besides, will the princess

care for me enough to marry me? And then again, she is now in mourning. How can we think of it now?"

"Do you suppose I am going to get you married at once? *Il y a manière et manière,*" said she.

"What a matchmaker you are, *ma tante,*" said Nikoláy, kissing her chubby hand.

VI.

Upon arriving in Moscow, after her meeting with Rostóv, Princess Márya had found there her nephew with his tutor, and a letter from Prince Andréy, who had laid out for them their route to Vorónezh, to Aunt Malvíntsev. The cares of the journey, the anxiety about her brother, the arrangement of life in the new house, the new faces, the education of her nephew, — all this had apparently drowned in Princess Márya's soul that feeling of temptation which had tormented her during the illness and after the demise of her father, and especially after her meeting with Rostóv. She was sad. The impression caused by the loss of her father, united in her mind with the ruin of Russia, now, after a month passed under conditions of peaceful life, weighed ever more strongly upon her. She was agitated: the thought of the perils to which her brother, who was the only near relative left to her, was subjected tormented her all the time. She was burdened with the education of her nephew, for which she constantly felt herself incapacitated; but in the depth of her soul there was peace with herself, and this flowed from the consciousness of having suppressed in herself every vestige of the personal dreams and hopes which were connected with the appearance of Rostóv.

When, on the next day after her spirée, the governor's wife went to see Madame Malvíntsev, with whom she conversed about her plans (with the reserve that, although under present conditions there could be no question of a

formal suit, the young people might be brought together, so as to give them a chance to get acquainted); and when, having received the aunt's encouragement, the governor's wife mentioned Rostóv's name in the hearing of Princess Márya, praising him and saying how he had blushed at the mention of the princess, Princess Márya experienced not a joyous, but a painful sensation: her inner peace no longer existed, and again there rose desires, doubts, rebukes, and hopes.

In the two days which passed between this announcement and Rostóv's call, Princess Márya kept thinking all the time how she ought to act toward him. Now she decided that she would not come out into the drawing-room when he came to call on her aunt; now she thought that that would be rude after what he had done for her; now it occurred to her that her aunt and the governor's wife had some intentions in regard to Rostóv and her (their glances and words seemed to confirm this supposition); now she thought that only she, with her corrupt mind, could think thus of them: they certainly could not have forgotten that in her position, when she had not yet taken off her mourning, such a suit would be insulting to her and to the memory of her father. Assuming that she would come out to see him, Princess Márya considered the words she would employ toward him, and which he would say to her, and these words now seemed to her to be undeservedly cold, and now to have too much significance. Most of all, she was afraid of that embarrassment which, she knew, would take possession of her and betray her the moment she saw him.

But when, on Sunday, after mass, the lackey announced in the drawing-room that Count Rostóv had arrived, the princess showed no confusion; only a faint blush appeared on her cheeks, and her eyes sparkled with a new, beaming light.

"Have you seen him, aunty?" Princess Márya said, in

a calm voice, herself wondering how it was she could be outwardly so calm and natural.

When Rostóv entered the room, the princess for a moment lowered her head, as though to give the guest a chance to exchange greetings with her aunt, and then, just as Nikoláy turned to her, she raised it and met his glance with her beaming eyes. With a motion full of dignity and grace, she rose with a joyous smile, extended to him her thin, tender hand, and spoke in a voice in which for the first time sounded new, feminine, chest tones. Mademoiselle Bourienne, who was in the drawing-room, looked at Princess Márya in amazement. Herself a most skilful coquette, she could not have manœuvred better at the meeting with a man whom it was necessary to please.

"Either black is so becoming to her, or she has really grown prettier, and I have not noticed it. But, above all, that tact and grace!" thought Mademoiselle Bourienne.

If Princess Márya had been able to think at that moment, she would have been more surprised than Mademoiselle Bourienne at the change which had taken place in her. From the moment she saw that dear, beloved face, a new power of life seemed to possess her and compelled her, against her will, to speak and act. Her face, from the moment Rostóv entered, was suddenly transformed. Just as the complicated, skilful, artistic work which at first had appeared coarse, dark, and senseless suddenly appears with unexpected and striking beauty on the walls of a painted and chiselled lamp, when the candle within is lighted, so was the face of Princess Márya suddenly transformed. All that pure, spiritual, inner work, to which she had devoted herself all her life, now for the first time came to the surface. All her inward, self-abasing labour, her suffering, her striving after good, her humility, love, self-renunciation, — all this now sparkled in those beaming eyes, in that gentle smile, — in every feature of her tender face.

Rostóv saw all this as clearly as though he knew her whole life. He felt that the being before him was something quite different, far better than all those whom he had met heretofore, and, above all, better than he himself.

The conversation was quite simple and insignificant. They talked of the war, involuntarily, like every one else, exaggerating their grief in respect to this event; they spoke of their last meeting, whereat Nikoláy endeavoured to turn the conversation to another subject; they talked of the kindly wife of the governor, of Nikoláy's relatives, and of those of Princess Márya.

Princess Márya did not talk of her brother and tried to change the subject when her aunt mentioned Andréy. Evidently she could speak feignedly about the misfortunes of Russia, but her brother was a subject which was too near to her heart, and she did not wish to speak lightly of him, and could not. Nikoláy noticed that, just as he with unusual penetration observed all the shades of Princess Márya's character, all of which confirmed his conviction that she was an entirely different and extraordinary being. Nikoláy, just like Princess Márya, used to blush and become embarrassed when the princess had been mentioned to him and even when he had thought of her, but in her presence he was quite at his ease and spoke not what he had prepared, but what momentarily and appropriately occurred to him.

During Nikoláy's short visit, he, during a pause, as is always done when children are present, had recourse to Prince Andréy's little son, whom he caressed and asked whether he wanted to be a hussar. He took the boy in his arms, began merrily to whirl him around, and looked back at Princess Márya. Her tender, happy, and timid glance watched her beloved boy in the arms of the man she loved. Nikoláy noticed this glance and, as though understanding its meaning, blushed for pleasure and began good-naturedly and merrily to kiss the boy.

Princess Márya did not go out in society on account of her mourning, and Nikoláy did not regard it as proper to call on her; but the governor's wife still continued her work of the match-making. She informed Rostóv of the flattering remarks Princess Márya had made about him, and vice versa, and insisted that Rostóv should make his declaration to Princess Márya. For this purpose she arranged a meeting for the young people at the bishop's after mass.

Although Rostóv told the governor's wife that he would have no explanation with Princess Márya, he none the less promised he would be there.

Just as in Tilsit Rostóv had not permitted himself to doubt in the good of that which had been acknowledged to be good by all, so now, after a short but sincere struggle between the attempt to arrange his life according to his reason and the humble submission to circumstances, he chose the latter and entrusted himself to the power which, he felt, was invincibly drawing him on. He knew that, after his promise to Sónya, it would be what he called baseness to express his feelings to Princess Márya. And he knew that he would never commit a base act. At the same time he knew (he did not know it, but felt it in the depth of his heart) that, surrendering himself to the force of circumstances and to the people who guided him, he not only would not do anything bad, but, on the contrary, would perform something very, very important, something more important than anything else he had done in his life.

After his meeting with Princess Márya, his manner of life outwardly remained the same, but all his former pleasures lost their charm for him, and he frequently thought of Princess Márya; but he never thought of her as he thought, without exception, of all the young ladies whom he met in society, and not as he for a long time had once thought ecstatically of Sónya. Of all the young

ladies he, like almost any honourable young man, thought as of a possible future wife; he applied to them, in his imagination, all the conditions of marital life, — white capote, wife at the samovár, wife's carriage, children, mamma and papa, their relations to her, and so forth, and so forth, and these pictures of the future afforded him pleasure; but when he thought of Princess Márya, whom they wanted him to marry, he was never able to represent to himself anything from his future marital state. Even though he tried to do so, it all turned out awkward and confused. He only felt nauseated.

VII.

THE terrible news of the battle of Borodinó, of our losses in killed and wounded, and the still more terrible news of the loss of Moscow were received in Vorónezh in the middle of September. Having learned from the gazettes about the wound of her brother, and having no definite information about him, Princess Márya was getting ready to go to find him. So Nikoláy heard, for he had not seen her.

When Rostóv received the news of the battle of Borodinó and of the abandonment of Moscow, he did not exactly experience despair, animosity, or revenge, and similar feelings, but he was possessed by tedium and annoyance in Vorónezh, and somehow felt ashamed and ill at ease. All the conversations he heard seemed feigned to him; he did not know how to take it all, and he felt that only in the regiment would everything become clear to him again. He hastened to make his last purchases of horses, and frequently unjustly flew up at his servant and sergeant-major.

A few days before Rostóv's departure, a Te Deum was to be celebrated in the cathedral on the occasion of a victory obtained by the Russian troops, and Nikoláy went to the mass. He stood a short distance behind the governor, and, reflecting on the greatest variety of subjects, stood with official decorum through the whole service. When the Te Deum was over, the governor's wife called him up to her.

"Have you seen the princess?" she said, indicating

with her head a lady in black, who was standing behind the choir.

Nikoláy immediately recognized Princess Márya, not so much from her profile, which could be seen underneath her hat, as by that sensation of caution, fear, and pity, which at once took possession of him. Princess Márya, apparently absorbed in her thoughts, was making the last signs of the cross, before leaving church.

Nikoláy looked at her face in surprise. It was the same he had seen before; there was still in it that general expression of a delicate, inward, spiritual labour; but now it was quite differently illuminated. There was on it a touching expression of grief, entreaty, and hope. As had happened before to Nikoláy in her presence, he, without waiting for the advice of the governor's wife to approach her, and without asking himself whether his addressing her here in church would be proper or not, walked over to her and told her that he had heard of her sorrow, and that he sympathized with her with all his heart. No sooner did she hear his voice than suddenly a bright light illuminated her countenance, accentuating at the same time her sorrow and her joy.

"I wanted to tell you, princess," said Rostóv, "that if Prince Andréy Nikoláevich were not alive, the fact, he being a commander of a régiment, would have been at once announced in the gazettes."

The princess looked at him without understanding his words, but rejoicing at the expression of sympathetic suffering which was on his face.

"And I know from so many examples that a wound from a splinter" (the gazette said from a grenade) "is either immediately mortal, or, on the other hand, exceedingly light," said Nikoláy. "You must hope for the best, and I am sure — "

Princess Márya interrupted him.

"Oh, that would be so terr— " she began, and, as her

agitation prevented her from finishing, she cast a graceful glance at him, and with a graceful motion of her head (as was everything she did in his presence) followed her aunt out.

On that evening Nikoláy did not make any calls, but remained at home in order to settle certain accounts with the horse-dealers. When he got through, it was too late to go anywhere, but still too early to lie down, and so he for a long time paced the room all alone, reflecting on his life, which he rarely did.

Princess Márya had produced a pleasant impression upon him near Smolénsk. The fact that he had met her under such peculiar circumstances, and that his mother at one time had pointed to her as a rich match, had caused him to direct his especial attention to her. In Vorónezh, the impression he received during his visit to her had been not only agreeable, but even powerful. Nikoláy had been struck by that peculiar, moral beauty which he at that time had observed in her. And still he was getting ready to leave, and it did not occur to him to regret that, in leaving Vorónezh, he would be deprived of the opportunity of seeing the princess. But the meeting with Princess Márya in church, Nikoláy felt, had taken deeper root in his heart than he had foreseen, and deeper than he wished for his peace. That pale, tender, sorrowful face, that beaming glance, those soft, graceful movements, and, above all, that profound and gentle grief, which was expressed in all her features, agitated him and demanded his sympathy. In men Rostóv could not bear seeing the expression of a higher, spiritual life (for this reason he did not like Prince Andréy), -- he contemptuously called it philosophy, dreaminess; but in Princess Márya he felt an irresistible charm in this very grief, which revealed to him the whole depth of that to him foreign spiritual world.

"She must be a fine girl! Truly an angel!" he said to

himself. "Why am I not free? Why was I in such a hurry with Sónya?" And involuntarily there presented itself to him a comparison: the poverty in one and the wealth in the other of those spiritual gifts, which Nikoláy did not possess, and which therefore he esteemed so highly. He essayed to represent to himself what would have been if he had been free, how he would have proposed to her, and she would have become his wife! No, he could not imagine it. He felt a nausea, and no clear images rose before him. With Sónya he had long ago formed a picture of the future, and it was all simple and clear, even because it was all based on reasoning, and he knew everything there was in Sónya; but he could not associate his future life with Princess Márya, because he did not understand her, but only loved her.

His reveries about Sónya had a cheery, playful aspect; while it was always hard and a little terrible to think of Princess Márya.

"How she prayed!" he happened to recall. "It was evident that her whole soul was in the prayer: it is that kind of prayer which moves mountains, and I am sure her prayer will be heard. Why do I not pray for what I need?" he thought. "What do I need? Freedom, rupture with Sónya. She told the truth," he recalled the words of the governor's wife. "There will be nothing but misfortune if I marry her. A tangle, mamma's grief — affairs — a tangle, a terrible tangle! Really, I do not love her. I do not love her as I ought to. O God! Lead me out of this terrible, hopeless condition!" he suddenly began to pray. "Yes, a prayer will move a mountain, but one must believe and pray differently from the way Natásha and I used to pray when we were children, asking snow to be changed into sugar, and running out into the yard to see whether this had actually happened. No, I am now not praying for trifles," he said, placing his pipe in the corner, folding his hands, and standing up before the

images. Touched by his memory of Princess Márya, he began to pray as he had not prayed for a long time. Tears were in his eyes and a lump in his throat, when Lavrúshka entered the room with some kind of papers.

"Stupid! What are you doing here, when nobody wants you?" said Nikoláy, rapidly changing his position.

"From the governor," Lavrúshka said, in a sleepy voice. "A courier has come with a letter for you."

"All right, thank you. Now go!"

Nikoláy took the letter. It was from his mother; another was from Sónya. He recognized them by their handwritings. He had read but a few lines when his face grew pale, and his eyes dilated with fear and joy.

"No, it is impossible!" he said aloud. Unable to sit in one place, he began to pace the room with the letter in his hand, reading it. He ran the letter through, then read it, once, a second time, and, raising his shoulders and swinging his arms, stopped in the middle of the room with open mouth and motionless eyes. What he had just been praying about, with the assurance that God would fulfil his prayer, was now realized; but Nikoláy was surprised at this, as though it were something unusual, and as though he had never expected it, and as though his prayer having been fulfilled so soon proved that its fulfilment did not originate with God whom he had supplicated, but arose from a common accident.

That apparently inextricable knot, which had fettered Rostóv's freedom, was solved by this (as Nikoláy thought) unexpected, unprovoked letter from Sónya. She wrote that the late unfortunate circumstances, the loss of nearly the entire property of the Rostóvs in Moscow, and the more than once expressed wishes of the countess that Nikoláy might marry Princess Bolkónski, and the silence and coldness shown by him of late,—all this taken together compelled her to free him from his promises and to give him full liberty of action.

"It has caused me too much pain to think that I could be the cause of grief and discord in the family which has showered its benefactions on me," she wrote, "and my love has for its only aim the happiness of those whom I love; and so I implore you, *Nicolas*, to consider yourself free and to know that, in spite of everything, no one can love you more strongly than your Sónya."

Both letters were from Tróitsa. The other letter was from the countess. Here were described the last days in Moscow, their departure, the fire and the ruin of all their property. Among other things, the countess wrote that Prince Andréy was travelling with them among the other wounded. His condition was very critical, but now the doctor said that there was more hope. She also wrote that Sónya and Natásha tended upon him like nurses.

With this letter Nikoláy on the following morning went to see Princess Márya. Neither Nikoláy nor Princess Márya said a word about the meaning of the words, "Natásha tends upon him;" but, thanks to this letter, Nikoláy suddenly entered into close, almost family relations.

On the next day Rostóv saw Princess Márya off for Yaroslávl, and in a few days himself left for the army.

VIII.

SÓNYA'S letter to Nikoláy, which was the realization of his prayer, had been written at Tróitsa. What had provoked it was this: The thought of Nikoláy's marrying a rich girl more and more took possession of the old countess. She knew that Sónya was the chief impediment to this, and so Sónya's life in the house of the countess had of late become harder and harder, especially since the receipt of Nikoláy's letter in which he described his meeting with Princess Márya in Boguchárovo. The countess did not let pass a single occasion for an offensive or cruel hint to Sónya.

A few days before their departure from Moscow, the countess, unnerved and agitated by what was taking place, called Sónya to her and, instead of rebuking her or making demands on her, implored her to repay all that had been done for her by sacrificing herself and breaking with Nikoláy.

"I shall not be calm until you promise me to do so."

Sónya wept hysterically and replied, through her sobs, that she would do everything and that she was ready for anything, but gave no direct promise. In her innermost soul she could not make up her mind to comply with the request. It was necessary to sacrifice herself for the happiness of the family which had brought her up and educated her. To sacrifice herself for the happiness of others was Sónya's habit. Her position in the house was such that only on the road of sacrifice could she prove her worth, and she was used to and fond of self-

sacrifice. But, heretofore, in all her acts of self-sacrifice, she had been joyfully conscious of enhancing, by such acts, her own worth in her own eyes and in those of others, and of becoming worthier of Nikoláy, whom she loved more than any one in the world; but now her sacrifice was to consist in renouncing what for her constituted the whole reward of the sacrifice, — the whole meaning of life. And so she for the first time in her life was embittered toward those people who had been kind to her in order to torment her the more painfully; and she grew envious of Natásha, who had never experienced anything like it, who never had to make any sacrifices, and who caused others to sacrifice themselves for her, and yet was loved by all. And for the first time Sónya felt that from her quiet love for Nikoláy there suddenly grew out a passion, which stood above rules and virtue and religion; and, under the influence of this feeling, Sónya, involuntarily taught secretiveness by her life of dependence, answered the countess in general, indefinite terms, avoided conversations with her, and decided to wait for a meeting with Nikoláy, in order not to free him, but, on the contrary, for ever to bind him in that meeting.

The cares and horrors of the last days passed by the Rostóvs in Moscow drowned in Sónya the gloomy thoughts that weighed upon her. She was glad to find salvation from them in practical activity. But when she discovered the presence of Prince Andréy in their house, a joyous and superstitious feeling that God did not want her to be separated from Nikoláy took possession of her, despite all the sincere pity which she felt both for him and for Natásha. She knew that Natásha had loved no one but Prince Andréy, and that she still was in love with him. She knew that, brought together under such terrible circumstances, they would again love one another, and that then Nikoláy, on account of his blood-relationship to them, would not be able to marry Princess Márya. In spite of

all the terror of what had taken place in the last few days and during the first days of their journey, this feeling, this consciousness of the interference of Providence in her personal affairs, gave Sónya pleasure.

At the Tróitsa Convent the Rostóvs made their first halt in their journey.

Three large rooms were reserved for the Rostóvs in the hostelry of the convent, and one of these was occupied by Prince Andréy. The wounded man felt much easier on that day. Natásha was with him. In the adjoining room sat the count and the countess, respectfully conversing with the prior, who had come to see his old acquaintances and contributors. Sónya was with them, and she was tormented by a curiosity to find out what Prince Andréy was talking about with Natásha. She could hear the sound of their voices behind the door. The door of Prince Andréy's room was opened. Natásha came out of it with an agitated face. She did not notice the monk who had risen to meet her and was drawing back the broad sleeve of his right arm, and walked over to Sónya and took her hand.

"Natásha, what is the matter? Come here!" said the countess.

Natásha went up to receive the benediction, and the prior advised her to turn to God and His saint for aid.

Immediately after the prior withdrew, Natásha took the hand of her companion and went with her to an unoccupied room.

"Sónya, do you think he will live?" she said. "Sónya, how happy I am, and how unhappy at the same time! Sónya dear, everything is as of old. If he only lives! He cannot — because, because — " and Natásha burst out into tears.

"Yes, I knew it! Thank God," muttered Sónya. "He will live!"

Sónya was not less agitated than her companion, by her

fear and sorrow, and by her personal, unuttered thoughts. She sobbed as she kissed and consoled Natásha. "If he would only live!" she thought. After weeping, talking, and drying their tears, both companions went up to the door of Prince Andréy's room. Natásha cautiously opened the door and looked in. Sónya stood beside her near the half-open door.

Prince Andréy was lying high on three pillows. His pale face was calm and his eyes closed, and he could be seen breathing evenly.

"Oh, Natásha!" Sónya suddenly almost cried out, grasping the arm of her cousin and receding from the door.

"What? What is it?" asked Natásha.

"It is that, that —" said Sónya, with a pale face and trembling lips.

Natásha softly closed the door and went with Sónya toward the window, still failing to understand what Sónya was talking about.

"Do you remember," Sónya said, with a frightened and solemn face, "do you remember that time when I looked for you in the mirror? In Otrádnoe, at Christmas — Do you remember what I saw?"

"Yes, yes," said Natásha, opening her eyes wide and dimly recalling that Sónya had then said something about Prince Andréy, whom she saw in a lying posture.

"Do you remember?" continued Sónya. "I saw it then, and said so to all, — to you and to Dunyásha. I saw him lying on the bed," she said, making a gesture with the uplifted finger of her hand at every detail, "and with his eyes shut, and with a rose-coloured quilt, and his hands crossed," said Sónya, convincing herself, in proportion as she described the details she then saw, that she had *seen* them then. She had not seen anything then, and had said anything that came into her head; but what she had concocted at that time appeared as real to her as any other recollection. She not only remembered that she

had said then that he turned around and smiled at her, and was covered with something red, but she was firmly convinced that she had said and seen then that he was covered with a rose-coloured, yes, a rose-coloured quilt, and that his eyes were shut.

"Yes, yes, a rose-coloured quilt," said Natásha, who seemed to recall herself that "rose-coloured" had been mentioned then, and in this she saw the chief peculiarity and mystery of the prophecy.

"But what does it mean?" Natásha said, pensively.

"Oh, I do not know, — it is all so extraordinary," said Sónya, grasping her head.

A few minutes later Prince Andréy rang a bell, and Natásha went in to him; while Sónya, experiencing unusual agitation and meekness of spirit, remained at the window, to think over the strange facts that had happened.

On that day there was a chance of sending a letter to the army, and the countess wrote to her son.

"Sónya," said the countess, raising her head from the letter, as her niece passed by her, "Sónya, won't you write to Nikoláy?" she said, in a quiet, quivering voice, and in the glance of her fatigued eyes, looking above her glasses, Sónya read everything the countess meant by those words. In this glance was expressed entreaty, and fear of a refusal, and shame at being compelled to ask her, and a readiness for an undying hatred in case of refusal.

Sónya went up to the countess and, kneeling down, kissed her hand.

"I will write, mamma," she said.

Sónya was touched, agitated, and meek of spirit from the effect of all that had happened on that day, especially from the effect of that mysterious accomplishment of the divination, which she had just witnessed. Now that she knew that, on account of the renewal of Natásha's relations with Prince Andréy, Nikoláy could not marry Princess Márya,

she was happy to feel the return of that mood of self-sacrifice in which she had been accustomed to live, and which gave her pleasure. With tears in her eyes and with the joyful consciousness of doing a magnanimous deed, she, several times interrupting her tears, which bedimmed her velvety black eyes, wrote that touching letter, the receipt of which so startled Nikolá.

IX

At the guard-house, to which Pierre was led, the officer and the soldiers who took him there treated him hostilely, but at the same time with respect. In their relations to him could be observed a certain suspicion that he might be a very important personage, and hostility on account of their late personal conflict with him.

But when, on the next morning, the guard was relieved, Pierre noticed that for the new watch — both for the officers and the soldiers — he no longer had the meaning which he had had for those who had captured him. Indeed, in this tall, stout man in the caftan of a peasant, the guard of the next day did not see that living man who had had such a desperate fight with the marauder and with the soldiers of the patrol, and who had expressed himself so solemnly about having saved a child; they saw in him nothing more than one of the seventeen Russians held for some reason by the order of the higher authorities. If there was anything peculiar in Pierre, it was his concentrated and pensive, not at all timid, aspect, and his French, in which language, to the surprise of the soldiers, he expressed himself well. And yet, Pierre was on that day put with the other suspects, because the special room which he had occupied was wanted by an officer.

All the Russians who were held with Pierre were men of the very lowest ranks. All of them, recognizing the gentleman in Pierre, kept aloof from him, the more so since he spoke French. Pierre in sadness listened to their derisive remarks about him.

On the following evening, Pierre learned that all the prisoners (no doubt, he among them) were to be tried for incendiarism. On the third day, Pierre and the rest were taken to a house where sat a French general with a white moustache, two colonels, and other Frenchmen with ribbons on their arms. With that precision and definiteness which are supposed to surpass all human weaknesses, and which are generally employed in relation to culprits, questions were addressed to Pierre, just as to the others, as to who he was, where he had been, for what purpose, and so forth.

These questions, by leaving out the essence of the vital matter and excluding the possibility of discovering this essence, like all questions put in courts of justice, had for their aim nothing but the indication of the groove along which the judges wished that the answers of the defendant should flow, so as to bring him to the desired end, that is, to self-accusation. The moment he began to say something which did not satisfy the end of the accusation, the groove was taken away and the water could flow where it wished. Besides, Pierre experienced the same that the defendant experiences in any court: perplexity at having all these questions put to him. He felt that this trick of supplying him with a groove was used only as a condescension or, as it were, as a token of civility. He knew that he was in the power of these men; that power only had brought him there; that power only gave them the right to demand answers of him; that the only purpose of this meeting consisted in his conviction. Therefore, since they possessed the power and had the desire to convict him, there was no need of the trick of questioning him and sitting in judgment over him. It was evident that all his answers must prove his guilt.

To the question what he had been doing when he was arrested, Pierre replied with some tragic air that he had been carrying to her parents a child, "*qu'il avait sauvé des flammes.*"

Why had he fought with the marauder? Pierre replied that he had been defending a woman; that it was the duty of any man to defend a woman to whom an insult was offered; that —

He was stopped short: this was irrelevant. Why had he been in the yard of the burning house, where he had been seen by witnesses? He replied that he had gone out to see what was going on in Moscow.

He was again stopped: he was not asked where he had been going, but why he had been near the fire. Who was he? The first question was repeated to him, and to this he had replied that he would not tell. He said again that he could not tell.

"Write it down! It is not good! It is very bad!" the general with the white moustache and red face said to him.

On the fourth day the fires began on the Zúbov Rampart.

Pierre was taken with thirteen others to the Crimea Ford, into a carriage-shed of a merchant house. Passing through the streets, Pierre choked from the smoke which seemed to be over the whole city. Fires could be seen on every side. Pierre at that time did not yet comprehend the significance of burning Moscow and looked with terror at these fires.

Pierre passed four more days in the carriage-shed of one of the houses near the Crimea Ford, and during this time he learned from the conversation of the French soldiers that all the prisoners were expecting any day the decision of the marshal. What marshal it was, Pierre could not find out from the soldiers. To them a marshal presented himself as a very high and somewhat mysterious link of power.

These first days, up to the 8th of September, when the prisoners were taken to a second trial, were the hardest for Pierre.

X.

On the 8th of September, the shed where the prisoners were was entered by a very important officer, to judge from the respect shown him by the guards. This officer, evidently from the staff, holding a list in his hands, called the names of all the Russians, denominating Pierre as "*celui qui n'avoue pas son nom.*" Casting an indifferent and indolent glance at all the prisoners, he ordered the officer of the guard to dress them and clean them up before taking them to the marshal. In an hour there arrived a company of soldiers, and Pierre with the thirteen others was taken to the Virgin Field. It was a clear, sunlit day after a rain, and the air was unusually pure. The smoke did not lodge in the streets, as it had on the day when Pierre had been led out from the guard-house of the Zúbov Rampart; the smoke rose in columns in the pure air. One could nowhere see the flame of the fires, but on every side rose columns of smoke, and all of Moscow, everything which Pierre could see, was one large burning mass. On every side could be seen devastated spots with standing fireplaces and chimneys, and now and then smoke-begrimed walls of stone houses. Pierre looked at the devastation and could not recognize familiar quarters of the city. Here and there he saw churches that had escaped destruction. The Kremlin was not ruined and shone white in the distance, with its towers and with its Iván the Great. Near by brightly gleamed the cupola of the Monastery of the New Virgin, and from there pro-

ceeded the peculiarly sonorous sound of the bells. This ringing reminded Pierre that it was Sunday and the holiday of the Virgin's Nativity. There seemed to be no one to celebrate this holiday: everywhere was the destruction of fire, and of Russians one met but occasionally tattered, frightened men, who hid at the sight of the French.

It was evident that the Russian nest was destroyed and annihilated; but in the destruction of the Russian order of life, Pierre unconsciously felt that an entirely new, a firm French order of things had established itself in this shattered nest. He felt this at the sight of the soldiers, who, walking briskly and merrily in regular ranks, were conveying him with the other criminals; he felt it at the sight of some important French official in a two-horse carriage driven by a soldier, as it rushed past him; he felt it in the merry sounds of the regimental music, which were borne to him from the left of the field; and, more especially, he felt and comprehended it from that list which the officer who had arrived that morning had read in calling the roll of the prisoners. Pierre had been arrested by one set of soldiers and had been taken to this and to that place with a dozen other men; one would think they might have forgotten him or have mistaken him for some one else. But no: his answers, which he had given at the inquest, returned to him under his appellation of "*celui qui n'avoue pas son nom.*" And under this designation, which was terrible to Pierre, he was being led somewhere with the absolute assurance written in the faces of the guard that all the other prisoners and he himself were precisely those that they wanted, and that they were being led where they belonged. Pierre felt himself an insignificant chip which had fallen into the wheels of an unknown but regularly working machine.

Pierre and the other criminals were brought to the right side of the Virgin Field, in the neighbourhood of

the monastery, to a large white house with an immense garden.

It was the house of Prince Shcherbátov, which Pierre had frequented before, and in which now, as he learned from the soldiers' conversation, was stationed the marshal, the Duke of Eckmühl.

They were brought up to the veranda, and were, one after another, led into the house. Pierre was the sixth to be taken in. Through a glass gallery, a vestibule, an antechamber, all familiar to Pierre, he was led into a long, low-studded cabinet, at the door of which stood an adjutant.

Davout was sitting at the end of the room, at a table, with his spectacles on his nose. Pierre went up close to him. Davout did not raise his eyes, evidently busy on some paper which was lying before him. Without raising his eyes, he asked him, "*Qui êtes-vous ?*"

Pierre was silent because he was not able to utter a word. Davout was for Pierre not merely a French general; for him Davout was a man well known for his cruelty. Looking at the cold face of Davout, who, as a stern teacher, agreed for a time to be patient and wait for an answer, he felt that a second of hesitation could cost him his life; but he did not know what to say. He could not make up his mind to say what he had said at his first inquest; and it was perilous and a disgrace to give away his standing and position. Pierre was silent; but, before he could make up his mind for anything, Davout raised his head, moved his glasses up on his brow, blinked with his eyes, and looked fixedly at Pierre.

"I know this man," he said, in a measured, cold voice, which was evidently calculated to frighten Pierre.

The chill, which had run up Pierre's back, now held his head, as in a vise.

"*Mon général, vous ne pouvez pas me connaître, je ne vous ai jamais vu —*"

"*C'est un espion russe,*" Davout interrupted him, turning to another general who was in the room, and whom Pierre had not noticed.

Davout turned aside. With a sudden peal in his voice, Pierre uttered rapidly:

"*Non, monseigneur,*" he said, suddenly recalling that Davout was a duke. "*Non, monseigneur, vous n'avez pas pu me connaître. Je suis un officier militionnaire et je n'ai pas quitté Moscou.*"

"*Votre nom?*" repeated Davout.

"*Besouhi.*"

"*Qu'est-ce qui me prouvera que vous ne mentez pas?*"

"*Monseigneur,*" Pierre exclaimed, not in a voice of offence, but of entreaty.

Davout raised his eyes and looked fixedly at Pierre. They looked at each other for a few seconds, and this glance saved Pierre. In this glance, in spite of all the conditions of war and judicial procedure, human relations were established between the two men. At this moment they both dimly passed through an endless number of sensations, and they understood that they were both children of humanity, — that they were brothers.

In his first glance Davout, who had barely raised his head from his list, on which human affairs and life were called off by numbers, had looked upon Pierre merely as a circumstance, and, without taking on his conscience a bad act, he would have ordered him shot; but now he saw in him a man. He meditated for a moment.

"*Comment me prouverez-vouz la verité de ce que vous me dites?*" Davout said, coldly.

Pierre recalled Ramball and mentioned his regiment, his name, and the street where his house was.

"*Vous n'êtes pas ce que vous dites,*" Davout said again.

Pierre began in a trembling, faltering voice to adduce proofs of the truth of his statements.

Just then an adjutant entered and reported something to Davout.

Davout suddenly brightened up at the news which the adjutant had communicated to him, and began to button his coat. Apparently he entirely forgot about Pierre.

When the adjutant reminded him about the prisoner, he nodded with a frown in the direction of Pierre and said that he should be led away. Whither he was to be taken, Pierre did not know: whether back to the shed, or to the improvised place of execution on the Virgin Field, which his companions had pointed out to him in passing.

He turned his head around and saw that the adjutant repeated some question.

"*Oui, sans doute!*" said Davout, but what this "yes" referred to Pierre did not know.

Pierre did not remember how long he had walked or whither he was taken. In a condition of absolute stupor, without seeing a thing about him, he kept moving his feet along with the rest, until all stopped, and he too. There was but one thought in Pierre's head. It was this: Who, who had finally sentenced him to be executed? Certainly not those people who had examined him at the inquest: of these not one wished to do it, nor was able to do it. It was not Davout, who had cast such a human look at him. One minute more, and Davout would have comprehended that they were doing wrong, but this minute was disturbed by the adjutant's entering. That adjutant, evidently, did not wish him harm, but he might have kept away. Who, then, was it who was executing him, killing him, depriving him of life, with all its recollections, strivings, hopes, and thoughts? Who was doing it? Pierre felt that it was nobody.

It was the order, the concurrence of circumstances.

It was a certain order that was killing him, Pierre, — depriving him of life and everything, annihilating him.

XI.

From the house of Prince Shcherbátov the prisoners were led down the Virgin Field, to the left of the New Virgin Monastery, and were taken to a garden where stood a post. Beyond the post was a large ditch with freshly dug earth, and near it and the post a large mass of people stood in a semicircle. It consisted of a small number of Russians and a large number of Napoleonic soldiers, not in the ranks, — of Germans, Italians, Frenchmen, in a great variety of uniforms. To the right and left of the post stood aligned French troops in blue uniforms with red epaulets, gaiters, and shakos.

The criminals were placed in the order in which they were on the list (Pierre stood the sixth), and were taken up to the post. Suddenly several drums on either side were beaten, and Pierre felt that with this sound something was torn away from his soul. He lost the ability to think and to reflect. He could only see and hear. He had only one desire, and that was that the something terrible, which was to happen, should take place at once. Pierre looked at his companions and examined them.

The two men on the outer side were shaven convicts: one of them was tall and lean; the other — a black, shaggy, muscular man with a flattened nose. The third was a janitor, a man of about forty-five years of age, with streaks of gray in his hair and a plump, well-fed body. The fourth was a very handsome peasant with a long, blond beard and black eyes. The fifth was a workman of

a factory, a sallow, lean lad, of about eighteen years of age, wearing a cloak.

Pierre heard the Frenchmen deliberating whether they were to shoot one or two at a time. "Two at a time," calmly and coolly replied the senior officer. There was a commotion in the ranks of the soldiers, and it was evident that all were hurrying, not as one hurries when something intelligible to everybody is to be performed, but as one hurries in order to get done with a necessary, but disagreeable and incomprehensible, piece of business.

A French official in a sash walked over to the right side of the row of criminals and read their sentence in Russian and in French.

Then four Frenchmen went up to the criminals and, at the officer's indication, took the two convicts, who were standing at the outer edge. The convicts walked over to the post and stopped, and, while sacks were being brought, looked silently around, as a baited beast looks at the approaching hunter. One of them kept crossing himself; the other rubbed his back and made with his lips a motion which resembled a smile. The soldiers fumbled with their hands and began to blindfold them, to put the sacks on them, and to bind them to the post.

Twelve soldiers with their guns walked with even, firm steps out of the ranks and stationed themselves within eight paces from the post. Pierre turned away in order not to see what was to happen. Suddenly he heard a crackling and rumbling, which appeared to him louder than any peals of thunder, and he looked around. There was a smoke, and the Frenchmen with pale faces and trembling hands were doing something at the ditch.

Two others were taken up. These two looked with just such eyes at everybody, silently and vainly, with their eyes only imploring succour, and apparently not understanding and not believing what was going to happen. They could not believe it, because they alone could know

what life was to them, and so they did not understand, nor believe, that they could be deprived of it.

Pierre did not want to see what was going on, and turned his face away; but again a terrible explosion struck his ear, and, at the same time that he perceived the smoke, he saw blood and the pale, frightened faces of the Frenchmen again doing something at the post, — pushing one another with trembling hands. Breathing heavily, Pierre looked about him, as though to ask himself: "What is this?" The same question was in all the eyes which met Pierre's glance.

On all the Russian faces, on all the faces of the French soldiers and officers, on all without exception, he read the same terror and struggle which were in his heart.

"*Tirailleurs du 86-me, en avant!*" some one shouted.

The fifth man, who was standing with Pierre, was led up by himself. Pierre did not understand that he was saved, that he and the rest had been brought up only to witness the execution. He kept looking at what was going on, with ever increasing terror, without experiencing joy or peace. The fifth man was the factory hand in the cloak. The moment they touched him, he leaped aside in terror and took hold of Pierre (Pierre shuddered and tore himself away from him). The workman could not walk He was dragged along by his arms, and he kept crying something. When he was brought up to the post, he suddenly grew silent. He seemed suddenly to comprehend. Whether he understood that it was in vain to cry, or that it was impossible that people should kill him, he stood up at the post waiting to be blindfolded with others, and like a wounded beast looked about him with sparkling eyes.

Pierre no longer had the strength to turn away and shut his eyes. His curiosity and agitation and those of the crowd reached the highest tension with this fifth murder. This fifth man seemed to be as calm as the rest had been: he

wrapped himself in his cloak and rubbed one bare foot with the other.

As they bandaged his eyes, he himself adjusted the knot on the back of his head, as it made him uncomfortable. Then, as he was placed against the blood-stained post, he leaned back, but as he did not feel comfortable in that posture, he pulled himself up and, putting his feet straight, calmly leaned against the post. Pierre did not take his eyes off him, and watched every smallest motion of his.

No doubt the command was given, and no doubt there was heard the discharge of eight guns. But no matter how much Pierre tried to recall it later, he had not heard the slightest sound of the fusilade. He saw only that the workman for some reason slipped down in the ropes; that blood appeared in two spots; that the ropes themselves, from the weight of the limp body, were loosened; and that the workman, letting his head droop in an unnatural manner and bending his legs, sat down on the ground. Pierre ran up to the post. No one held him back. The frightened, pale men were doing something about the workman. The nether jaw of an old mustachioed Frenchman was trembling, as he loosened the ropes. The body dropped. The soldiers awkwardly and hurriedly dragged it beyond the post and began to push it down into the ditch.

It was quite apparent that they all knew that they were criminals, who must as quickly as possible conceal the traces of their crimes.

Pierre looked in the ditch and saw that the workman was lying with his knees raised up to his head, one shoulder being higher than the other. This shoulder convulsively rose and fell in even measure. But the shovelfuls of earth were already falling on the whole body. One of the soldiers in anger and irritation called out to Pierre to go back. But Pierre did not understand him

and remained standing at the post, from which no one drove him away.

When the ditch was all filled up, a command was given. Pierre was taken back to his place, and the French troops, which had been fronting the post on both sides, faced about and with measured steps began to march past the post. The twenty-four members of the firing party with their guns unloaded, who were standing within the circle, in a trot rejoined their companies as they walked by them.

Pierre now looked with senseless eyes at these men as they left the circle in pairs. All but one joined their ranks. One young soldier, with a deathly pale countenance, in a shako which had fallen on his back, and allowing his gun to droop, was still standing opposite the ditch, in the spot from which he had fired his gun. He tottered like one drunk, making now a few steps in front, and now back again, in order to sustain his falling body. An old soldier, an under-officer, ran out of the ranks and, grabbing the young fellow by the shoulder, drew him back into the ranks. The crowd of Russians and Frenchmen began to scatter. All walked in silence with drooping heads.

"*Ça leur apprendra à incendier*," said one of the Frenchmen.

Pierre looked around at the speaker and saw a soldier who was trying to find some consolation in what had been done, but was unable to do so. Without finishing his sentence, he waved his hand and walked on.

XII.

AFTER the execution, Pierre was separated from the other prisoners and left all by himself in a small, polluted church.

Before evening an under-officer of the sentry and two other soldiers entered the church and informed Pierre that he was pardoned and now would take up his place in the barracks of the prisoners of war. Pierre rose and followed the soldiers. He was brought to booths constructed of half-burnt boards, logs, and shingles, and was taken inside one of them. In the darkness some twenty different men surrounded him. He looked at them and did not understand who these men were, what they were doing there, and what they wanted of him. He heard the words addressed to him, but made no deductions from them: he simply did not understand their significance. He replied to the questions put to him, but did not consider who was listening to him, or how his answers would be received. He looked at the faces and forms, and all of them seemed equally meaningless to him.

Ever since Pierre had seen that terrible murder committed by people who did not wish to do it, that spring which held everything together, and through which everything appeared to be living, suddenly seemed to be torn out of his soul, and everything collapsed into a heap of meaningless dirt. Though he was not conscious of it, this incident had destroyed his faith in the order of the world, in the human soul and in his own soul, and in God. Pierre had experienced this condition before, but never

with such force as now. Formerly, when Pierre was overcome by doubts of this kind, these doubts had his own guilt for their source; and then he felt, in his innermost heart, that from that despair and from those doubts his salvation lay in himself. But now he felt that it was not his guilt that was the cause of the world's destruction in his eyes, and that nothing but meaningless ruins were left. He felt that it was not in his power to return to faith in life.

Around him, in the darkness, stood men: apparently there was something in him which amused them. He was being told something; questions were asked him, and finally he was taken somewhere, and he found himself in the corner of the booth, side by side with some people who were conversing and laughing all around him.

"And so, my friends, that very prince *who* —" (a voice spoke in the opposite corner of the booth, with special emphasis on the word "who").

Pierre sat in silence and motionless on some straw near the wall, and now opened and now closed his eyes. But, the moment his eyes were shut, he saw before him that terrible face of the factory hand, especially terrible in its simplicity, and the still more terrible, restless faces of the involuntary murderers. He again opened his eyes and senselessly looked around him in the darkness.

Beside him sat, bending over, a small man, of whose presence Pierre had become aware by the strong odour of perspiration which emanated from him at every motion of his. This man was doing something to his feet in the darkness, and, though Pierre did not see his face, he felt that the man was constantly gazing at him. Looking closely at him, Pierre made out that he was divesting himself of his foot-gear. Pierre was interested in the manner in which this was done.

Having unwound the laces with which one leg was wrapped, he carefully rolled up the strips and immediately

started the same operation on the other leg, looking all the time at Pierre. While the one hand was hanging up the laces, the other was already beginning to unwind the laces of the second leg. Having in this manner carefully taken off his foot-wear with rounded, agile, uninterrupted motions, he hung it up on pegs driven into the wall above his head, drew out a pen-knife, cut something, clasped his knife, placed it under his head-rest, and, seating himself more comfortably, embraced his raised knees with his hands and gazed straight at Pierre. Pierre felt something pleasant, soothing, and rounded in these agile motions, in this well-arranged corner of his, even in the odour of the man, and looked at him, without taking his eyes away.

"Have you seen much misery, sir, eh?" the little man suddenly said. There was such an expression of kindliness and simplicity in the singsong voice of the man, that Pierre wanted to reply to him, but his jaw began to tremble, and he felt that tears were coming. Without giving Pierre a chance to give utterance to his embarrassment, the little man at once continued, with his pleasant voice:

"Oh, my friend, don't worry!" he spoke with that tender chanting voice of kindness, in which old Russian women talk. "Don't worry, my friend. An hour you suffer, an age you live! Yes, my friend! We manage to live here, thank God, without suffering insult. They are men themselves, and there are good and bad people among them," he said, and, while still speaking, he with a flexible motion bent over his knees, got up, and, coughing, went away somewhere.

"I declare, you rogue, you have come back!" Pierre heard the same kindly voice at the other end of the booth. "You have come back, you rogue, you remember us! All right, all right!" And the soldier pushed the dog away that sprang up to him, returned to his place,

and sat down again. In his hand there was something wrapped in a piece of paper.

"Eat this, sir!" he said, returning to his old respectful tone, and, opening up the paper, he handed Pierre a few baked potatoes. "We had soup for dinner, and these potatoes are fine!"

Pierre had not eaten all day, and the odour of the potatoes seemed delicious to him. He thanked the soldier and began to eat.

"Well, how are they?" the soldier said, smiling, and taking a potato. "Do it like this!" He drew out his clasp-knife, cut the potato in his hand in two equal parts, sprinkled some salt on it from a small rag, and handed it to Pierre.

"The potatoes are fine," he repeated. "Eat them like this!"

It seemed to Pierre that he had never eaten anything so savoury.

"I am all right," said Pierre, "but why did they shoot those unfortunates? The last was about twenty years old."

"Hush, hush," said the little man. "It is sinful to mention —" he swiftly added and, as though his words were always at his tongue's end and escaped by accident, he continued: "Sir, how is it you have remained in Moscow?"

"I did not think they would be here so soon. I was left by accident," said Pierre.

"How did they take you, friend? Out of your house?"

"No, I went to a fire, and there they arrested me and tried me as an incendiary."

"Where there is a court, there is injustice," interposed the little man.

"How long have you been here?" asked Pierre, munching at his last potato.

"I? Last Sunday they took me out of the hospital in Moscow."

"Who are you, a soldier?"

"A soldier of the Apsherón regiment. I was almost dead with a fever. We were not told anything. There were about twenty of us in the hospital. We had no suspicion of it."

"Well, you feel lonesome here?" asked Pierre.

"Of course I am, my friend. My name is Platón, of the family of Karatáevs," he added, evidently in order to make it easier for Pierre to address him. "They called me 'Little Falcon' in the army. How can I help being lonesome, my friend? Moscow is the mother of cities! How can one help feeling lonesome looking at what is going on! The worm gnaws at the cabbage, and himself perishes first, as the old men used to say," he quickly added.

"How, how did you say it?" asked Pierre.

"I?" asked Karatáev. "I speak not my mind, but God's judgment," he said, thinking that he was repeating what he had said. He immediately continued: "Well, sir, have you any estates? And a house? And I suppose a full bowl! A housewife? And are your old parents alive?" he asked. Though Pierre did not see in the darkness, he felt that the soldier's lips were curling with a reserved smile of kindness, as he asked these questions. Apparently he was grieved to hear that Pierre had no parents, especially no mother.

"A wife for counsel, a mother-in-law for reception, but there is no one sweeter than a mother!" he said. "Well, and have you any children?" he continued to ask. Pierre's negative answer apparently grieved him, and so he hastened to add: "Well, you are still young, and God will grant you some. If you only live in peace — "

"What difference does it now make?" Pierre said, involuntarily.

"Oh, my dear man," retorted Platón, "never refuse the wallet or jail." He seated himself more comfortably, cleared his throat, evidently preparing himself for a long

story. "Yes, my friend, I was still living at home," he began. "We have a rich estate, plenty of land, and the peasants live well, and our house, thanks to God, is prosperous. My father used to go out with six others to reap. We lived well. We were true Christians. It happened —" and Platón Karatáev told a long story of how he once went to somebody's forest to take some wood, and of how he was caught, flogged, tried, and sent to the army. "Well, my little falcon," he said, in a voice which was changed through his smile, "we thought it a misfortune, but it turned out a joy! My brother would have had to go if it had not been for my sin. But my younger brother himself had five children, while I left only a wife behind. There was a girl, but God took her away before my going into the army. I went back on a leave of absence, and behold, they were living better than before. The barn-yard was full of cattle; the women at home; two brothers out earning money. Only Mikháylo, the younger, was at home. Says my father: 'All my children are the same to me; it hurts no matter what finger is bitten; and if Platón had not been shaven a soldier, Mikháylo would have had to go.' He called us all up, — would you believe it, — and placed us before the images. 'Mikháylo,' says he, 'come here and bow before him, and you, woman, and you, grandchildren, bow to him! Do you understand?' says he. — Yes, my friend! Fate looks for her heads, and there we go on saying: This is bad, and this wrong. Our happiness, my friend, is like water in a drag-net: you pull at it and it swells, you drag it out, and there is nothing in it. Yes, sir." And Platón changed his position on the straw.

After a moment's silence, Platón got up.

"Well, I suppose you want to sleep," he said. He began at once to cross himself, saying all the time: "Lord Jesus Christ, St. Nicholas! Frola and Lavra, Lord Jesus Christ, St. Nicholas! Frola and Lavra, Lord Jesus Christ

— have pity on us and save us!" he concluded. Then he bowed to the ground, got up, sighed, and sat down on his straw. "Yes, sir. O God, let me lie down as a little stone, and raise me as a white loaf!" he muttered, lying down and pulling the overcoat over him.

"What kind of a prayer did you say there?" asked Pierre.

"What?" said Platón (he was almost asleep). "Prayer? I prayed to God. Don't you pray?"

"Yes, I do," said Pierre. "But what did you mean by Frola and Lavra?"

"Oh!" Platón answered, hurriedly, "it is the holiday of the horses. One has to pity the cattle, too," said Karatáev. "I declare, the rogue is there, all rolled up! Are you warm, daughter of a bitch?" he said, feeling the dog at his feet, and, turning around, immediately fell asleep.

Outside could be heard weeping and cries, and through the chinks of the booth fire was seen; but within it was quiet and dark. Pierre could not sleep for a long time, and with open eyes lay in the darkness, listening to the even snoring of Platón, who was lying near him, and he felt that the crushed world was stirring in his soul with a new beauty, on a new, imperturbable foundation.

XIII.

In the booth which Pierre occupied, and where he passed four weeks, there were twenty-three captive soldiers, three officers, and two officials.

Later on they all appeared to Pierre as in a mist, but Platón Karatáev for ever remained in his soul as a strong, precious memory and the personification of everything Russian, good, and rounded. When on the following day, at break of day, Pierre saw his neighbour, the first impression of something round was verified completely: all of Platón's figure, in his French mantle girded by a rope, in a cap and bast shoes, was round. His head was absolutely round; his back, breast, shoulders, even his arms, which he carried as though all the time ready to embrace something, were rounded; his pleasing smile and large, blue, tender eyes were round.

Platón Karatáev must have been more than fifty, to judge from his stories of campaigns in which he had taken part as an old soldier. He did not know himself, nor could he in any way make out, how old he was; but his dazzling white and sound teeth, which could be seen in two semicircles whenever he laughed (which he did often), were in good condition and uninjured; there was not a gray hair in his beard and hair, and his whole body had the aspect of flexibility and especially of firmness and endurance.

His face, in spite of its small, round wrinkles, had an expression of innocence and youth; his chanting voice was agreeable. But the chief peculiarity lay in his speech,

which was direct and apposite. He evidently never thought of what he said or was about to say; and so the rapidity and precision of his intonations were persuasive and incontrovertible.

His physical strength and agility during the first of his imprisonment were of such a character that he did not seem to know what fatigue and disease were. Every morning, upon rising, and when he lay down, he repeated the words, "Let me, O Lord, lie down as a little stone and raise me as a white loaf!" In the morning, after rising, he always shrugged his shoulders and said, "I lay down and rolled up, I rose and shook myself." Indeed, he had only to lie down in order to fall at once asleep as a stone, and he had only to shake himself in order to go about his work without a minute's loss, just as children take to playing the moment they get up. He could do everything, not very deftly, but not badly either. He baked, cooked, sewed, planed, cobbled boots. He was always busy and only at night took the liberty of indulging in conversations, of which he was fond, and in singing. He sang not as the singers sing, who know that they are being listened to, but as the birds, apparently because these sounds were as much a necessity to him as the need of stretching himself or taking a walk; these sounds were always thin, tender, almost feminine and melancholy, and his face was very serious at such times.

When he was made a prisoner and allowed his beard to grow up, he apparently threw off that which was foreign to his nature, his military ways, and returned to his former, peasant manner of life.

"A soldier at leave wears his shirt outside his trousers," he used to say. He spoke reluctantly of his soldier life, though he did not complain, and more than once repeated that he had never once been flogged during his whole service. When he told anything about himself, these stories obviously were drawn from his old and precious

recollections of his "Christian" life, as he called his peasant existence. The proverbs, which filled his speech, were not the indecent, bold saws soldiers generally employ, but those popular maxims, which seem so insignificant when taken separately, but which, appropriately applied, suddenly assume the meaning of profound wisdom.

Frequently he said the very opposite of what he had said before, but both utterances were correct. He was fond of talking and talked well, adorning his speech with words of endearment and proverbs, which, so Pierre thought, he himself invented; but the chief charm of his stories consisted in this, that in his speech the simplest events, frequently the same that Pierre saw without taking note of them, assumed a character of solemn purport. He was fond of listening to fairy-tales, which, without variation, one of the soldiers kept repeating, but more often he liked to hear stories from actual life. He smiled joyously as he listened to these, interposing a word here and there, and putting questions, the purpose of which was to elucidate to himself the propriety of what he was being told. Attachments, friendships, love, as Pierre understood these terms, Karatáev had none; but he loved and lived in peace with everything with which life brought him in contact, especially with man, — not with any particular man, but with all people who were before his eyes. He loved his shepherd dog, his companions, the Frenchmen, and Pierre, who was his neighbour; but Pierre felt that Karatáev, in spite of all his kindliness toward him (by which he gave the proper acknowledgment to Pierre's spiritual life), would not for a moment be grieved at parting from him. And Pierre began to experience the same feeling toward Karatáev.

Platón Karatáev was to all the other prisoners a very common soldier; he was called "Little Falcon" or "Platósha;" they good-naturedly made fun of him, and sent him on errands. But to Pierre he remained the same that

he had presented himself during the first evening, — an inapproachable, round, and eternal personification of the spirit of simplicity and truth.

Platón knew nothing by heart but his prayer. When he began his speeches, he did not seem to know how he was going to finish them.

When Pierre, now and then puzzled by the meaning of his words, asked him to repeat them, Platón could not recall what he had said a minute ago, just as he never was able to render his favourite song to Pierre in spoken words. In the song occurred the words "my beloved," "the sweet little birch," and "I pine so much," but when spoken and not sung these words seemed to him to have no meaning. He did not understand, and could not understand, the significance of words taken separately, out of the connected speech. Each word and each action of his was to him the manifestation of an unknown activity, which was his life. But his life, as he looked at it, had no meaning as a separate existence. It had a meaning only as a particle of the whole, of which he was constantly aware. His words and actions flowed from him as evenly, as peremptorily, and as directly as the odour emanates from the flower. He could understand neither the value nor the significance of an action or word taken separately.

XIV.

HAVING received the information from Nikoláy that her brother was with the Rostóvs at Yaroslávl, Princess Márya, in spite of the dissuasion of her aunt, immediately got ready to depart, and to take her nephew along. She did not ask, nor did she wish to know, whether this was difficult or easy, possible or impossible; this was her duty, not only to be herself near her brother who, possibly, was dying, but to do all in her power to have his son with her, and so she made her preparations for the departure. If Prince Andréy did not personally give her any news of himself, she explained it on the ground that he was too weak to write, or because he regarded the long journey as too laborious and too dangerous for her and for his son.

In a few days Princess Márya was ready to depart. Her carriages consisted of a coach, in which she had arrived in Vorónezh, a calash, and a cart. With her travelled Mlle. Bourienne, her nephew with his tutor, an old nurse, three maids, Tíkhon, a young lackey, and a Haiduk, whom her aunt gave her to take along.

It was impossible to journey directly toward Moscow, and the roundabout way which Princess Márya was compelled to take through Lípetsk, Ryazán, Vladímir, and Shúya was very long, on account of the impossibility of providing stage-horses at all stations, very difficult, and, in the neighbourhood where Frenchmen showed up now and then, very perilous.

During this difficult journey, Mlle. Bourienne, Desalles,

and the servants of Princess Márya were surprised at her firmness and activity. She lay down later than the rest, and was the first to get up, and no difficulties could stop her. Thanks to her activity and energy, which urged on her travelling companions, she reached Yaroslávy by the end of the second week.

During the last of her stay at Vorónezh, Princess Márya had experienced the happiest time of her life. Her love for Rostóv no longer tormented or agitated her. It filled all her soul, became an indivisible part of her life, and she no longer fought against it. Of late she had convinced herself, — though she never clearly said so to herself in so many words, — that she was loved and that she loved. Of this she had become convinced during her last meeting with Nikoláy, when he came to inform her that her brother was with the Rostóvs. Nikoláy had not given the least hint that now (in case of the convalescence of Prince Andréy) his former relations with Natásha might be renewed, but she saw by his face that he knew it, and that he thought so. And yet, his relations with her — cautious, gentle, tender — were not only not changed, but he seemed even to be glad that the possible marriage relationship permitted him to express his friendship for her more freely, as she thought. She knew that she loved for the first and the last time in her life, and she felt that she was loved, and was happy and calm in this respect.

This happiness of one of her spiritual sides not only did not interfere with her feeling the full force of her sorrow for her brother, but, on the contrary, this spiritual calm in one direction made it possible for her to abandon herself fully to her feeling for her brother. This sentiment had been so strong in the first moments of her departure from Vorónezh, that those who saw her off were convinced, as they looked at her exhausted, despairing face, that she would certainly fall ill on her journey; but the very difficulties and cares of the journey, which Princess Márya

attended to with such vim, for the time being took her attention away from her grief and saved her strength.

As always happens during a journey, Princess Márya thought only of the travel, oblivious of what was its end. But, as she approached Yarosláv, and there began to rise before her imagination what awaited her, not in a few days, but that very evening, Princess Márya's agitation reached its highest points.

When the Haiduk, who had been sent in advance to Yarosláv to find out where the Rostóvs were located and in what condition Prince Andréy was, met the coach at the barrier, he was terrified as he saw the princess's frightfully pale face leaning out of the carriage window.

"I have found out everything, your Serenity! The Rostóvs are in the square, in the house of Merchant Brónnikov. It is not far, — on the Vólga itself," said the Haiduk.

Princess Márya cast a frightened and inquisitive glance at his face, wondering why he did not answer the chief question how her brother was. Mlle. Bourienne put that question for the princess.

"How is the prince?" she asked.

"His Serenity is in the same house with them."

"Consequently he is alive," thought the princess. She asked softly, "How is he?"

"The people say that he is in the same condition all the time."

What was meant by "in the same condition" the princess did not ask, and, casting only a casual glance at seven-year-old Nikoláy, who was sitting in front of her and enjoying the sight of the city, she lowered her head and did not raise it again until the heavy coach, rumbling, jolting, and swaying, stopped somewhere. The steps of the carriage clanged as they were thrown down. The door was opened. On the left was water, — a broad river; on the right was a porch; on the porch stood people, —

servants, and a ruddy girl with a black braid, who, as Princess Márya thought, smiled a feigned, disagreeable smile (it was Sónya). The princess ran up the stairs; the girl with the feigned smile said, "This way, this way!" and the princess found herself in the antechamber in front of an old woman of an Eastern type, who was walking up to her with a disturbed expression on her face. This was the countess. She embraced Princess Márya and began to kiss her.

"*Mon enfant,*" she said, "*je vous aime et vous connais depuis longtemps.*"

In spite of all her agitation, Princess Márya understood that it was the countess, and that something ought to be said to her. Without knowing how, she muttered some civil words in French, in the same tone as those which the countess used to her, and then she asked how he was.

"The doctor says that there is no danger," said the countess; but, as she was saying this, she raised her eyes, and in this expression there was a contradiction to her words.

"Where is he? May I see him, may I?" asked the princess.

"Immediately, princess, immediately, my friend. Is this his son?" she said, turning to little Nikoláy, who was coming in with Desalles. "We shall all find room, — the house is large. Oh, what a charming boy!"

The countess took the princess up-stairs. Sónya was talking with Mlle. Bourienne. The countess petted the boy. The old count entered the room, to greet the princess. He had changed very much since the princess had seen him the last time. Then he had been a brisk, merry, self-confident old man; now he looked a miserable man, all broken up. As he spoke to the princess, he kept looking around, as though to ask everybody whether he was doing right. After the destruction of Moscow and of his estate, he was put out of his beaten track, lost the con-

sciousness of his dignity, and felt that he no longer had a place in life.

In spite of her one desire to see her brother as soon as possible, and of her annoyance at being entertained and hearing her nephew praised, while she had but the one desire of seeing him, the princess noticed everything which was taking place all about her, and felt the necessity of submitting for a time to this new order which she was now entering. She knew that it was all necessary, and though it was hard for her, she was not annoyed at them.

"This is my niece," said the count, introducing Sónya. "You do not know her, princess?"

The princess turned to her and kissed her, trying to crush in her soul the incipient hostile feeling toward this girl. Still, it weighed upon her to see the mood of all those who surrounded her so different from what was in her soul.

"Where is he?" she asked once more, turning to all.

"He is down-stairs. Natásha is with him," Sónya replied, blushing. "Somebody has gone down to see how he is. Are you not tired, princess?"

Tears of annoyance stood in the eyes of the princess. She turned away and wanted again to ask the countess which way she could go down to see him, when at the door were heard light, impulsive, almost merry footsteps. The princess looked around and saw Natásha, who almost ran in, — that Natásha who, at the former meeting in Moscow, had so displeased her.

The princess had barely had time to look into the face of this Natásha, when she understood that she was her sincere companion in misfortune, and therefore her friend. She rushed up to her and, embracing her, wept on her shoulder.

The moment Natásha, who had been sitting at Prince Andréy's bedside, learned about the arrival of Princess

Márya, she softly left his room with those rapid footsteps, which to Márya had appeared indicative of joy, and ran up to her.

On her agitated countenance there was but one expression as she ran into the room, — an expression of love, of illimitable love for him, for her, for everything that was near to the man she loved, an expression of pity and suffering for others, and of an impassioned desire to devote herself entirely to the succour of these people. It was evident that at that moment there was not a thought of herself, of her relations to him, in Natásha's soul.

Sensitive Princess Márya comprehended all this from her first look at Natásha's face, and so she wept on her shoulder with the enjoyment of grief.

"Let us go, let us go to him, Marie," said Natásha, leading her into another room.

Princess Márya raised her face, dried her tears, and turned to Natásha. She felt that from her she would find out everything.

"How —" she began her question, but suddenly stopped. She felt that questions could neither be put nor answered with words. Natásha's face and eyes were to tell everything more clearly and more profoundly.

Natásha looked at her, but, it seemed, was in dread and doubt whether she had better tell her all she knew, or not; she seemed to feel that before those beaming eyes which penetrated the very depth of her heart it was not possible to tell all the truth, as she saw it. Natásha's lip suddenly quivered; ugly wrinkles formed around her mouth, and she sobbed out loud and covered her face with her hands.

Princess Márya understood everything.

But she still hoped and asked in words, in which she had no faith:

"How is his wound? In what condition is he in general?"

"You — you — will see him," was all Natásha was able to say.

They sat for awhile down-stairs near his room, in order to stop weeping first and enter his room with composed faces. "How has the whole illness proceeded? When did he feel worst? When did it happen?" asked Princess Márya.

Natásha told her that at first there was danger from his feverish condition and from the suffering, but that at Tróitsa it passed, and the doctor now was afraid only of gangrene setting in. But even this danger was passing. When they arrived at Yaroslávl the wound began to fester (Natásha knew everything in regard to suppuration, etc.), and the doctor said that the suppuration might pass favourably. Then he fell into a fever. The doctor said that the fever was not so dangerous. "But two days ago," began Natásha, "*this* suddenly happened — " She kept back her sobs. "I do not know why, but you will see for yourself how he looks."

"Is he very feeble? Is he thin?" asked the princess.

"Not that, but something worse. You will see. Oh, Marie, he is too good, he cannot, cannot live because — "

XV.

When Natásha opened the door with a characteristic movement, in order to let the princess pass first, Princess Márya already felt the sobs ready to issue from her throat. No matter how much she had prepared herself and now tried to calm herself, she knew that it was not in her power to see him without tears.

Princess Márya understood what she meant by the words, "It happened to him two days ago." She comprehended that it meant that he suddenly became of a softer mood, and that this softness and tenderness were signs of the approaching death. As she walked over to the door, she saw in her imagination Andréy's face as she had known it in his childhood, that tender, meek, gentle face, which he so seldom showed, and which therefore always affected her so strongly. She knew that he would speak soft, gentle words to her, such as her father had spoken to her before his death, and that she would not be able to bear them and would burst out into sobs. But, sooner or later, it had to be, and she entered the room. The sobs rose higher and higher in her throat as she with her near-sighted eyes more and more clearly discerned his form and sought for his features. Then she saw his face, and their glances met.

He was lying on a divan, bedded on pillows, wearing a squirrel-fur morning-gown. He was thin and pale. One lean, translucently white hand held a handkerchief, while with his other he, softly moving his fingers, touched the scanty stubbles of his unshaven moustache. His eyes were directed toward the entering women.

Upon seeing his face and meeting his glance, Princess Márya suddenly tempered the rapidity of her walk and felt that her tears were suddenly dried up and her sobs stopped. As she caught the expression of his face and glance, she suddenly became timid and felt guilty.

"What is my guilt?" she asked herself. "Because you live, and think of the living, while I —" his cold, stern look said to her.

In the deep glance, which looked not outwardly but inwardly, there was almost hostility, as he slowly surveyed his sister and Natásha.

He and his sister kissed each other's hands, as was their custom.

"Good morning, Marie, how did you get here?" he said, in a voice which was as even and strange as his glance. If he had screamed a desperate scream, the cry would not have surprised Princess Márya more than the sound of this voice. "Have you brought Nikoláy, too?" he said, just as evenly and slowly, and with an apparent effort of recollection.

"How is your health now?" said Princess Márya, herself wondering at what she was saying.

"That, my dear, you must ask the doctor," he replied, and, evidently making another effort to be kind, he said with his mouth only (obviously he was not thinking of what he spoke):

"*Merci, chère amie, d'être venue.*"

Princess Márya pressed his hand. He barely frowned at the pressure. He was silent, and she did not know what to say. She understood what it was that had happened to him two days before. In his words and tone, especially in his glance, — that cold, almost hostile glance, — was felt that estrangement from everything worldly which is so terrible to a living man. He evidently comprehended matters of life with difficulty; at the same time one felt that he did not comprehend these

things, not because he was deprived of the power of understanding, but because he understood something different, something which the living did not and could not understand, and which absorbed all his attention.

"Yes, fate has brought us strangely together!" he said, interrupting the silence, and pointing to Natásha. "She has been tending on me all the time."

Princess Márya listened, but did not comprehend what he was saying. He, sensitive, gentle Prince Andréy, how could he say that in the presence of her he had loved and who had loved him? If he thought of the possibility of living, he would not say this in such a cold and offensive tone. If he did not know that he was going to die, how could he help pitying her? How could he say it in her presence? There could be but one explanation to it: it was, that it made no difference to him, and it made no difference because something else, something more important, was revealed to him.

The conversation was cold and incoherent, and was interrupted every minute.

"Marie travelled through Ryazán," said Natásha. Prince Andréy did not notice that she called his sister Marie. And it was only in using this word before him that Natásha herself became aware of using it.

"Well?" he asked.

"She was told that all of Moscow was burned completely, that —"

Nátasha stopped: it was impossible to continue. He was evidently making an effort to listen, but could not.

"Yes, they say it burned," he said. "It is a pity," and he began to gaze in front of him, absently stroking his moustache.

"Marie, so you met Count Nikoláy?" Prince Andréy suddenly said, evidently wishing to say something pleasant. "He wrote that he took a great liking to you," he continued, simply and calmly, evidently unable to comprehend

the complex meaning his words had for living beings. "It would be very well if you, too, took a liking to him — if you married," he added a little more rapidly, as though rejoiced at the words which he had been looking for for some time and had finally found.

Princess Márya heard his words, but they had no other meaning for her except to prove how far he now was from everything living.

"What is the use of talking about me?" she said, calmly, casting a glance at Natásha.

Conscious of this look, Natásha did not glance at her. Again all were silent.

"*André*, you want —" Princess Márya suddenly said, with a trembling voice, "you want to see your son? He has been talking about you all the time."

Prince Andréy now for the first time gave a scarcely perceptible smile, but Princess Márya, who knew his face so well, saw in terror that it was not a smile of joy, nor of tenderness for his son, but of soft, meek derision at Princess Márya's final attempt, as she thought, at bringing him back to his senses.

"Yes, I shall be glad to see him. Is he well?"

When Nikoláy was brought to Prince Andréy, and, frightened, looked at his father and did not weep, because no one else wept, Prince Andréy kissed him and was obviously at a loss what to say to him.

When the boy was taken away again, Princess Márya once more walked over to her brother and, unable to restrain herself any longer, burst out into tears.

He looked fixedly at her.

"Are you weeping on account of my son?" he asked.

Princess Márya, weeping, gave an affirmative nod with her head.

"Marie, you know the Gos—" but he suddenly grew silent.

"What are you saying?"

"Nothing. You must not weep here," he said, looking at her with the same cold glance.

When Princess Márya began to weep, he understood that she was weeping because his son would be left without a father. Making a great effort over himself, he tried to return to life, and he transferred himself to their point of view.

"Yes, it must seem pitiful to them!" he thought. "But how simple it all is!"

"The fowls of the air sow not, neither do they reap, but your heavenly Father feedeth them," he said to himself, and wanted to say the same to Princess Márya, "but no, they will understand it in their own way, — they will not understand it! They cannot understand that all the feelings which they value so much, — all, all our thoughts, — which seem so important to us, are *not necessary*. We cannot understand each other!" and he kept silence.

Prince Andréy's little son was seven years old. He could hardly read, and he knew nothing. After that day he acquired much knowledge, observation, and experience; but, if he had even then possessed all those qualities which he later acquired, he could not have understood the whole significance of the scene, which he had observed between his father, Princess Márya, and Natásha, better or more profoundly than he understood it then. He understood everything and, without weeping, left the room, silently walked over to Natásha, who followed him out, and timidly looked at her with his pensive and beautiful eyes. His raised ruby upper lip quivered, and he leaned his head down to her and burst out weeping.

From that day on he avoided Desalles and the countess, who caressed him, and either sat alone, or timidly went up to Princess Márya or to Natásha, to whom, it seemed,

reflected on the new, freshly revealed principle of eternal love, the more he, without knowing it, renounced all earthly existence. To love everything and everybody, always to sacrifice himself for love, meant to him never to love and not to live this earthly life. The more he brooded on this principle of love, the more he renounced life, and the more completely he destroyed that terrible barrier which stands without love between life and death. When he, during this early time, thought of his imminent death, he said to himself: "Well, what of it? So much the better."

But after that night at Mytíshchi, when in his semi-delirium appeared the one he had wanted so much, and he, pressing her hand to his lips, wept quiet tears of joy, the love for that woman imperceptibly stole into his heart and called him back to life, and he was assailed by joyful and agitating thoughts. As he recalled that minute at the ambulance where he had seen Kurágin, he no longer could return to that feeling: he was tormented by the question whether he was alive or not; but he did not dare to ask it.

His illness went on in its physical order, but that which Natásha had called "this happened to him" had taken place two days before the arrival of Princess Márya. It was that last, moral struggle between life and death, in which death had carried away the victory. It was the unexpected consciousness of his still clinging to life, which presented itself in his love for Natásha, and the last vanquished attack of terror before the unknown.

It was in the evening. As always after noon, he was in a slightly feverish state, and his ideas were quite clear. Sónya was sitting at the table. He was dozing. Suddenly he was seized by a sensation of happiness.

"Ah, she has come in!" he thought.

Indeed, in Sónya's place sat Natásha, who had just come in with inaudible steps.

Ever since she had begun to tend on him, he had experienced that physical sensation of nearness. She was sitting on a chair, sidewise toward him, screening from him the candle-light, and knitting a stocking. (She had learned to knit since she had heard Prince Andréy say that no one could so well tend on the sick as old nurses who knitted stockings, and that there was something soothing in the knitting of a stocking.) Her thin fingers swiftly moved the knitting-needles, which now and then struck against each other, and he could clearly see the pensive profile of her drooping face. She made a motion, — the ball had rolled down on the floor. She shuddered, looked at him, and, shielding the candle with her hand, bent with a cautious, flexible, and precise motion, picked up the ball, and sat back in her old position.

He looked at her without stirring, and he saw that after her motion she ought to draw a deep breath, but she did not dare to do so and only gasped cautiously. In the Tróitsa monastery they had spoken of their past, and he had told her that, if he should remain alive, he would eternally thank God for his wound, which had brought them together again; but since that time he had never again mentioned the future.

"Could it be, or not?" he now thought, looking at her and listening to the light steel sound of the needles. "Is it possible fate has brought us so strangely together only that I should die? Is it possible the truth of life has been revealed to me only that I may live in falsehood? I love her more than anything in the world. But what am I to do, since I love her?" he said to himself, and he suddenly uttered a groan, — a habit he had acquired during his suffering.

When Natásha heard this sound, she put down the stocking, bent closer down to him, and suddenly, when she noticed his luminous eyes, walked over to him with light footsteps and bent over him.

"Are you not asleep?"

"No, I have been looking at you for a long time; I felt your presence as soon as you entered. No one but you gives me that soft quiet — of the world to come. I feel so much like weeping for joy."

Natásha moved up closer to him. Her face beamed with a transport of joy.

"Natásha, I love you too much. More than anything in the world."

"And I?" She turned away for a moment. "But why too much?" she asked.

"Why too much? Well, what do you think, how do you feel in truth, in full truth, — shall I live? How does it seem to you?"

"I am sure! I am sure!" Natásha almost shouted, taking both his hands with an impassioned motion.

He kept silence.

"How good it would be!" And he took her hand and kissed it.

Natásha was happy and agitated; and she remembered at once that that ought not to be, — that he needed calm.

"But you have not slept," she said, suppressing her joy. "Try to fall asleep, please!"

He let her hand go, giving it first a pressure, and she returned tc the candle and seated herself in her former place. Twice she looked back at him, and his lustrous eyes met her glance. She set herself a task on the stocking, saying to herself that she would not look back until it was all finished.

And, indeed, soon after he closed his eyes and fell asleep. He slept but a short time, and suddenly woke in a cold perspiration and in agitation.

As he fell asleep he thought of what he had been thinking all that time, — of life and death. He felt himself nearer to it.

"Love? What is love?" he thought.

"Love impedes death. Love is life. All, all I understand, I understand only because I love. Everything is connected with it alone. Love is God, and death means that I, a particle of love, shall return to the general, eternal source." These thoughts seemed consoling to him; but they were only thoughts. Something was lacking in them; there was something one-sided and personal and mental in them, and an absence of manifestness. And there was the same restlessness and indeterminateness. He fell asleep.

He dreamt that he was lying in the same room in which he actually was, but that he was not wounded, but well. Many different people, insignificant, indifferent people, appear before Prince Andréy. He speaks with them and debates about some trifle. They are getting ready to go somewhere. Prince Andréy dimly remembers that all this is insignificant, and that he has other, more important cares, but continues speaking empty, ingenious words, which surprise them. Slowly and imperceptibly all these people begin to disappear, and everything gives way to the one question about the closed door. He rises and walks toward the door, in order to latch it and shut it. *Everything* depends on whether he is able to shut it or not. He walks, hurries, his feet do not move, and he knows that he will not be able to shut the door, and yet painfully strains all his strength. And a tormenting terror takes possession of him. And this terror is the terror of death: *it* is standing behind the door. But just as he impotently and awkwardly crawls up to the door, this terrible something begins from the other side to press terribly at it. Something inhuman — death — is breaking down the door, and it must be kept out. He takes hold of the door, strains his last strength, — it is impossible to shut it, — at least to hold it back; but his strength fails him, his motions are awkward, and, pressed against by that terrible something, the door opens and shuts again.

Once more it is pressed from without. The last, preternatural effort is made in vain, and both halves of the door open noiselessly. *It* enters, and it is *Death.* And Prince Andréy is dead.

But at the same moment that he dies, he recalls that he is asleep, and at the same moment that he dies, he makes a last effort and awakens.

"Yes, it was Death. I am dead, — I am awake. Yes, death is awakening," and his soul was suddenly illuminated, and the curtain which heretofore had hidden the unknown from him was raised before his mental vision. He felt, as it were, the liberation of a power that had held him fast, and that peculiar ease, which after that never left him again.

When, waking in his cold perspiration, he moved on his divan, Natásha walked over to him and asked him what the matter was with him. He made no reply and looked at her with a strange glance, without understanding what she was saying.

It was this that had happened to him two days before the arrival of Princess Márya. From that day on, the doctor said, the exhausting fever assumed a malignant character, but Natásha was not interested in what the doctor said: she had seen those terrible, no longer doubtful, moral signs.

From that day on there began for Prince Andréy, together with the waking from sleep, the waking from life. And, in comparison with the duration of life, it did not seem to him to be slower than is the waking from a dream in comparison with the duration of a dream.

There was nothing terrible or sharply defined in this comparatively slow awakening.

His last days and hours passed in the usual and simple manner, and Princess Márya and Natásha, who did not leave him, felt it. They did not weep, nor become convulsed with sobs, and, during his last day, they were

conscious, not of tending on him (he existed no longer,—he had left them), but on the nearest reminder of him, on his body. The feelings of both of them were so strong that the external, terrible side of death did not affect them, and they did not find it necessary to spur their grief. They did not weep, either in his presence or when they were away from him, and they never spoke of him to one another. They felt that they could not express in words what they understood.

They both of them saw that he was sinking away from them deeper and deeper, slowly and calmly, to that unknown place, and they knew that it had to be, and that it was well.

He confessed, and received the communion, and all came to bid him farewell. When his son was brought to him, he put his lips to him and turned away, not because he was oppressed or felt pity (Princess Márya and Natásha understood it), but because he supposed that this was all that was expected of him; when he was told to bless him, he complied with the demand and looked around, as though asking whether there was something else for him to do.

Princess Márya and Natásha were present when the last convulsions of the body took place, as the spirit was leaving it.

"Is it ended?" said Princess Márya, after his body had been lying for some minutes motionless and cold. Natásha went up, looked at his lifeless eyes, and hastened to close them. She closed them, and did not kiss them, but put her lips to that which was the nearest reminiscence of him.

"Whither has he gone? Where is he now?"

When the body was dressed and washed, and lay in the coffin, all came up to him to bid him farewell, and all wept.

His little son wept from anguish and perplexity, which

tore his heart asunder. The countess and Sónya wept from pity for Natásha, and because he was no more. The old count wept because he felt that soon he, too, would have to take that terrible step.

Natásha and Princess Márya also wept, but they did not weep from their personal grief; they wept from that sensation of reverent awe which held possession of their souls before the consciousness of that simple and solemn mystery of death, which had taken place before them.

PART THE THIRTEENTH

I.

THE totality of causes of phenomena is inaccessible to human understanding, but the necessity of finding causes is innate in the human soul. The human mind, without entering into the multiplicity and complexity of the conditions of phenomena, each separate one of which may appear as a cause, grasps at the first, most likely approximation and says, "Here is a cause!" In historical events (in which the actions of men are the subject of observation) the most primitive approximation is found in the will of the gods, and later in the will of those men who occupy the most prominent historic place, — the heroes of history. But it is enough for any one to penetrate the essence of a historical event, that is, the activity of the whole mass of men who take part in the event, in order to become convinced that the will of the historical hero by no means guides the acts of the masses, but that he, on the contrary, is constantly guided by them. It would seem that it made no difference whether the significance of a historical event is supposed to be one thing rather than another. But between a man who says that the nations of the West went against the East because Napoleon wanted them to, and a man who says that that took place because it had to happen, there is the same difference that existed between people who asserted that the earth stood firm and the planets moved around it, and those

who said that they did not know what the earth held on to, but that they knew that there were laws which guided its motion and that of the other planets. There are no causes of a historical event, and there can be none, except the only cause of all causes. But there are laws which guide the events, and these are partly unknown, and partly guessed at. The discovery of these laws will be possible only when we absolutely refrain from trying to find the causes in the will of one man, just as the discovery of the motion of the planets became possible only when people abandoned the conception of the stability of the earth.

After the battle of Borodinó, after the occupation of Moscow by the enemy, and after its burning, the most important episode of the war of 1812, in the opinion of the historians, is that of the movement of the Russian army from the Ryazán road to the Kalúga road and to the camp of Tarútino, — the so-called flank march beyond the Krásnaya Pakhrá. The historians ascribe the glory of this ingenious exploit to various persons, and are disputing to whom it actually belongs. Even the foreign historians, including the French, acknowledge the genius of the Russian generals, when they speak of this flank march. But it is very difficult to see why the military writers, and with them everybody else, assume that this flank march was a very clever invention of some person, and that it was this which saved Russia and caused the ruin of Napoleon. In the first place, it is very hard to comprehend wherein lies the genius and cleverness of this motion, for it did not take great mental acumen to guess that the best position for an army (when it is not attacked) is where there is plenty of provisions. And any stupid, thirteen-year-old boy might have guessed without difficulty that in 1812 the most advantageous position for the army, after its retreat from Moscow, was on the Kalúga road. So, in the first place, it is impossible to see by what ratiocinations

the historians have come to see something profound in this manœuvre. In the second place, it is still more difficult to see in what way the historians find that this manœuvre led to the salvation of the Russians and to the destruction of the French, for this flank march, in connection with other preceding, accompanying, and subsequent circumstances, might have turned out to the ruin of the Russian and the salvation of the French army. If, from the time that this motion began, the position of the Russian army commenced to improve, it does not follow that this motion was the cause of it.

This flank march not only could bring no advantages, but might have ruined the Russian army, if there had not been a coincidence of other conditions. What would have happened if Moscow had not burned? If Murat had not lost sight of the Russians? If Napoleon had not remained in inaction? If the Russian army, taking the advice of Bénigsen and of Barclay, had given battle at Krásnaya Pakhrá? What would have happened if Napoleon had later, upon reaching Tarútino, attacked the Russians with only one-tenth of that energy which he had displayed at the attack of Smolénsk? What would have happened if the French had marched against St. Petersburg? Under any of these conditions the salutariness of the flank march might have passed into a calamity.

In the third place, the most incomprehensible thing is this, that men who study history purposely do not wish to see that the flank march cannot be ascribed to any one man; that nobody ever foresaw it; that the manœuvre, just like the retreat at Fíli, never presented itself to the contemporaries in its entirety, but step after step, event after event, moment after moment, as it proceeded from an endless number of the most varied conditions, and only then presented itself in its entirety, when it was an accomplished fact.

At the council at Fíli the predominant idea with the Russian authorities was the self-evident retreat along a straight line backward, that is, along the Nízhni-Nóvgorod road. The proof of this is found in the fact that the majority of votes at this council was given in the sense, and, above everything else, in the well-known conversation which the commander-in-chief had after the council with Lanskóy, who was in charge of the commissariat. Lanskóy reported to the commander-in-chief that the provisions for the army were collected mainly along the Oká, in the Governments of Túla and Kazán, and that, in case of a retreat toward Nízhni-Nóvgorod, the commissary stores would be separated from the army by the large river Oká, across which the transportation in the first part of winter would be impossible. This was the first sign of the necessary deviation from the straight path in the direction of Nízhni-Nóvgorod, which before had seemed so natural. The army took a more southerly direction, along the Ryazán road, thus remaining nearer to the commissary stores. Later on the inaction of the French, who had lost sight of the Russian army, the cares of the defence of the Túla stud, and, above all, the advantages of keeping closer to the stores, caused the army to keep still more to the south, on the Túla road. Passing by a desperate movement beyond Tarútino on the Túla road, the military leaders of the Russian army thought of remaining near Podólsk, and the Tarútino position was not even thought of; but an endless number of circumstances, and the reappearance of the French troops, which before that had entirely lost sight of the Russians, and the plans of a battle, and, above all, the abundance of provisions in Kalúga, compelled the army to deflect still more toward the south and to pass to the centre of the roads of provisions, from the Túla to the Kalúga road, to Tarútino. Just as it is impossible to reply to the question when Moscow was abandoned, so it is impossible to

say when and by whom it was decided to go over to Tarútino. Only when the troops arrived at Tarútino on account of an endless number of differential forces, people began to assure themselves that it was precisely this that they had wished and foreseen long before.

II.

THE famous flank march consisted in nothing but this: the Russian army, retreating in a straight line, in reverse order to the invasion, deflected from the straight direction, after the advance movement of the French had stopped, and, seeing no pursuit behind it, naturally leaned toward that direction where there was an abundance of supplies.

If we were to imagine, not ingenious leaders at the head of the Russian army, but only the army without leaders, this army would not have been able to do anything but take the road back to Moscow, describing a large arc in the direction of the country where the supplies were most abundant, and the land most fertile.

The shifting from the Nízhni-Nóvgorod to the Ryazán, Túla, and Kalúga roads was so natural that the very marauders of the Russian army ran in the same direction, and that the request came from St. Petersburg for Kutúzov to transfer his army in the same direction. In Tarútino Kutúzov received almost a reprimand from the emperor for having taken the army to the Ryazán road, and there was pointed out to him the very position opposite the Kalúga road, which he had already occupied when the emperor's letter reached him.

The ball of the Russian army, which rolled off in the direction of the impact given it during the whole campaign, and at the battle of Borodinó, assumed the position which was natural to it, when the force of the impact was destroyed and it received no new stroke.

Kutúzov's deserts did not consist in some ingenious strategic manœuvre, as they call it, but in that he was the only one to grasp the meaning of the event in its accom-

plishment. He was the only one who even then understood the inaction of the French army; he alone continued to assert that the battle of Borodinó was a victory; he, who, it seemed, in his position as commander-in-chief, ought to have been provoked to advance, used all the forces at his command to keep the Russian army from useless battles.

The wounded beast at Borodinó lay somewhere where the fleeing hunter had left him; but the hunter did not know whether he was alive, whether he was strong, or whether he only pretended to be. Suddenly the groan of that beast was heard.

The groan of this wounded beast of the French army, which betrayed its ruin, was the despatch of Lauriston to Kutúzov's camp to sue for peace.

Napoleon, with his conviction that not that was good which really was good, but that which seemed so to him, wrote to Kutúzov the first words that occurred to him, which made no sense.

"*Monsieur le Prince Koutouzov,*" he wrote, "*j'envoie près de vous un de mes aides de camp généraux pour vous entretenir de plusieurs objets intéressants. Je désire que Votre Altesse ajoute foi à ce qu'il lui dira, surtout lorsqu'il exprimera les sentiments d'estime et de particulière considération que j'ai depuis longtemps pour sa personne. Cette lettre n'étant à autre fin, je prie Dieu, Monsieur le Prince Koutouzov, qu'il vous ait en Sa sainte et digne garde.*

"*Moscou, le 30 octobre, 1812.*

"*Signé: Napoléon.*"

"*Je serais maudit par la postérité si l'on me regardait comme le premier moteur d' un accomodement quelconque. Tel est l'esprit actuel de ma nation,*" replied Kutúzov, continuing to use all his strength to keep the army from advancing.

During the month of the pillaging of the French army in Moscow and of the calm waiting of the Russian army at Tarútino there took place a change in the relations of the forces of the two armies (both in spirit and numerical strength), as the result of which the preponderance turned out to be on the side of the Russians. Although the condition of the French army and its numerical strength were unknown to the Russians, the necessity of an advance movement became manifest in an endless number of signs, the moment the relations had changed. Such signs were: the despatch of Lauriston; and the abundance of supplies at Tarútino; and the news coming from every side about the inaction and disorder of the French; and the filling up of our troops by new recruits; and the good weather; and the prolonged rest of the Russian soldiers; and the impatience, which generally is rife in an army after such a rest, to do the work for which it is gathered; and the curiosity as to what was going on in the French army, which had so long been lost sight of; and the boldness with which the Russian outposts slunk by the French who were stationed in the neighbourhood of Tarútino; and the news of the easy victories obtained over the French by the Russian peasants and partisans; and the envy created by this; and the feeling of revenge, which lay at the bottom of every man so long as there were any Frenchmen left in Moscow; and, above everything else, the indistinct suspicion in the soul of each soldier that the relations of the forces now were changed and were preëminently in our favour. The essential relation of the forces was changed, and an advance became a necessity. And immediately, just as surely as the chimes begin to strike and play when the hand has described a whole circle, the intensified motion, the buzz and play of the chimes, were reflected in the highest spheres, in conformity with the essential change of the forces.

III.

THE Russian army was directed by Kutúzov and his staff, and by the emperor from St. Petersburg. In St. Petersburg, even before the news was received of the abandonment of Moscow, a detailed plan of the whole war was composed and sent to Kutúzov for his guidance. Although this plan was made on the supposition that Moscow was still in our hands, it was approved by the staff and was to be executed. But Kutúzov wrote that the dispositions made at a distance were hard to carry out. And so, to solve the difficulties, new instructions and new men were sent, and these were to watch his actions and report them to the emperor.

Besides, the whole staff was now changed in the Russian army. The places of Bagratión, who had been killed, and of Barclay, who left in a dudgeon, were taken by others. They discussed in all seriousness what would be best: to put A—— in the place of B——, and B—— in the place of D——, or, on the contrary, D—— in the place of A——, and so forth, as though anything but A——'s and B——'s pleasure could depend on what was done.

In the army of the staff, on account of the hostile relations between Kutúzov and his chief of the staff, Bénigsen, and on account of the presence of the emperor's trusty persons, and of those changes, there was going on a complex game of parties: A—— was undermining B——, D—— was undermining S——, and so forth, in all possible permutations and combinations. With all this undermining, the object of the intrigues generally was

that military affair, which all these men imagined they were directing; but this military affair went on in spite of them, just as it had to go on, that is, never coinciding with what the men concocted, but flowing from the essential relation of the masses. All these intrigues, crossing and recrossing each other, represented in the highest spheres a true reflection of what had to happen.

"Prince Mikhaíl Ilariónovich," the emperor wrote on the 2d of October, in a letter received by him only after the battle of Tarútino. "Since the 2d of September, Moscow has been in the hands of the enemy. Your last reports are of the 20th, and during all this time you have not only undertaken nothing against the enemy, and for the liberation of our ancient capital, but, according to your last reports, you have even been retreating. Serpukhóv is already occupied by a detachment of the enemy, and Túla, with its famous stud, so necessary for the army, is in danger. From the reports of General Wintzingerode, I see that a corps of the enemy, ten thousand strong, is moving up on the St. Petersburg road. Another, numbering several thousand, is moving toward Dmítrov. A third has advanced on the Vladímir road. A fourth, of a considerable force, is stationed between Rúza and Mozháysk. Napoleon himself was in Moscow as late as the 25th. When it appears from all this information that the enemy has broken up his forces into strong detachments, when Napoleon is still in Moscow with his Guard, can it be possible that the forces of the enemy confronting you are so considerable that they do not allow you to act on the offensive? On the contrary, it may be assumed with certainty that he is pursuing you with detachments, or, at best, with a corps which is much weaker than the army entrusted to you. It seems that you, making use of these circumstances, might advantageously attack the weaker enemy and destroy him, or, at the least, compel him to retreat, and retain in our hands a considerable part of the Governments

now occupied by the enemy, and in this manner avert the danger from Túla and our other interior cities. You will be responsible if the enemy is enabled to detach a considerable corps against St. Petersburg for the purpose of threatening the capital, in which but a small number of troops could remain, since, acting with determination and energy, with the army entrusted to you, you possess all the means for averting this new misfortune. Remember that you still owe an answer to the offended country for the loss of Moscow. You have had experience of my readiness to reward you. This readiness will not weaken in me, but I and Russia have a right to expect from you all the zeal, firmness, and success which your intelligence, your military talents, and the bravery of the troops under your command entitle us to expect of you."

But while this letter, which proved that the essential relation of the forces had had time to be reflected in St. Petersburg, was on its way, Kutúzov no longer could restrain the army under his command from offensive action, and a battle had already been given.

On October 2d Cossack Shapoválov, scouring the woods, killed a hare with his gun and wounded another. Trying to find the wounded hare, Shapoválov strayed far into the woods and stumbled on the left flank of Murat's army, which was standing without any precautions. The Cossack laughingly told his companions that he almost was caught by the French. The ensign, who heard the story, told it to his commander.

The Cossack was called up; the Cossack commanders wanted to make use of the opportunity for getting away the French horses, but one of the chiefs, who was acquainted with the highest ranks of the army, communicated the fact to a general of the staff. Of late the state of affairs in the staff of the army had been strained to the highest point. Ermólov, who had come several days before to see Bénigsen, implored the latter to use his

influence with the commander-in-chief to have an attack made.

"If I did not know you, I should think that you do not wish what you ask for. All I have to do is to give his Most Serene Highness advice, in order to have him do the very opposite," replied Bénigsen.

The information brought by the Cossacks and confirmed by scouts proved the final maturity of the event. The strained spring was relaxed, the clock began to buzz, and the chimes started playing. In spite of his presumed power, his intelligence, experience, and knowledge of men, Kutúzov, taking into consideration the note from Bénigsen, who sent personal reports to the emperor, and the unanimous wish of all the generals, and the presumable desire of the emperor, and the information of the Cossacks, no longer was able to keep back the inevitable motion, and gave the order for what he considered useless and hurtful, — he blessed the accomplished fact.

IV.

BÉNIGSEN'S note and the information furnished by the Cossacks about the unprotected left flank of the French army were only the last signs proving the necessity of giving the command to attack, and the attack was ordered for October 5th.

In the morning of the 4th Kutúzov signed the disposition. Toll read it to Ermólov, proposing to him that he should make all the other arrangements.

"All right, all right! I am busy now," said Ermólov, as he left the room. The disposition, which had been composed by Toll, was a very good one. Just as with the disposition of the battle of Austerlitz, it said, though this one was not composed in German: "*Die erste Colonne marschirt* to such and such a place, *die zweite Colonne marschirt* to such and such a place," and so forth. And all these columns arrived on paper at the appointed time at the proper place and destroyed the enemy. Everything was beautifully provided for, as is the case with all dispositions, and, as happens with all dispositions, not one column arrived at its place in proper time.

When the disposition was prepared in the due number of copies, an officer was called up and sent to Ermólov to hand him the papers for execution. The young officer of the chevalier guards, Kutúzov's orderly, satisfied with the importance of the message entrusted to him, repaired to Ermólov's quarters.

"He is not here," replied Ermólov's servant. The offi-

cer of the chevalier guards went to the general with whom Ermólov frequently passed his time.

"Not here, and the general is out, too."

The officer of the chevalier guards mounted his horse and went to another place.

"Not here, — he has left."

"They will yet make me responsible for the delay! How annoying!" thought the officer. He made the round of the whole camp. Some said that they had seen Ermólov pass by with two generals; others said that he was, no doubt, at home. The officer ate no dinner and continued his search until six in the evening. Ermólov was not to be found, and no one knew where he was. The officer hurriedly took a bite with a comrade of his and rode on to the vanguard to see Milorádovich. Milorádovich was not at home, but he was told that Milorádovich was at a ball at General Kíkin's, and that, no doubt, Ermólov was there, too.

"Where is that?"

"Over there, in Échkino," said an officer of Cossacks, pointing to a distant manor.

"There, beyond the cordon?"

"Two of our regiments have been sent out there to the cordon. There is a terrible carousal going on there. Two bands of music, three choirs of singers."

The officer rode to Échkino, which was beyond the cordon. Even while a distance away from the house, he could hear the unisonous, merry sounds of a soldier dancing-song.

"I-in the fields — i-in the fields!" he heard the words of the song, accompanied by a whistling sound and the theorbo, now and then drowned by a shout of voices. The officer felt merry at these sounds, but at the same time he felt as though he were guilty for not having communicated the important message for so long a time. It was nine o'clock. He dismounted and went on the veranda

of the large manor, which had been left unharmed, and which was midway between the Russian and the French troops. In the buffet-room and the antechamber lackeys were busy with the wines and food. Beneath the windows stood the singers. The officer was taken into the room, and he suddenly saw all the most distinguished generals of the army, among them the tall, striking figure of Ermólov. The coats of all the generals were unbuttoned; their animated faces were red, and they laughed loud, standing in a semicircle. In the middle of the parlour, a handsome, undersized general, with a red face, was briskly and nimbly dancing the national jig.

"Ha, ha, ha! Fine, Nikoláy Ivánovich! Ha, ha, ha!"

The officer felt that, by entering now with an important order, he was doubly guilty, and he wanted to wait; but one of the generals saw him and, recognizing him, told Ermólov about him. Ermólov, with frowning face, went up to the officer and, having received his report, took the paper, without saying a word to him.

"You think his departure was accidental?" a staff comrade said that evening about Ermólov to the officer of the chevalier guards. "This is all a trick. Just to plague Konovnítsyn. You will see a mess to-morrow!"

V.

DECREPIT Kutúzov had himself wakened early the next morning. He prayed, dressed himself, and with the disagreeable consciousness of being compelled to guide a battle of which he did not approve, seated himself in his carriage and left Letashévka, which was about five versts back of Tarútino, for the place where the attacking columns were to be assembled. As Kutúzov drove along, he kept falling asleep and waking up, and listening to hear whether there was any fusilade on the right, where the action ought to have begun. But everything was still quiet. Day was just breaking on a damp, gloomy autumn morning. Upon approaching Tarútino, Kutúzov noticed some cavalrymen leading horses to water across the road on which his carriage was travelling. Kutúzov gazed at them, stopped the carriage, and asked them to what regiment they belonged. The cavalrymen belonged to the column which ought to have been long ago far ahead, at ambush. "Perhaps a mistake," thought the old commander-in-chief. But, upon driving on, Kutúzov saw some regiments of infantry, their guns stacked, the soldiers in drawers at their mess, or carrying wood. An officer was called up. The officer reported that no order to advance had been given.

"Not gi—" began Kutúzov, but immediately grew silent and sent for the senior officer. Kutúzov climbed out of his carriage and, lowering his head, breathing heavily, and waiting in silence, kept walking to and fro. When Eichen, the officer of the general staff, who had

been sent for, arrived, Kutúzov grew purple, not because this officer was the cause of the blunder, but because he was a worthy object on whom to vent his anger. And trembling and gasping, the old man flew into that state of rage so common to him, when he used to writhe on the ground with frenzy, and advanced toward Eichen, threatening him with his hands, shouting, and discharging a storm of abusive words. Another, Captain Brózin, who accidentally turned up, suffered the same fate, though he was not guilty of anything.

"What canaille is this? I shall have you shot! Scoundrels!" he cried hoarsely, swaying his arms and tottering. He suffered physically. He, the commander-in-chief, his Most Serene Highness, who was assured by every one that no one in Russia had ever had so much power as he, was placed in this situation, — was ridiculed before the whole army. "In vain have I been praying for the success of the day! In vain have I passed a sleepless night in considering everything!" he thought of himself. "When I was a mere boy of an officer, no one dared to make such fun of me — But now!" He suffered physical pain as though from a corporal punishment, and could not help giving vent to this pain in cries of rage; but soon his strength gave way, and, looking around and feeling that he had said much which was not good, he seated himself in his carriage and silently rode away.

His spent rage did not return again, and he weakly blinked with his eyes, as he listened to the justifications and the words of defence and the prayers of Bénigsen, Konovnítsyn, and Toll (Ermólov did not appear before him until the next day) that this unsuccessful attack be made on the following day. And Kutúzov was again obliged to give his assent.

VI.

On the following day the troops had assembled since evening in the appointed places and advanced in the night. It was an autumnal night with dark lilac clouds, but without rain. The earth was damp, but there was no mud, and the troops marched noiselessly; one could hear only the clanging of the artillery. The soldiers were forbidden to speak aloud, smoke their pipes, strike fire; the horses were kept from neighing. The mysteriousness of the undertaking enhanced its attractiveness. The men marched merrily. A few of the columns stopped, stacked their guns, and lay down on the cold ground, thinking that they had arrived at their destination; others again (the majority) marched through the whole night and evidently took up wrong positions.

Count Orlóv-Denísov, with his Cossacks (the most insignificant of all the detachments), was the only one which struck the right place and arrived in time. This detachment stopped at the very edge of the forest, near a path leading from the village of Stromílova to Dmítrovskoe.

Count Orlóv was wakened before daybreak. A deserter from the French army was brought in. It was a Polish under-officer of Poniatówski's corps. He explained in Polish that he had deserted because he had been slighted in the service, that he ought long ago to have been an officer, that he was braver than the rest, and had deserted them in order to punish them. He said that Murat was sleeping within a verst of them, and that if they would give him a convoy of one hundred men, he

would take him alive. Count Orlóv-Denísov took counsel with his comrades. The proposition was too enticing to be rejected. All volunteered to go, and all advised making the trial. After many discussions and considerations, Major-General Grékov decided to follow the under-officer with two regiments of Cossacks.

"Remember," Count Orlóv-Denísov said to the under-officer as he dismissed him, "if you have lied, I shall have you hanged like a dog; but if you have told the truth, you get one hundred ducats."

The under-officer mounted with a determined look, without replying to these words, and rode off with Grékov, who got ready quickly. They disappeared in the woods. Count Orlóv, shivering from the freshness of the chilly morning and agitated by what he had undertaken on his own responsibility, after seeing Grékov off, went out of the forest and began to look at the camp of the enemy, which glimmered in the light of the incipient morning and of the smouldering fires. Our columns were to appear on the right of Count Orlóv-Denísov, along an open slope. Count Orlóv gazed in that direction; but, although they should have been visible in the distance, they were not to be seen. In the French camp, as it seemed to Count Orlóv-Denísov, and especially from what his sharp-eyed adjutant told him, they were beginning to stir.

"Oh, really, they are too late," said Count Orlóv, as he glanced at the camp. Suddenly, as frequently happens when the man in whom we have trusted is no longer before us, it became quite clear to him that the under-officer was a cheat, that he had lied and would only spoil the whole business of the attack by the absence of the two regiments which he would lead God knew where. How could it be possible to capture the commander-in-chief out of such a mass of troops?

"Really, he is lying, that rascal!" said the count.

"We can make him come back," said one of the officers

of the suite, feeling, like Count Orlóv-Denísov, a distrust of the undertaking, as he looked at the camp.

"Really, what do you think? Shall I leave them, or not?"

"Do you order them to be turned back?"

"Turn them back, turn them back!" Count Orlóv suddenly said, with determination, as he looked at his watch. "It will be late. It is quite light already."

The adjutant galloped into the woods after Grékov. When Grékov returned, Count Orlóv-Denísov, agitated by this change of plan, and by his vain waiting for the columns of infantry, which had not yet made their appearance, and by the proximity of the enemy (all the men of his detachment felt the same), decided to attack. He commanded in a whisper, "To horse!" They took up their proper positions; they crossed themselves — "God be with you!"

"Hurrah!" they shouted in the forest, and one company after another, as though pouring out of a sack, the Cossacks flew merrily across the brook to the camp, charging with their lances.

One desperate, frightened cry from the first Frenchman who saw the Cossacks, and all who were in the camp, undressed and half asleep, threw away the cannon, the guns, and the horses, and ran in all directions.

If the Cossacks had pursued the French, without paying any attention to what was behind them and all around them, they would have taken Murat and everything else. This was precisely what the chiefs wanted. But it was impossible to make the Cossacks budge, when they got to the booty and to the prisoners. No one paid attention to the words of command. There were taken fifteen hundred prisoners, thirty-eight pieces of ordnance, flags, and, what was most important to the Cossacks, horses, saddles, blankets, and all kinds of articles. All this had to be attended to, the prisoners manacled, the cannon

hauled away, the booty divided; and they had to shout and fight among themselves: all this the Cossacks did.

The French, no longer pursued, came to their senses, gathered in commands, and began to shoot. Orlóv-Denísov was still waiting for the columns and did not dare to advance.

In the meantime, according to the disposition, "*die erste Colonne marschirt*," and so forth, the infantry troops of the belated columns, commanded by Bénigsen and guided by Toll, proceeded as was intended and, as always is the case, arrived somewhere, only not where they had to be. As always happens, the men, who had started in a cheerful mood, began to stop; there were heard expressions of dissatisfaction and there was a consciousness of confusion, and they commenced to move backward. Adjutants and generals came galloping up, and they shouted, grew angry, quarrelled, said that the troops were going wrong and were late, cursed somebody, and so forth, and finally all gave everything up and continued to march, merely to be a-going. "We shall get to some place!" And they did get there, only not where it was intended; some of them did get to the right place, only they came too late, so that they were useless and stood there to be shot at. Toll, who in this battle played the rôle of Weyrother at Austerlitz, industriously galloped from place to place, only to find that everything was topsyturvy. Thus he came upon Bagovút's corps in the forest, when it was daylight and the corps ought long ago to have joined Orlóv-Denísov. Agitated and aggrieved at the failure, and presuming that some one was to blame for it, Toll galloped up to the commander of the corps, whom he began to reprimand sternly, saying that he ought to be shot for it. Bagovút, an old, calm, fighting general, himself exhausted by the stops, the tangle, and the contradictions, to everybody's surprise, quite contrary to his character, flew into a rage and said a lot of unpleasant things to Toll.

"I will take lessons from nobody, and I know how to die with my soldiers as well as anybody," he said. He went ahead with one division.

Upon arriving in an open plain, under the fire of the French troops, agitated and brave Bagovút, without considering whether it was useful or useless for him to take part in the action, with one division went ahead and took his soldiers under fire. Danger, bullets, balls, was what he needed in his furious mood. One of the very first bullets killed him, while the following bullets killed a large number of his soldiers. His division stood for some time uselessly under fire.

VII.

In the meantime another column was to have attacked the French from the front, but with this column was Kutúzov. He knew full well that nothing but confusion could result from this battle, which was begun against his will, and so he held the troops back as much as he could. He did not move.

Kutúzov was riding in silence on his gray horse, answering indolently to the proposition that he should begin the attack.

"You have the attack at your tongue's end, but you do not see that we do not know how to make complex manœuvres," he said to Milorádovich, who was begging to advance.

"They did not know how to take Murat alive in the morning and to get to their destination in time; but now there is nothing to do," he told another.

When Kutúzov was informed that in the rear of the French, where, according to the reports of the Cossacks, there had been nobody before, there were now two battalions of Poles, he looked askance at Ermólov (he had not exchanged a word with him since the day before).

"All beg us to make the attack, and all kinds of projects are offered, but the moment we want to proceed to business, we find that nothing is ready, and the enemy, advised in time, takes the proper measures."

Ermólov blinked and smiled slightly, as he heard these words. He saw that the storm had passed for him, and that Kutúzov would stop with this hint.

"He is amusing himself at my expense," Ermólov said, softly, giving Raévski, who was standing near him, a hit with his knee.

Soon after, Ermólov moved forward to Kutúzov and respectfully reported to him:

"The time has not been lost, your Serenity, and the enemy has not got away. Do you command me to attack? Else the Guard will not see any smoke."

Kutúzov said nothing, but when he was informed that Murat's troops were retreating, he ordered an attack; but at every hundred steps they stopped for three-quarters of an hour.

The whole battle consisted only in what Orlóv-Denísov's Cossacks had done; the other troops had only lost several hundred men for nothing.

In consequence of this battle, Kutúzov received a diamond decoration; Bénigsen received diamonds and one hundred thousand roubles in money; the others, too, were rewarded according to their ranks, and after this battle new changes were made in the staff.

"This is the way everything is done with us, topsy-turvy!" the Russian officers and generals said after the battle of Tarútino, just as they say now, to let us know that some stupid fellow has done everything upside down, but that they would have done it quite differently. But people who speak in this manner either do not know what they are talking about, or purposely deceive themselves. Every battle — those of Tarútino, Borodinó, and Austerlitz — takes place quite differently from what its managers suppose that it should. This is an essential condition.

An endless number of free forces (for nowhere is a man freer than during a battle, where it is a question of life and death) influence the direction of a battle, and this direction can never be predicted in advance and never coincides in direction with any one force.

When many variously directed forces act simultaneously upon a body, the direction of the motion cannot coincide with a single one of these forces, but there will always be a mean, shortest direction, what in mechanics is called the diagonal of a parallelogram of forces.

If we find in the descriptions of the historians, especially the French, that wars and battles are carried on according to a prearranged plan, the only conclusion at which we may arrive from that fact is that their descriptions are false.

The battle of Tarútino evidently did not accomplish the aim which Toll had had in view, and which was, to take the troops into action according to the order prescribed by the disposition; nor what Count Orlóv had intended, to capture Murat; nor the aim of instantaneously destroying the whole corps, which Bénigsen and other persons might have wished; nor the aim of the officer who wanted to get into action in order to distinguish himself; nor of the Cossack who wanted to obtain more booty than he already had, and so forth. But if the aim was to accomplish that which actually took place and which then was the common wish of all the Russians (to expel the French from Russia and to destroy their troops), it is quite clear that the battle of Tarútino, on account of its very inconsistencies, was precisely what was needed at this period of the campaign. It is difficult and even impossible to imagine a more favourable outcome of this battle. With the least labour and the least possible loss, in spite of the greatest confusion, the greatest results of the whole campaign were obtained; a change was made from a retreat to an attack; the weakness of the French was made manifest, and that push was given to the Napoleonic army, for which it had been waiting, in order to begin its flight.

VIII.

NAPOLEON enters Moscow after the brilliant battle "*de la Moskowa;*" there can be no doubt as to the victory, for the field of battle was left to the French. The Russians retreat and give up the capital. Moscow, filled with supplies, arms, projectiles, and untold wealth, is in Napoleon's hands. The Russian army, half as strong as the French, for a whole month makes no attempt at attacking him. Napoleon's position is a most brilliant one. To come down with double strength on the remnants of the Russian army, and to destroy it; to obtain an advantageous peace, or, in case of a refusal, to make a menacing move against St. Petersburg; even in case of failure, to fall back on Smolénsk or Vílna, or to remain in Moscow; in short, to maintain that brilliant position in which the French army then was, — it does not seem that it needed any special genius. In order to do all this, the simplest and easiest thing possible would have sufficed, and this was: not to allow the troops to pillage; to prepare winter clothing, of which an abundance could have been found in Moscow for the whole army; and methodically to collect all the supplies for the army, of which, according to the statements of the French historians, there was enough in Moscow to last for half a year. Napoleon, this greatest of all geniuses, who, according to the statements of the historians, had the power to control his army, did none of those things.

He not only did nothing of the kind, but, on the contrary, used all his power in order to select from all the pos-

sible means of action the one which was most insipid and most ruinous. Of all that Napoleon might have done, — to winter in Moscow; to march on St. Petersburg, on Nízhni-Nóvgorod, back again, to the north or south, by the road which Kutúzov took later, or anything else we might think of, — it would be difficult to imagine anything more stupid and perilous, as the consequences have actually shown, than what Napoleon did, when he remained in Moscow until October, allowing the soldiers to loot the city; when he then, after wavering, left a garrison in Moscow and went away from the city, marched toward Kutúzov, did not begin a battle, marched to the right, and reached Mály Yaroslávets; when, without taking his chance of making his way through, he did not proceed on the road taken by Kutúzov, but went back to Mozháysk over the ruined Smolénsk road. Let the most expert strategists, imagining that it was Napoleon's aim to cause the ruin of his army, invent another course of action which could with greater certainty and independently of what the Russian army undertook have caused so complete a destruction of the French army, as was done by Napoleon!

Napoleon, the genius, did it. But it would be unjust to say that Napoleon destroyed his army because it was this that he wanted, or because he was stupid, just as it would be incorrect to say that Napoleon took his army to Moscow because he wanted it, and because he was very clever and a great genius.

In either case, his personal activity, which had no greater effect than the activity of any soldier, merely coincided with those laws according to which the phenomenon was taking place.

The historians present to us Napoleon's powers as having become enfeebled in Moscow, because the results did not justify Napoleon's activity, but that is false. Just as before, and as later, in the year 1813, he then used all

his mental powers in order to do the best he knew for his army. His activity at this time is not less amazing than it had been in Egypt, in Italy, in Austria, and in Prussia. We do not know for sure to what extent his activity in Egypt, where forty centuries looked down upon his grandeur, gave evidence of genius, because these great exploits have been described to us only by the French. We cannot with certainty judge of his genius in Austria and in Prussia, because we must draw our information from French and German sources, and the inconceivable surrender of whole corps without battle and of fortresses without being besieged must lead the Germans to assume his genius as the only explanation of the war which was waged in Germany. But we, thank God, have no reason to recognize his genius in order to hide our shame. We have paid for the right to look at the matter in a straightforward and simple manner, and we will not yield that right.

His activity in Moscow is as amazing and as ingenious as anywhere. Orders after orders and plans after plans issue from him from the time he enters Moscow until he leaves it. The absence of the inhabitants and of the deputation, and the conflagration of Moscow itself, do not appal him. He does not leave out of sight the welfare of his army, or the actions of the enemy, or the welfare of the nations of Russia, or the direction of the affairs in Paris, or the diplomatic combinations by which to secure the conditions of the peace.

IX.

In military affairs, Napoleon, immediately after entering Moscow, enjoins General Sébastiani to watch the movements of the Russian army, sends out whole corps along different routes, and orders Murat to find Kutúzov. Then he gives careful orders about fortifying the Kremlin; then he makes a most ingenious plan for a future campaign over the whole map of Russia. In diplomatic affairs, Napoleon sends for robbed and tattered Captain Yákovlev, who does not know how to get out of Moscow, gives him a detailed account of his whole politics and magnanimity, and, writing a letter to Emperor Alexander, in which he regards it as his duty to inform his friend and brother that Rostopchín has not managed things well in Moscow, sends him to St. Petersburg. Then he just as carefully expounds his views and his magnanimity to Tutolmín and sends this old man also to St. Petersburg to negotiate a peace.

In matters of law, he, immediately after the fires have begun, orders the culprits to be found out and executed, and that rascal Rostopchín receives his punishment by having his houses burnt down.

In matters of administration, Moscow is granted a constitution. A municipality is established, and the following proclamation is made:

"Inhabitants of Moscow!

"Your misfortunes are cruel, but his Majesty the emperor and king wants to arrest their course. Terrible examples have taught you how he punishes disobedience and crime. Severe measures have been taken to stop

disorder and reëstablish public security. A paternal administration, the members of which are chosen from among your own number, will form your municipality or city government. This will watch over you, over your needs, over your interests. Its members will be distinguished by a red sash which they will wear over their shoulder, and the mayor of the city will, in addition, have a white belt. But, except for the time during which he exercises his duty, he will have only a red ribbon around his left arm.

"The city police is established on its old basis, and through its activity the best order already prevails. The government has appointed two commissaries-general, or chiefs of police, and twenty commissaries, or captains of wards, who are stationed in all the wards of the city. You will recognize them by a white ribbon which they will wear on their left arm. Several churches of various denominations are open, and divine service is held in them without hindrance. Your fellow citizens are daily returning to their homes, and orders have been given that they should receive there the succour and protection which are due to their misfortune. These are the measures which the government has taken to reëstablish order and alleviate your situation; but, to be successful, it is necessary for you to unite your efforts with those of the government, to forget, if possible, the misfortunes which you have suffered, to abandon yourself to the hope of a less cruel fate, to be assured that inevitable and disgraceful death awaits those who will lay hands on your persons and such of your possessions as are left to you, and, finally, to have no doubt that these possessions will be preserved, for such is the will of the greatest and justest of all monarchs. Soldiers and inhabitants, of whatsoever nationality! Reestablish public confidence, the source of a country's happiness, live like brothers, afford each other aid and protection, unite in order to overthrow the designs of the

ill-intentioned, obey the military and civil authorities, and your tears will soon cease flowing!"

In matters of the subsistence of the army, Napoleon orders all his troops to come in succession to Moscow "*à la maraude*," in order to supply themselves with provisions, so that the army might be provided for the future.

In matters of religion, Napoleon commands that the popes be brought back, and that divine service be reëstablished in the churches.

In matters of commerce, and for the sake of providing the subsistence for the army, he has them placard the following —

PROCLAMATION

"You, peaceful inhabitants of Moscow, artisans and labourers, whom misfortunes have removed from the city, and you, scattered agriculturists, whom an ill-founded terror still retains in the fields, listen! Quiet is returning to this capital, and order is being reëstablished in it. Your compatriots boldly come out from their places of hiding, seeing that they are respected. Every act of violence, committed against them and their property, is forthwith punished. His Majesty the emperor and king protects them and considers none of you as his enemies, except those who disobey his orders. He wants to put a stop to your misfortunes and to return you to your homes and families. Respond, then, to his beneficent intentions, and come to us without any danger! Inhabitants, return with confidence to your habitations! You will soon find means for satisfying your wants! Artisans and industrious workers! Come back to your trades! Your homes, your shops, patrols of safety are awaiting you, and for your work you will receive the pay that is due you! And, finally, you peasants, come out of the forests, where you have concealed yourself in terror, return without fear to your huts, with the full assurance that you shall find

protection! Stores have been established in the city, where the peasants may bring their surplus provisions and the products of the soil. The government has taken the following measures in order to ensure their free sale: (1) Beginning with this date, the peasants, the agriculturists, and those who live in the environs of Moscow may, without any danger, bring to the city their provisions, whatever they be, and take them to the two stores in Mokhováya Street and in Hunter's Row. (2) These provisions shall be bought of them at the price agreed upon by seller and purchaser; but if the seller does not receive the just price demanded by him, the seller shall have the right to take them back to his village, in doing which no one is in any way to hinder him. (3) Every Sunday and Wednesday are appointed as great market-days; and for this purpose a sufficient number of troops shall be stationed every Tuesday and Saturday on the highways, at such a distance from the city as to serve as a protection to the caravans. (4) Similar measures shall be taken to ensure the safe return of the peasants with their carts and horses. (5) Means shall immediately be found to reëstablish the usual fairs. Inhabitants of the city and of the villages, and you, labourers and artisans, of whatever nationality! You are called to execute the paternal intentions of his Majesty the emperor and king, and to coöperate with him for the common good! Bring your respect and confidence to his feet, and hasten to unite with us!"

For the sake of raising the spirit of the army and of the nation, reviews were constantly held, and rewards distributed. The emperor rode through the city and consoled the inhabitants, and, in spite of all his preoccupation with matters of state, he himself visited the theatres which were established by his command.

In matters of charitableness, the best virtue of crown-

bearers, Napoleon did everything that depended on him. On the charitable institutions he had them write, "*Maison de ma Mère*," uniting in this act his tender filial sentiment with the grandeur of the monarch's virtue. He visited the Foundling House and, allowing the orphans, saved by him, to kiss his white hands, he spoke graciously with Tutolmín. Then, according to Thiers's eloquent words, he ordered that his French troops be paid with the Russian counterfeits manufactured by him. "*Relevant l'emploi de ces moyens par un acte digne de lui et de l'armée française, il fit distribuer des secours aux incendiés. Mais les vivres étant trop précieux pour être donnés à des étrangers la plupart ennemis, Napoléon aima mieux leur fournir de l'argent afin qu'ils se fournissent au dehors, et il leur fit distribuer des roubles papiers.*"

In matters of army discipline, there were constantly issued orders about severe punishments for infractions in the service and about stopping pillage.

X.

STRANGE to say, however, all these measures, cares, and plans, which were by no means worse than other edicts in similar cases, did not touch the essence of the matter, but, like the hands of a watch, separated from the mechanism, they moved arbitrarily and aimlessly, without catching in the wheels.

In military matters, the ingenious plan of the campaign, of which Thiers says, "*Que son génie n'avait jamais rien imaginé de plus profond, de plus habile et de plus admirable,*" and in regard to which Thiers, entering into a polemic with Mr. Fain, proves that the authorship of this ingenious plan must be referred to the 15th, and not to the 4th of October, never could have been executed, and it never was, because it had nothing in common with reality. The fortification of the Kremlin, for which it was necessary to take down "*la Mosquée,*" as Napoleon called the Church of Basil the Blessed, proved entirely useless. The mining of the Kremlin only helped the emperor to blow up the Kremlin when he left Moscow, that is, to beat the floor against which the child had hurt himself. The pursuit after the Russian army, which so baffled Napoleon, presented an unheard-of phenomenon. The French generals lost the Russian army, which was sixty thousand men strong, and, according to Thiers's words, only thanks to Murat's skill and, it seems, genius, did they succeed in finding this Russian army of sixty thousand men, like a needle in a haystack.

In matters of diplomacy, all the proofs which Napoleon

gave of his magnanimity and justice, both before Tutolmín and before Yákovlev, who was mainly concerned about finding a mantle and a cart, were fruitless: Alexander did not receive these ambassadors and made no reply to their embassy

In matters of law, after the execution of the supposed incendiaries, the other half of Moscow was consumed by fire.

In matters of administration, the establishment of the municipality did not stop the pillaging and was of use to but a few persons, who took part in this municipal government and who, under pretext of maintaining order, pillaged Moscow, or protected their possessions against pillage.

In matters of religion, the thing which worked so easily in Egypt, where he visited the mosques, here brought no results. Two or three priests, who were found in Moscow, tried to do Napoleon's will, but a French soldier boxed the ears of one of them during divine service, and this is what a French official reported about the other: "*Le prêtre, que j'avais découvert et invité à recommencer à dire la messe, a nettoyé et fermé l'église. Cette nuit on est venu de nouveau enfoncer les portes, casser les cadenas, déchirer les livres et commettre d'autres désordres.*"

In matters of commerce, no response was made to the proclamation to the industrious artisans and to all the peasants. There were no industrious artisans, and the peasants caught those commissaries who ventured too far away with this proclamation, and killed them.

In matters of the amusements for the people and for the army, he was just as unsuccessful. The theatres, which were established in the Kremlin and in Poznyakóv's house, were soon closed because the actors and actresses were robbed.

His charitableness, too, brought no desired results. The counterfeits and the genuine paper money filled Moscow and had no value. The French, who were collecting

booty, wanted nothing but gold. Not only the counterfeit assignats, which Napoleon so graciously dispensed to the unfortunates, had no value, but even silver was given away below its value in exchange for gold.

But the most striking phenomenon of the impotence of the highest orders at that time was the attempt which Napoleon made to stop pillaging and reëstablish discipline.

This is what the military authorities reported:

"Pillaging continues in the city, in spite of the orders to the contrary. Order has not yet been established, and there is not a single merchant who is trafficking in a legal manner. Only the sutlers sell things, and those are looted property."

"*La partie de mon arrondissement continue à être en proie au pillage des soldats du 3-me corps, qui, non contents d'arracher aux malheureux réfugiés dans des souterrains le peu qui leur reste, ont même la férocité de les blesser à coups de sabre, comme j'en ai vu plusieurs exemples.*

"*Rien de nouveau outre que les soldats se permettent de voler et de piller. (9 octobre.)*

"*Le vol et le pillage continuent. Il y a une bande de voleurs dans notre district qu'il faudra faire arrêter par de fortes gardes. (11 octobre.)*"

"The emperor is exceedingly dissatisfied because, in spite of the severity of his orders to stop pillaging, one sees constantly detachments of marauding soldiers of the Guard returning to the Kremlin. In the old Guard the disorders and the pillaging were renewed last night on a larger scale than ever, and still continue. The emperor sees with regret that the soldiers of the élite, chosen to guard his person and called to give examples of submission, extend their disobedience so far as to break open the cellars and magazines which are intended for the army; others have lowered themselves to such an extent as to disobey the sentinels and the officers of the guard, cursing them and even striking them."

"*Le grand maréchal du palais se plaint vivement,*" wrote the governor, "*que malgré les défenses réiterées, les soldats continuent à faire leurs besoins dans toutes les cours et même jusque sous les fenêtres de l'Empereur.*"

This army, like a disbanded herd, tramping under foot the provender which might have saved it from starvation, fell to pieces and perished with every new day of its sojourn in Moscow.

But it did not move.

It ran only when it was suddenly seized by a panic fear, caused by the capture of the convoys on the Smolénsk road and by the news of the battle of Tarútino. This same news of the battle of Tarútino, unexpectedly received by Napoleon at a review, provoked in him the desire to punish the Russians, as Thiers says, and he gave the order to leave Moscow, which the whole army demanded.

Leaving the city, the soldiers took along with them all their pillage. Napoleon himself took with him his special "*trésor.*" When Napoleon saw the baggage which impeded the march of the army, he became frightened, says Thiers. But, with his experience of war, he did not give orders to burn the superfluous carts, as he had done with the carts of the marshal, when he came up to Moscow; he looked at the carriages and coaches which the soldiers drove, and said that it was very nice, and that these carriages could later be used for the supplies, the sick, and the wounded.

The situation of the whole army was like the situation of a wounded beast which feels its end and does not know what it is doing. To study the clever manœuvres and aims of Napoleon and of his army is the same as to study the meaning of the last leaps and convulsions of a mortally wounded beast. Very frequently the wounded beast, hearing a noise, rushes forward toward the shot of the hunter, runs to and fro, and hastens its own end.

Precisely the same was Napoleon doing under the pressure of his whole army. The noise of the battle of Tarútino scared the beast, and it rushed toward the hunter's shot, reached the hunter, turned back again, and finally, like any beast, ran back over the most disadvantageous, most dangerous path, over the old, familiar track.

Napoleon, who presents himself to us as the leader of this whole movement (just as the savages imagine that the figure carved on the prow is the force which guides the ship), was, during all this period of his activity, like a child who holds on to the straps inside a carriage and imagines that he is driving.

XI.

On October 6th, Pierre left the shed early in the morning, and, upon returning, stopped at the door to play with a long-bodied, lilac-coloured little dog on short, crooked legs, which was circling around him. This dog was living in their booth, passing the nights with Karatáev; now and then it went somewhere into the city, and again came back. It had evidently never belonged to any one, and even now it was nobody's and had no name. The Frenchmen called it "Azor," the soldier who told fairy-tales named it "Femgalka," while Karatáev and others named it "Gray" and occasionally "Flabby." The fact that it did not belong to any one, and the absence of a name and even of any particular breed, or of a definite colour, did not in the least embarrass the lilac-coloured dog. Its shaggy tail towered firm and round in the shape of a panache; its crooked legs served it so well that frequently, as though disdaining the use of all four legs, it raised one hind leg and very swiftly and nimbly ran on three. Everything was a subject of joy to the dog. Now it whined for joy, rolling on its back; now it basked in the sun with a pensive and important look; now it played with a chip or a blade of straw.

Pierre's garments now consisted of a dirty, torn shirt, the only remnant of his former apparel, of a pair of soldier's pantaloons, tied with strings at the ankles, by Karatáev's advice, to keep him warm, of a caftan, and of a peasant cap. Pierre had during this time changed very much physically. He no longer looked stout, though he

still had that aspect of solidity and strength which was a characteristic of his family. A beard and moustache covered the lower part of his face; his long, uncut, dishevelled hair, filled with vermin, curled in the form of a cap. The expression of his eyes was firm, calm, and animated, such as it had never been before. His former passivity, which found its expression even in his look, now gave way to an energy which was ready for action and for resistance. His feet were bare.

He was looking down the field, over which on that morning carts and men on horseback were passing, or into the distance beyond the river, or at the dog, which pretended that it meant to bite him in earnest, or at his bare feet, which he took delight in putting in various positions while moving his stout, dirty toes. Every time he looked at his bare feet, a smile of self-satisfied animation played on his face. The sight of these bare feet reminded him of everything he had passed through and come to comprehend during that time, and this reminder was agreeable to him.

The weather had for several days been calm and clear, with light frosts in the morning; it was what is called "women's summer."

In the sun the air was warm, and this warmth, with the bracing freshness of the morning frost, which was still perceptible in the air, was exceedingly pleasant.

On everything, on distant and on near objects, lay that magic crystal gleam which is to be seen only at this time of autumn. In the distance one saw the Sparrow Hills, with a village, a church, and a large white house. The bared trees, the sand, the stones, the roofs of the houses, the green steeple of the church, and the corners of the distant house, — all this stood out with unnatural clearness, cut with sharp lines against the transparent horizon. In the foreground could be seen the familiar ruins of a half-burnt manor, occupied by the French, with dark

green clumps of lilacs which were growing in an enclosure. Even this devastated and polluted house, which in gloomy weather offered a repulsive aspect, now, in the bright, motionless splendour, looked soothingly beautiful.

A French corporal, his coat unbuttoned, his nightcap on his head and a short pipe between his teeth, came around the corner of the booth. He gave Pierre a friendly wink, and walked over to him.

"*Quel soleil, hein? Monsieur Kiril,*" thus all the Frenchmen called him, "*on dirait le printemps.*" And the corporal leaned against the door and offered Pierre the pipe, though Pierre always refused it.

"*Si l'on marchait par un temps comme celui-là,*" he began.

Pierre asked him what the news was in regard to the departure, and the corporal told him that nearly all the troops were on the march, and that on that day the order would be promulgated in reference to the prisoners. In the booth in which Pierre was, one of the soldiers, Sokolóv by name, was mortally ill, and Pierre said to the corporal that something ought to be done with him. The corporal told Pierre to be tranquil on this point, that there were movable and permanent hospitals; that an order would soon be issued in reference to the sick; and that, in general, everything which could happen had been foreseen by the authorities.

"*Et puis, M. Kiril, vous n'avez qu'à dire un mot au capitaine, vous savez. Oh, c'est un . . . qui n'oublie jamais rien. Dites au capitaine quand il fera sa tournée, il fera tout pour vous —*"

The captain of whom the corporal was speaking used to chat a great deal with Pierre, and was very kind to him.

"*Vois-tu, St. Thomas, qu'il me disait l'autre jour: 'Kiril c'est un homme qui a de l'instruction, qui parle français; c'est un seigneur russe, qui a eu des malheurs,*

mais c'est un homme.' Et il s'y entend le. . . . S'il demande quelque chose, qu'il me dise, il n'y a pas de refus Quand on a fait ses études, voyez-vous, on aime l'instruction et les gens comme il faut. C'est pour vous que je dis cela, M. Kiril. Dans l'affaire de l'autre jour si ce n'était grâce à vous, ça aurait fini mal."

And, chatting awhile longer, the corporal went away. The affair which had happened a few days before, and which the corporal referred to, was a fight between the prisoners and the French, in which Pierre had succeeded in pacifying his companions. Several of the prisoners had seen Pierre talking with the corporal, and so they at once asked him what the Frenchman had said. Just as Pierre was telling his companions what the corporal knew of the evacuation, a lean, sallow, ragged French soldier walked over to the door of the booth. Raising his fingers with a quick and timid motion to his brow, in sign of greeting, he turned to Pierre with the question whether soldier "Platoche," to whom he had given some material with which to make him a shirt, was living in that booth.

A week before the Frenchmen had received leather and cloth, and so they distributed this material to the prisoners, who were to make them boots and shirts.

"It is ready, it is ready, my little falcon!" said Karatáev, coming out with a carefully folded shirt.

On account of the warmth and to be more comfortable, Karatáev wore nothing but his drawers and a ragged shirt, which was as black as earth. His hair was tied with a piece of linden bast, in the manner in which artisans wear it, and his round face looked rounder and milder still.

"Agreement is the own brother of business. I said it would be done by Friday, and so it is," said Platón, smiling, and unfolding the shirt which he had made.

The Frenchman looked restlessly around and, as though

overcoming his doubt, rapidly threw down his uniform and put on the shirt. Under his coat there was no shirt, but over his naked, yellow, lean body there was a long, soiled, silk waistcoat with a flower design. The Frenchman was evidently afraid that the prisoners, who were looking on, would laugh at him, and so he hurried to put his head through the shirt. Not one of the prisoners said a word.

"You see it fits you nicely," said Platón, pulling the shirt in place.

The Frenchman put his head and arms through, without lifting his eyes, looked at his shirt, and examined the seam.

"Well, my little falcon, this is not a sewing-shop, and we have not the proper tools, and, you know, without an instrument you can't kill even a louse," said Platón, smiling a round smile and evidently taking delight in his own work.

"*C'est bien, c'est bien, merci, mais vouz devez avoir de la toile de reste*," said the Frenchman.

"It will be better yet when you wear it on your body," said Karatáev, continuing to enjoy his production. "It will be nice and comfortable —"

"*Merci, merci, mon vieux, le reste* —" repeated the Frenchman, smiling, and giving Karatáev an assignat, "*mais le reste* —"

Pierre saw that Platón did not want to understand what the Frenchman was saying, and looked at them, without interfering. Karatáev thanked him for the money and continued to admire his work. The Frenchman insisted on getting back the remnant, and asked Pierre to translate what he was saying.

"What does he want the remnants for?" said Karatáev. "They would make fine leg-rags for us. Well, take them!" And Karatáev suddenly, with a changed and saddened face, took a roll of remnants out of his bosom

and, without looking at the Frenchman, handed it to him. "Bah!" said Karatáev, stepping back.

The Frenchman looked at the cloth, mused awhile, looked interrogatively at Pierre, and, as though Pierre's glance had told him something, turned to him:

"*Platoche dites donc, Platoche!*" the Frenchman suddenly said, in a squeaky voice, his face flushing. "*Gardez pour vous,*" he said, giving him the pieces. He turned around and walked away.

"I declare," said Karatáev, shaking his head. "They say that the French are infidels, but they, too, have souls. The old men used to say: 'A sweaty hand gives, a dry hand does not.' He himself has not a thing, but he has given me something." Karatáev smiled a pensive smile and, looking at the pieces, kept silence for some time. "They will make fine leg-rags, my friend!" he said, returning to the booth.

XII.

FOUR weeks passed from the time Pierre had been made a prisoner. Although the French had proposed to transfer him from the soldiers' booth to that of the officers, he remained in the one he had entered the first day.

In the devastated and burnt city Pierre experienced almost the extreme limit of privation which a man can endure; but, thanks to his strong constitution and his health, of which he had not been conscious before, and especially thanks to the fact that these privations accumulated so insensibly that it was impossible to tell when they began, he bore his fate not only lightly, but even with pleasure. It was during this very time that he acquired that calm and that self-content, for which he had been in vain striving before. He had for a long time in his life been searching in various directions for that calm and peace with himself, for that which had so struck him in the soldiers in the battle of Borodinó, — he had sought for it in philanthropy, in Freemasonry, in the distractions of worldly life, in wine, in the heroic exploit of self-sacrifice, in the romantic love for Natásha; he had searched for it by means of reason, and all this searching and all his attempts had failed him. And now that he was not thinking of it, he received that calm and peace with himself through the terror of death, through privations, and through what he comprehended in Karatáev. Those terrible minutes which he had experienced during the execution seemed to have washed away for ever from his imagination and memory those agitating thoughts and

feelings which heretofore had appeared to him so important. He did not even think of Russia, or of the war, or of politics, or of Napoleon. It was apparent to him that all that did not concern him, that he was not called, and therefore could not judge of all that. "Russia and season have no reason," he repeated Karatáev's words, and they soothed him strangely. His intention of killing Napoleon and his calculations of the cabalistic numbers and the beast of the Apocalypse now seemed incomprehensible and even ridiculous to him. His fury against his wife and his apprehension lest his name be besmirched now seemed to him not only insignificant, but even amusing. What was it to him that his wife was somewhere leading a life which pleased her? What difference did it make to any one, especially to him, if people found out that the name of their prisoner was Count Bezúkhi?

He now frequently recalled his conversation with Prince Andréy and fully agreed with him, only he understood Prince Andréy's idea in a little different way. Prince Andréy had thought and said that happiness was only negative, but he had said it with a shade of bitterness and irony, as though, in saying this, he had enunciated another thought, which was that all our innate tendencies toward a positive happiness were put in us in order not to gratify us and to torment us. But Piérre recognized its justice without any mental reservation. The absence of suffering, the gratification of needs, and, consequently, the freedom of choosing one's occupations, that is, one's manner of life, now presented themselves to Pierre as unquestionably the highest human happiness. It was here and now that Pierre for the first time fully appreciated the enjoyment of eating when hungry, of drinking when thirsty, of sleeping when sleepy, of getting warm when cold, of talking with a man when he felt like talking to a man and listening to his voice. The gratification of needs, — good food, cleanliness, freedom, — now that he was deprived of all of

them, seemed to Pierre complete happiness, and the choice of occupations, that is, life, when the choice was so limited, appeared to him such an easy thing, that he forgot that the superabundance of the comforts of life annihilates all the happiness of gratifying one's needs, and that a great freedom in the choice of occupations, that freedom which in his life was given him by his education, wealth, and position in society, made the choice of occupations insolubly difficult, and annihilated the very need and possibility of occupation.

All of Pierre's dreams now turned on the time when he should be free. And yet, later on, and during the rest of his life, Pierre thought and spoke with delight of this month of planning, of those irrevocable, strong, and joyous sensations, and, above all, of that full mental calm, that complete inward freedom, which he had experienced at that time.

When, on the first day, he rose early in the morning, went out of the booth at daybreak, and saw at first the darkling cupolas and the crosses of the New Virgin Monastery, the frosted dew on the dusty grass, the slopes of the Sparrow Hills, and the wooded shore winding above the river and disappearing in the lilac distance; when he felt the touch of the fresh air and heard the sounds of the jackdaws flying from Moscow across the fields; and when later a spray of light suddenly burst from the east and the edge of the sun majestically swam out from behind a cloud, and the cupolas, and the crosses, and the dew, and the vista, and the river, — everything played in a joyous light, — he felt a new, unfamiliar feeling of joy, of life, and fortitude.

And this feeling not only did not abandon him during the whole time of his captivity, but, on the contrary, increased in him in proportion as his situation grew more oppressive.

This feeling — of preparedness for everything, of moral

adaptiveness — was sustained still more in Pierre by that high opinion which his comrades formed about him soon after his entrance into the booth. Pierre, with his knowledge of languages, with that respect which the Frenchmen showed him, with his simplicity which caused him to give away everything asked of him (he received an officer's allowance of three roubles a week), with his strength which he showed to the soldiers, when he pressed nails into the walls of the booth, with his meekness of which he gave evidence in his treatment of his comrades, with that to them inconceivable ability to sit motionless and think, without doing anything, presented himself to the soldiers as a somewhat mysterious and higher being. The very qualities which in that other world, in which he had lived before, had been oppressive if not injurious to him, — his strength, his disregard of the comforts of life, his absent-mindedness, his simplicity, — here, among these people, gave him the position almost of a hero. He felt that this view of him put him under obligations.

XIII.

On the night from the 6th to the 7th of October began the movement of the departing Frenchmen: the kitchens and booths were broken up; the carts were packed; the troops and the baggage began to move.

At seven o'clock in the morning a convoy of Frenchmen, in marching trim, in their shakos, with their guns, knapsacks, and enormous sacks, were standing before the booths, and a lively French conversation, interlarded with curses, ran down the whole line.

In the booth all were ready, dressed, girded, and booted, and waiting for the command to march. The sick soldier Sokolóv, pale, emaciated, with blue circles under his eyes, was sitting in his place all alone, without his shoes and undressed, and with eyes bulging out on account of his leanness, was looking interrogatively at his companions, who paid no attention to him, and groaning with a low, even wail. It was evident that it was not so much his suffering, — he had the bloody flux, — as the fear and pain of being left alone which made him groan so.

Pierre, wearing a pair of shoes which Karatáev had made for him out of matting, which a Frenchman had brought to mend his soles with, and girded with a rope, went up to the sick man and squatted down before him.

"Well, Sokolóv, they are leaving now! They have a hospital here. Maybe you will fare better than we," said Pierre.

"O Lord! O death! O Lord!" the soldier groaned louder.

"I will ask them at once," said Pierre, and, rising, he went up to the door of the booth. Just as he reached it, the corporal, who the day before had offered a pipe to him, came up with two soldiers. The corporal and the soldiers were in marching trim, with their knapsacks and shakos with buttoned chin-straps, which changed their familiar faces.

The corporal was walking toward the door in order to lock it, by order of his superiors. The prisoners were to be counted before being dismissed.

"*Caporal, que fera-t-on du malade?*" began Pierre; but, just as he was saying this, he had his doubts whether it was the corporal he knew, or some other man, for he looked so transformed. Besides, as Pierre was saying this, the roll of drums was suddenly heard on two sides. The corporal frowned at Pierre's words and, uttering a meaningless curse, slammed the door to. The booth was merged in semidarkness; the drums pealed on two sides, drowning the sick man's groans.

"There it is! Again!" Pierre said to himself, and an involuntary chill ran down his back. In the corporal's changed face, in the stirring and deafening peal of the drums, Pierre recognized that mysterious, brutal power, which caused men against their will to kill their like, that power, the effect of which he had seen during the execution. It was useless to fear, to try to avoid that power, to turn with entreaties or admonitions to the men who served as its tools. Pierre knew this. It was necessary to wait and suffer. Pierre did not again go up to the suffering man, and did not look back at him. He stood, frowning and in silence, at the door of the booth.

When the door of the booth was opened, and the prisoners, like a flock of sheep, crushing each other, crowded in the entrance, Pierre made his way through

them and went up to that captain who, according to the corporal's words, was prepared to do anything for him. The captain. too, was in marching outfit, and his cold face displayed the same "it," which Pierre had discovered in the words of the corporal and in the peal of the drums.

"*Filez, filez,*" said the captain, with a scowl, and glancing at the captives as they crowded past him. Pierre knew that his attempt would be fruitless, but still he went up to him.

"*Eh bien, qu'est-ce qu'il y a ?*" the officer said, as though not recognizing him.

Pierre told him about the sick soldier.

"*Il pourra marcher, que diable!*" said the captain.

"*Filez, filez,*" he kept repeating, without looking at Pierre.

"*Mais non, il a l'agonie,*" began Pierre.

"*Voulez-vous bien —*" the captain shouted, with an angry frown.

"Dram da da dam, dam dam," the drums rolled on. And Pierre knew that the mysterious power had taken complete possession of the men, and that now it was useless to say anything else.

The captive officers were separated from the soldiers and ordered to go ahead. There were about thirty officers, Pierre among them, and about three hundred soldiers.

The captive officers, who were let out from the other booths, were all strangers to Pierre; they were all of them better dressed than he, and looked at him, in his strange foot-gear, with mistrust and aloofness. Not far from Pierre walked a stout major, in a Kazán cloak, girded with a towel; his face was puffed up and sallow, and he looked cross; he evidently enjoyed the general respect of his comrades. One hand with a tobacco-pouch was stuck in the bosom of his cloak, while with the other he supported a long pipe. Puffing and blowing, the major grumbled and was cross at everybody because it seemed to him that

all were pushing him, and that all were hurrying to get somewhere, when there was no reason for such a hurry, and that all were surprised, when there was nothing to be surprised at. Another, a small-statured, lean officer, talked to everybody, making guesses at where they were going to be taken, and how far they would manage to march on that day. An official, in felt boots and a uniform of the commissariat, ran about from one side to another, looking at devastated Moscow, and loudly proclaiming his observations about what had burned down, and what this or that part of Moscow was. A third officer, of Polish extraction, as evidenced by his accent, was having a discussion with the official of the commissariat, proving to him that he was mistaken in the determination of the wards.

"What are you quarrelling about?" the major said, angrily. "Whether it is St. Nicholas, or St. Blasius, what difference does it make? You see that everything is burnt, and that is the end of it. Why are you pushing there? Haven't you enough space?" he turned angrily to the one who was walking behind, and was not pushing him at all.

"Oh, oh, oh! What they have done!" could be heard the voices of the prisoners on either side, as they beheld the devastation. "The Transmoskvá, and Zúbovo, and in the Kremlin! Look, half of it is gone. I told you that the whole of the Transmoskvá was burnt, and so it is."

"Now you know what has burned, so what is the use of talking?" said the major.

Marching through Khamóvniki (one of the few intact wards of Moscow), past a church, the whole throng of captives suddenly pressed to one side, and exclamations of terror and disgust were heard.

"What scoundrels! Infidels! He is dead, yes, dead! They have smeared him with something."

Pierre, too, moved up toward the church, near which

was that which had called forth the exclamations, and dimly discerned something leaning against the enclosure of the church. From the words of his companions, who could see better, he learned that it was the corpse of a man stood up against the enclosure and having his face smeared with soot.

"*Marchez, sacré nom — Filez — trente mille diables!*" were heard the curses of the guards, and the French soldiers, with new rage, scattered with their swords the throng of prisoners looking at the dead man.

XIV.

The captives walked all alone through the alleys of Khamóvniki, accompanied only by their guards and by carts and wagons, which belonged to the soldiers of the convoy, and followed them; but, when they reached the stores of provision, they fell in with an immense artillery train in motion, mixed with a number of private vehicles.

At the bridge all stopped, waiting for those who were in front to move on. On the bridge the prisoners could see endless rows of other trains moving in front and in the rear. On the right, where the Kalúga road turned past Neskúchnoe, disappearing in the distance, marched endless rows of troops and trains. Those were the soldiers of Beauharnais's corps, who had had an early start; behind them, along the river bank and over the Stone Bridge, advanced Ney's troops and baggage.

Davout's troops, to which the prisoners were attached, went through the Crimea Ford and were partly already on Kalúga Street. But the baggage-trains were so extended that Beauharnais's last carts had not yet left Moscow to get on Kalúga Street, when the van of Ney's troops had already passed the Great Ordýnka.

After getting past the Crimea Ford, the prisoners moved a few steps at a time, then stopped, then moved again, and on all sides carriages and men crowded more and more. Having taken more than an hour to get over the few hundred steps which separate the bridge from Kalúga Street, and reached the square where the Transmoskvá streets meet with Kalúga Street, the prisoners, pressed

together into a compact mass, stopped and stood several hours at a cross-road. On every side could be heard, like the din of the sea, the incessant rumble of wheels and tramp of feet, and incessant, angry cries and curses. Pierre was jammed against the wall of a half-burnt house, and he stood listening to the sound, which in his imagination blended with the sounds of the drums.

A few captive officers climbed on the wall of the half-burnt house, near which Pierre was standing, in order to get a better view.

"What a lot of people! Oh, what a lot! Even on the cannon! Look, what a mass of furs!" they said. "I declare, the miscreants have looted everything — Do you see the one in the rear, on the cart? Why, upon my word, that is taken from an image! — These must be Germans. And our peasants, upon my word! — Oh, what rascals! — He is so loaded he can hardly walk! Why, they have taken even cabs along! — See him sit there on the boxes! O Lord! — They are fighting! — Hit him, that is right! — We shall not get through until evening! — Look, look! that must be Napoleon himself. See what horses! Monograms with a crown — This is a transportable house — He has lost a sack and does not see it — Again a fight — The woman with the baby is not at all bad — Of course, they will let you through! — See, there is no end to it — Russian girls, upon my word, Russian girls. How comfortably they are seated in the carriage!"

Again the wave of a general curiosity, as at the church in Khamóvniki, washed all the prisoners to the road, and Pierre, thanks to his tall stature, could see above the heads of the others what it was that so attracted the curiosity of the prisoners. In three carriages, mingled among the caissons, travelled some women, who, sitting close to each other, decked in bright colours, and painted, were shouting something in squeaky voices.

From the moment that Pierre had recognized the appearance of the mysterious power, nothing had seemed strange or terrible to him: neither the corpse which had been smeared with soot for amusement, nor these women who were hurrying somewhere, nor the devastation of Moscow. Everything Pierre now saw produced hardly any impression upon him, — as though his soul, preparing itself for a difficult battle, refused to accept impressions which might weaken it.

The women passed by. After them came again carts, soldiers, wagons, soldiers, powder-carts, carriages, soldiers, caissons, soldiers, now and then women.

Pierre did not see the men in particular, but only their motion.

All these men and horses seemed to be driven by some invisible power. All of them sailed, during the hour that Pierre observed them, out of all kinds of streets, actuated by the one desire to pass by as quickly as possible; all of them grew angry and began to fight, whenever they came in contact with others; their white teeth grinned, their brows were knit, curses were exchanged, and on all the faces was the same dashing and determined and cruelly cold expression, which in the morning had startled Pierre in the corporal's face when the drum sounded.

It was only toward evening that the chief of the convoy collected his command and with cries and curses pushed his way into the train, and the prisoners, surrounded on every side, walked out on the Kalúga road.

They marched very fast, without resting, and stopped only when the sun was beginning to set. The wagons crowded up against each other, and the men began to prepare themselves for the night. All looked cross and dissatisfied. For a long time one could hear on every side curses, angry cries, and fights. A carriage, which had been driving behind the convoy, ran into one of the guards' carts, and punctured it with the shaft. Several

soldiers ran up to the cart from all sides; some of them struck the heads of the horses in the carriage, turning them aside, and others fought among themselves, and Pierre saw that a German was badly wounded by a sword-thrust at his head.

It looked as though all these people, now that they had stopped in the middle of the field in the chill twilight of an autumn evening, experienced the same feeling of a disagreeable waking from the haste and impulsive motion which had taken possession of them at their start. When they stopped they seemed to realize that it was still unknown whither they were moving and that in this motion there would be many hardships.

At this halt the guards treated the prisoners even worse than when they had started. Now for the first time was horse-flesh given to the prisoners as food.

From the officers to the last soldier there could be seen in each of them, as it were, a personal resentment against each of the prisoners, which unexpectedly took the place of the former friendly relations.

This resentment increased when, in counting the prisoners, it turned out that during the disturbance of the departure from Moscow a Russian soldier, who had pretended to be suffering from a pain in his stomach, had run away. Pierre saw a Frenchman beating a Russian soldier for having strayed too far from the road, and heard the captain, his friend, reprimanding the under-officer for the flight of the Russian soldier, and threatening him with a court martial. To the under-officer's defence that the soldier was ill and could not walk, the officer remarked that the order was to shoot those that fell behind. Pierre felt that that fatal power which had crushed him during the execution, and which had remained intangible during his captivity, now again took possession of his existence. He felt terribly; but he knew that in proportion to the efforts which the fatal power was mak-

ing to crush him, there grew up and fortified itself in his soul the power of life which was independent of it.

Pierre ate for his supper a soup made of rye flour with horse-flesh, and chatted with his companions.

Neither Pierre nor any of his companions talked of what they had seen in Moscow, or of the rudeness of the French treatment of them, or of the order to shoot them, of which they had been informed: as though to resist their less fortunate situation, they all were animated and merry. They spoke of their personal recollections and of funny incidents during the campaign, and avoided talking of their present condition.

The sun had set long ago. Bright stars were lighted here and there in the heavens; the red glow of the rising new moon, resembling the glow of a conflagration, spread over the horizon, and the immense red ball seemed to quiver strangely in the grayish mist. It was growing light. The evening was past, but night had not yet begun. Pierre went away from his new companions and walked over to the other side of the road, among the camp-fires where, he was told, stood the captive soldiers. He wanted to talk with them. On his way a French sentinel stopped him and ordered him back.

Pierre returned, but not to the camp-fire where his companions were, but to an unhitched cart, where no one was. Crossing his legs under him and lowering his head, he sat down on the cold earth, near a wheel of the cart, and for a long time sat there motionless, absorbed in thought. More than an hour passed. No one disturbed him. Suddenly he burst out into his noisy, good-natured laugh, which was so loud that people on all sides looked around in surprise, in order to see where that strange, lonely laugh came from.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Pierre. And he said loudly to himself: "The soldier did not let me go. They caught me, and locked me up. They keep me in captivity.

Whom? Me? Me — my immortal soul! Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!" he laughed, with tears appearing in his eyes.

A man got up to see what that strange, lonely man was laughing about. Pierre stopped laughing, got up, walked a little away from the curious fellow, and looked about him.

The immense, endless bivouac, which awhile before had been alive with the crackling of the camp-fires and the chatting of the men, was dying down; the red fires went out and grew pale. High in the bright heavens stood the full moon. The woods and fields, invisible before beyond the camp, now were clearly defined in the distance. And beyond these forests and fields could be seen the bright, quivering, endless vista, calling Pierre to itself. He glanced at the heavens, into the depth of the receding, scintillating stars.

"All this is mine! All this is within me, and all this is I!" thought Pierre. "And all this they have caught and placed in a booth which is fenced in by boards!"

He smiled, and went to lie down to sleep near his companions.

XV.

In the first days of October, a messenger came to Kutúzov with a letter from Napoleon, in which proposals of peace were made. This letter was falsely dated from Moscow, though at that time Napoleon was far ahead on the Old Kalúga road, not far in advance of Kutúzov. Kutúzov replied just as he had replied to the first letter brought by Lauriston: he said that there could be no question of peace.

Soon after, the news was received from the partisan detachment of Dórokhov, who was operating to the left of Tarútino, that French troops had appeared at Fomínskoe; that these troops consisted of Broussier's division; and that this division, separated from the rest, could easily be destroyed. The soldiers and officers again demanded an action. The generals of the staff, stirred up by the memory of the easy victory at Tarútino, insisted that Kutúzov should carry out Dórokhov's proposition. Kutúzov did not regard an attack as necessary. Something intermediate took place, as was natural: to Fomínskoe was sent a small detachment, which was to attack Broussier.

By a strange coincidence, this mission, a most difficult and important one, as was proven by the consequences, was entrusted to Dókhturov, that same modest little Dókhturov whom no one has described to us as composing plans of battles, flying before regiments, throwing crosses upon the batteries, and so forth, whom all considered and called undecided and impenetrable, — the same Dókhturov, whom, in all the battles of the Russians with

the French, from Austerlitz to the year 1813, we find everywhere in the lead where the situation is serious. At Austerlitz he is the last to remain at the Augezd dam, gathering the regiments, and saving what one can, when all are running and perishing, and not a general is left in the rear-guard. Sick with a fever, he goes with an army of twenty thousand to defend Smolénsk, against the whole French army. In Smolénsk, he has barely fallen asleep at the Malakhóv gate, in a paroxysm of fever, when he is wakened by the cannonade directed against the city, and the city holds out a whole day. At the battle of Borodinó, when Bagratión is killed and the troops of our left flank are struck down in the proportion of nine to one, and the whole force of the French artillery is directed upon it, no one but this undecided and impenetrable Dókhturov is sent there, and Kutúzov hastens to correct his blunder, which was the having sent somebody else there. And little, quiet Dókhturov goes there, and Borodinó is the greatest glory of the Russian army. Many heroes have been described to us in verse and in prose, but of Dókhturov there is hardly a word.

Again Dókhturov is sent, this time to Fomínskoe, and from there to Mály Yaroslávets, where the last battle with the French has taken place, and where apparently the ruin of the French begins, and again many geniuses and heroes are described to us for this period of the campaign, but not a word is said of Dókhturov, or only a little, and that in doubtful terms. This very silence regarding Dókhturov more obviously than anything else proves his high deserts.

Naturally a man who does not understand the structure of a machine, seeing it in action, imagines that the most important part of it is that chip which accidentally got into it, and, interfering with its course, whisks about in it. A man who does not know the structure of the machine cannot understand that not this chip, which is only in the

way and interfering with the work, but a small cog-wheel, which turns inaudibly, is one of the essential parts of the machine.

On October 10th, when Dókhturov had marched halfway toward Fomínskoe and stopped in the village of Arístovo, preparing himself to carry out precisely the order given to him, the whole French army, in its convulsive movement reaching Murat's position in order, as it seemed, to give battle, suddenly without any cause turned to the left on the new Kalúga road and began to enter Fomínskoe, where formerly stood only Broussier's detachment. Under Dókhturov's command there were at that time, besides Dórokhov, two small detachments of Fígner and Seslávin.

On the evening of October 11th, Seslávin came to the authorities at Arístovo with a captured French guardsman. The captive said that the troops that on that day entered Fomínskoe were the vanguard of the whole large army; that Napoleon was there; that the army had left Moscow five days before. On the same evening a manorial servant, who came from Bórovsk, said that he had seen an immense army enter the town. The Cossacks of Dórokhov's detachment reported that they had seen the French Guard on the way to Bórovsk. From all these reports it became evident that where they had expected to find one division, there was now the whole French army marching from Moscow in an unexpected direction, along the old Kalúga road. Dókhturov did not wish to undertake anything, as it was not clear to him now what his duty consisted in. He had been ordered to attack Fomínskoe; but where Broussier was before, there was now the whole French army. Ermólov wanted to use his own judgment, but Dókhturov insisted that he had to have an order from his Most Serene Highness. It was decided to send a report to the staff.

For this was chosen an intelligent officer, Bolkhovítinov,

who, besides delivering the written report, was to explain the state of affairs by word of mouth. At midnight Bolkhovítinov received the letter and his oral message, and galloped away to headquarters, accompanied by Cossacks and relay horses.

XVI.

It was a dark, warm autumn night. It had been raining for four days. Twice changing his horses and galloping thirty versts over a muddy road in an hour and a half, Bolkhovítinov arrived at Letashévka by two o'clock. Dismounting at a hut, on the wicker fence of which was the sign, "Headquarters," and leaving his horse, he went into the dark vestibule.

"The general of the day! Something very important!" he said to some one who was snoring in the darkness of the vestibule.

"He has been very ill since last evening, — hasn't slept for three nights," was heard the voice of a servant, defending his master. "You had better wake up the captain."

"Very important, from General Dókhturov," said Bolkhovítinov, as he entered, groping, through an open door. The servant went ahead and began to wake somebody.

"Your Honour, your Honour, a courier!"

"What, what? From whom?" said some one's sleepy voice.

"From Dókhturov and from Aleksyéy Petróvich. Napoleon is at Fomínskoe," said Bolkhovítinov, who in the darkness did not see the one who was questioning him, but judged from the sound of the voice that it was not Konovnítsyn.

The wakened man yawned and stretched himself.

"I do not like to wake him," he said, feeling for something. "He is quite ill! Maybe it is only a rumour."

"Here is the report," said Bolkhovítinov. "I am commanded to hand it immediately to the general of the day."

"Wait, I will strike a light. Where, accursed one, do you always put it away?" said the man, stretching himself, and talking to the servant. It was Shcherbínin, Konovnítsyn's adjutant. "I have it, I have it," he added.

The servant struck the fire, and Shcherbínin groped for the candle.

"Oh, rogues!" he said, in disgust.

In the light of the sparks, Bolkhovítinov saw Shcherbínin with the candle and in the front corner another sleeping man. This was Konovnítsyn.

When the matches and tinder burnt, at first with a blue and then with a red flame, Shcherbínin lighted a tallow dip, from the candlestick of which ran down cockroaches that had been nibbling at it, and surveyed the messenger. Bolkhovítinov was covered with mud which he was smearing over his face in an attempt to wipe it.

"Who is reporting?" asked Shcherbínin, taking the envelope.

"The information is reliable," said Bolkhovítinov. "Captives, and the Cossacks, and the spies, — all report the same."

"There is nothing else to do but to wake him," said Shcherbínin, rising and going up to a man in a nightcap, covered with a mantle.

"Peter Petróvich!" he said. Konovnítsyn did not stir. "To headquarters!" he said, with a smile, knowing that these words would certainly wake him. Indeed, the head in the nightcap at once raised itself. On Konovnítsyn's handsome, firm face, with its feverishly inflamed cheeks, there was left for a moment the expression of dreams remote from reality, but he suddenly shook himself: his face assumed its usual calm and firm expression.

"What is it? From whom?" he asked, leisurely, blinking from the light. Listening to the officer's report,

Konovnítsyn broke the seal of the envelope and read the letter. He had hardly finished reading it, when he put his feet with their woollen stockings down on the earth floor and began to put on his boots. Then he took off his nightcap and, having combed his hair, donned a military cap.

"How long did it take you to get here? Let us go to his Most Serene Highness!"

Konovnítsyn immediately saw that the news was of prime importance, and that there was no time to lose. He did not ask himself whether it was good or bad. That did not interest him. On the whole matter of the war he did not look with his reason, with his intellect, but with something else. In his soul was a profound, unuttered conviction that everything would be well, but that he ought not to believe it, and still less talk of it, but should always be doing his duty. And he attended to his duties, giving all his strength to them. Peter Petróvich Konovnítsyn, like Dókhturov, counted merely for propriety's sake among the so-called heroes of the year 1812, — among such as Barclay, Raévski, Ermólov, Plátov, Miloradóvich, — like Dókhturov, enjoyed the reputation of being a man of extremely limited ability and information, and, like Dókhturov, never made any projects of battles, but always was in the thickest of everything. He always slept with open doors, so long as he was general of the day, and ordered all the messengers to wake him; he was under fire in every battle, so that Kutúzov had to reprimand him for it and was afraid to send him with messages; and, like Dókhturov, he was one of the invisible cog-wheels which, without creaking or whirring, form the most essential part of the machine.

Coming out of the hut into the dark, damp night, Konovnítsyn frowned, partly from the greater headache which he was feeling, and partly from the unpleasant thought of how this whole nest of influential staff-officers

would be stirred by this news, especially Bénigsen, who had been at swords' points with Kutúzov ever since the battle of Tarútino; how they would propose, debate, order, make changes! The presentiment of all this was unpleasant to him, though he knew that it could not be otherwise.

Indeed, Toll, to whom he went, on his way, to report the new piece of news, immediately began to expound his views to the general who was staying with him, but Konovnítsyn, who listened in silence and with an expression of fatigue, reminded him that it was time to go to his Most Serene Highness.

XVII.

Kutúzov, like all old men, did not sleep much at night. In the daytime he frequently dozed off; but at night he lay undressed on his bed, seldom sleeping, and always thinking.

He was lying thus on his bed, leaning his heavy, large, disfigured head on his chubby hand, and thinking, while peering into the darkness with his one eye.

Ever since Bénigsen, who corresponded with the emperor, and who had more influence than anybody else on the staff, had been avoiding him, he had been calmer in so far as they would not compel him with his troops to take part again in useless offensive actions. The lesson of the battle of Tarútino and of the preceding day, so painfully memorable to him, would also, he thought, have its effect.

"They ought to understand that we can only lose by acting offensively. Patience and time are my heroes!" thought Kutúzov. He knew that an apple ought not to be plucked so long as it was green. It would fall down by itself when it was ripe; but by picking it green, you only spoil the apple and the tree, and set your teeth on edge. He knew, like an experienced hunter, that the game was wounded, and wounded as only the Russian force could wound, but it was not yet a settled question whether mortally, or not. Now, from Lauriston's and Berthemi's embassies and from the reports of the partisans, Kutúzov was almost sure that the wound was mortal; but he still needed proofs, — he had to wait.

"They want to run and see how they have killed him. Wait! You will see! All they want is manœuvres and attacks!" he thought. "What for? To distinguish themselves. As though there was any pleasure in fighting! They are like children from whom you can't make out how things happened, because they all want to prove that they know how to fight. But this is another matter.

"What ingenious manœuvres they propose to me! They imagine that because they have guessed two or three incidents" (he was thinking of the general plan sent him from St. Petersburg), "they have invented them all. There is no end to these!"

The unsettled question whether the wound inflicted at Borodinó was mortal or not had been hanging over Kutúzov's head for a month. On the one hand the French had occupied Moscow; on the other Kutúzov felt unquestionably, with all his being, that that terrible blow, in which he with all Russians had strained his last strength, must be death-dealing. But, in any case, proofs were wanted, and he had been waiting for them for a month, and the more time passed, the more he grew impatient. Lying on his bed during his sleepless nights, he did the same that all the young generals were doing, the same for which he had been upbraiding them. He was considering all possible eventualities, just as the younger men did, but with this difference, that he built nothing on these suppositions, and that he saw, not two or three of them, but thousands. The longer he thought, the more there were of them. He considered all kinds of movements on the part of the Napoleonic army, in its entirety and in parts, — to St. Petersburg, toward him, to outflank him; he considered (and of this he was most afraid) the possibility of Napoleon's fighting him with his own weapons, by remaining in Moscow and waiting for him. Kutúzov even considered the retreat of Napoleon's army to Medýn and Yúkhnov; but the one thing which he could not have foreseen was what

had actually taken place, — that senseless, convulsive vehemence of Napoleon's army during the first eleven days after leaving Moscow, — that vehemence which made that possible which Kutúzov at that time did not yet dare to think of, — the complete annihilation of the French. Dórokhov's report about Broussier's division, the news brought by the partisans about the calamity of Napoleon's army, the rumours of the preparations for leaving Moscow, — everything confirmed the supposition that the French army was beaten and getting ready to flee; but all that was only a supposition which might be of importance to the younger men, and not to Kutúzov. He, with his experience of sixty years, knew what weight was to be attached to rumours; how people who wished for a certain thing were likely to group all information so as to make it confirm the desired fact, and how, in such cases, the contradictory is gladly left out of consideration. And the more Kutúzov wished it, the less he permitted himself to believe it. This question occupied all his mental powers. Everything else was for him only a habitual performance of the vital functions. Such habitual performance and submission to the vital functions were his conversations with the men of the staff, his letters to Madame de Staël, which he wrote from Tarútino, the reading of novels, the distribution of rewards, the correspondence with St. Petersburg, and so forth. But the destruction of the French, which he alone had foreseen, was his only ardent desire.

In the night of October 11th he was lying down, leaning on his arm, and thinking of this.

There was a stir in the adjoining room, and the footsteps of Toll, Konovnítsyn, and Bolkhovítinov were heard.

"Oh, there, who is it? Come in, come in! What is the news?" the field-marshal called out to them.

While the lackey lighted a candle, Toll told him the contents of the despatch.

"Who brought it?" asked Kutúzov, with a face which startled Toll by its cold austerity, when the candle was lighted.

"There can be no doubt, your Serenity!"

"Call him in, call him in!"

Kutúzov was sitting on his bed, one of his legs hanging down, while his large abdomen lay with its whole weight against the other, bent leg. He blinked with his intact eye, in order to get a better look at the messenger, as though he wanted to read in his features that which interested him.

"Tell me, tell me, my friend!" he said to Bolkhovítinov, in his calm, old man's voice, closing up his shirt which was open on his bosom. "Come, come nearer! What kind of news have you brought me, eh? Napoleon has left Moscow? Really, eh?"

Bolkhovítinov told him everything in detail, as he had been ordered.

"Talk, talk faster, — do not torment me!" Kutúzov interrupted him.

Bolkhovítinov finished his recital and kept silence, waiting for orders. Toll began to say something, but Kutúzov interrupted him. He wanted to say something, but he suddenly blinked and frowned; he waved his hand to Toll and turned in the other direction, toward the "fair" corner of the hut, where hung the black images.

"O Lord, my Creator! Thou hast heard my prayer!" he said, in a trembling voice, folding his hands. "Russia is saved! I thank Thee, O Lord!"

And he wept.

XVIII

FROM that time on to the end of the campaign Kutúzov's whole activity consists only in restraining his army, by means of his power and by ruses and prayers, from useless advances, manœuvres, and conflicts with the perishing enemy. Dókhturov goes to Mály Yaroslávets, but Kutúzov delays his whole army and gives the order to clear Kalúga, as a retreat beyond it appears to him as a great probability.

Kutúzov retreats all the time, but the enemy, not waiting for him to retreat, runs in the opposite direction.

Napoleon's historians describe to us his ingenious manœuvres against Tarútino and Mály Yaroslávets and make their reflections on what would have happened if Napoleon had succeeded in penetrating the rich southern Governments.

But, leaving out of consideration the fact that there was nothing to hinder Napoleon from proceeding to these southern Governments (since the Russian army gave him the right of way), the historians forget that Napoleon's army could not have been saved by anything because it bore in itself the inevitable conditions of ruin. How could this army, which had found such rich supplies in Moscow without being able to retain them, but, instead, had tramped them under foot, and which, after arriving at Smolénsk, looted supplies without making use of them, — how could this army have expected to improve matters in the Government of Kalúga, which was inhabited

by the same kind of Russians that were found in Moscow, who possessed the same tendency to destroy everything they set fire to?

The army could not have done better anywhere. Ever since the battle of Borodinó and the pillage of Moscow, it bore in itself, so to speak, the chemical conditions of dissolution.

The men of what once had been an army were running with their leaders, without knowing whither, wishing (from Napoleon down to the last soldier) for one thing only: personally to get disentangled as quickly as possible from that inextricable situation of which they were all dimly conscious.

When, therefore, at the council of war at Mály Yaroslávets the generals pretended to be deliberating and expressed their various opinions, the simple idea of the good-natured soldier, Mouton, who, in saying that they ought to get away as soon as possible, merely gave expression to what all felt, closed the mouths of all, and no one, not even Napoleon, could say anything against this self-evident truth.

But, although all knew that they must go away, there was still left the consciousness of shame that they must run, and so an external push was necessary to overcome that shame. This push came in due time. It was that which the French call "*le Hourra de l'Empereur.*"

On the day following the council, Napoleon, pretending that he wanted to review the troops and the field of the past and future battles, rode out early in the morning, accompanied by his suite of marshals and an escort, down through the centre of his lines. Some Cossacks, who were prowling around in search of booty, stumbled on the emperor himself, and almost made him a prisoner. What saved Napoleon this time, was the very thing that ruined the French army: it was the booty, for which the Cossacks made here, as at Tarútino, thus allowing the

men to escape. They paid no attention to Napoleon and pursued their prey, and Napoleon got away.

When "*les enfants du Don*" came so near catching the emperor in the midst of his own army, it became quite clear that there was nothing to be done but run as fast as possible on the nearest familiar road. Napoleon, with his paunch of forty years' standing, no longer felt in himself his former agility and boldness, and he took the hint. Under the influence of the terror which the Cossacks had caused him, he at once agreed with Mouton, and gave, as the historians say, the order to retreat along the Smolénsk road.

The fact that Napoleon agreed with Mouton and that the troops retreated does not prove that he ordered it, but that the forces which were acting on the whole army, in the sense of directing it on the Mozháysk road, acted simultaneously upon Napoleon.

XIX.

When a man is in motion, he always tries to invent an aim for this motion. In order to walk a thousand versts, a man must imagine that there is something good at the end of those one thousand versts. One must have an idea of the promised land, in order to have the strength to move.

The promised land for the French during the invasion had been Moscow; during their retreat it was their own country. But their country was too far away, and a man who starts out to walk one thousand versts must necessarily say to himself that to-day, after marching forty versts, he will arrive at a place of rest, and for the first day's march this place veils the final goal, and all wishes and hopes are centred upon it. The tendencies which are expressed in an individual are always magnified in a throng.

For the Frenchmen who started back on the old Smolénsk road, the final goal of their country was too far removed, and the nearer goal, the one on which centred all the desires and hopes, increasing in enormous proportion in the crowd, was Smolénsk. Not that people knew that in Smolénsk there were many supplies and fresh troops, not that they had been told so (on the contrary, the higher officers and Napoleon himself knew that there were no supplies there), but because this alone could give them strength to move on and bear their present privations, — both those who knew, and those who did not

know, deceived themselves alike and tended toward Smolénsk as their promised land.

Upon reaching the highway, the French with surprising energy and unheard-of rapidity ran toward their fictitious goal. Besides this cause of their general impetus, which bound the masses of the French into one whole and gave them a certain measure of energy, there was still another cause which bound them together. This cause was their numbers. The enormous mass itself, as in the physical law of attraction, attracted the separate human atoms. They moved with their mass of one hundred thousand like a whole kingdom.

Each man of them wished for but one thing, — to surrender himself into captivity, — to be freed of all the terrors and misfortunes. But, on the one hand, the force of the general tendency toward Smolénsk drew each one of them in the same direction; on the other, it was impossible for a corps to surrender to a company, and, although the French used every available opportunity to separate from one another and, when the least decent pretext offered itself, to surrender themselves, these pretexts did not always exist. Their very numbers and the rapidity of their motion in serried ranks deprived them of this possibility, and made it difficult and even impossible for the Russians to arrest this motion, toward which the full energy of the French mass was directed.

A lump of snow cannot be thawed at once. There exists a certain limit of time, before which no amount of heat can do it. On the contrary, the greater the heat, the more compact will the unthawed snow be.

None of the Russian military leaders but Kutúzov understood this fact. When the direction of the flight of the French army along the Smolénsk road became well defined, there began to take place that which Konovnítsyn had foreseen on the night of October 11th. All the higher officers of the army wanted to distinguish

themselves, to cut off, overtake, capture, overthrow the French, and all demanded a forward movement.

Kutúzov used every power at his command (this power is very small with a commander-in-chief) in order to counteract the forward movement.

He could not tell them what we are saying now: "What use is there in giving battle and barring their way, in losing our own men, and in the inhuman slaughter of the unfortunates? What use is there in this, since on the road from Moscow to Vyázma one-third of that army has melted away without battle?" He told them, drawing on his old man's wisdom which they could comprehend, about the golden bridge, and they laughed at him, calumniated him, and tore him, and showed their bravado over the dead beast.

At Vyázma, Ermólov, Milorádovich, Plátov, and others, being in proximity to the French, could not restrain themselves from the desire to cut off and overthrow two French corps. Instead of reporting to Kutúzov their intention, they sent him a blank sheet of paper in an envelope.

And no matter how much Kutúzov tried to hold back the troops, they attacked the enemy, trying to bar his way. The regiments of infantry, they say, went with music and drum-beats to the attack, and they killed and lost thousands of men.

But they did not cut off or overthrow any one. The French army, becoming more compact under danger, continued, melting evenly, on its fatal march toward Smolénsk.

PART THE FOURTEENTH

I

The battle of Borodinó, with the consequent occupation of Moscow, and the flight of the French, without new battles, is one of the most instructive phenomena of history.

All the historians agree that the external activity of kingdoms and nations, in their conflicts, is expressed by wars; that, in consequence of the greater or lesser military successes, the political strength of kingdoms and nations is directly increased or diminished.

However strange the historical descriptions are of how a king or emperor, having quarrelled with another emperor or king, collected an army, waged war on his enemy, obtained a victory, killed three, five, ten thousand men, and, as the result of it, conquered a kingdom and a whole nation of several millions; however incomprehensible it may be why the defeat of one army, of one hundredth part of all the forces of a nation, may have caused the nation to submit, — all the facts of history (in so far as they are known to us) confirm the truth of the statement that the greater or lesser successes of the army of one nation against the army of another are the causes or, at least, the essential signs of the increase or diminution of the strength of the nations. The army has obtained a victory, and immediately the rights of the conquering nation are increased to the detriment of the conquered

nation. The army has been defeated, and immediately the nation loses its rights in proportion to its defeat, and completely submits after a complete defeat.

So it has been (according to history) from the most remote times up to the present. All the wars of Napoleon serve as a confirmation of this rule. In proportion as the Austrian troops are defeated, Austria loses her rights, and the rights and the strength of France are increased. The victory of the French at Jena and Auerstädt destroys the independent existence of Prussia.

But suddenly, in 1812, the French obtained a victory near Moscow, Moscow was taken, and thereupon, without any new battles, it was not Russia that ceased to exist, but the French army of six hundred thousand men, and then Napoleonic France. It is impossible to stretch the facts so as to fit history, by saying that the battle-field of Borodinó was left to the Russians, and that after Moscow there were battles which destroyed Napoleon's army.

After the French victory at Borodinó, there was not a single general battle, not even a single important engagement, and the French army ceased to exist. What does it mean? If this were an example from the history of China, we could say that it was not a historical phenomenon (the loophole of the historians, when something does not fit their measure); if we had before us a conflict of short duration, in which small numbers of troops took part, we might regard this phenomenon as exceptional; but this event took place under the eyes of our fathers, for whom the question of their country's life or death was being decided, and this war was one of the greatest of all known wars.

The period of the campaign of 1812, from the battle of Borodinó to the expulsion of the French, has proved that a battle won is not only no cause of conquest, but not even a permanent sign of conquest, — it has proved that the force which decides the fate of nations does not lie

in the conquerors, not even in armies and battles, but in something else.

The French historians, in describing the position of the French army before its departure from Moscow, affirm that everything in the great army was in order, except the cavalry, the artillery, and the baggage, and except for the fact that there was no forage for the horses and the cattle. Nothing could have helped this calamity, because the peasants of the surrounding country burned their hay and did not give any to the French.

A battle won did not produce the customary results, because peasants Karp and Vlas, after the evacuation of Moscow by the French, drove their carts to the city to loot it, and in general displayed no personal heroic sentiments, and because the endless number of such peasants did not haul hay to Moscow, though offered good money for it, but burned it.

Let us imagine two men who come out to fight a duel with swords, according to all the rules of the art of fencing: the fencing has lasted a considerable time; suddenly one of the opponents feels himself wounded: seeing that the thing is not a joke, but that his life is at stake, he throws away his sword and picks up the first club he can find and begins to wield it. But let us imagine that this opponent, who has so sensibly used the best and simplest means for obtaining his end, is at the same time animated by the traditions of chivalry, wants to conceal the actual occurrences, and insists that he has been victorious according to all the rules of fencing. We can see what a tangle and confusion would ensue from such a description of the duel!

The French were the duellist who demands that the fight is to take place according to the rules of the art; the Russians were the opponent who throws away the sword and takes up the club; the historians who have written

about this event are the people who try to explain everything according to the laws of fencing.

With the conflagration of Smolénsk began a war which does not fit in with any of the older traditions of wars. The burning of cities and villages, the retreating after battles, the blow given at Borodinó and again a retreat, the burning of Moscow, the capture of marauders, the seizing of transports, the partisan war, — all these were departures from the rules.

Napoleon was conscious of it, and, ever since he had stopped in Moscow in a regular fencing attitude, and, instead of the opponent's sword, had seen a club raised over him, he had never stopped complaining to Kutúzov and to Emperor Alexander because the war was not waged according to all the rules (as though there existed certain rules about killing people). In spite of the complaints of the French about the non-observance of the rules, and in spite of the fact that the Russians in the higher spheres of life felt ashamed to be fighting with a club, but preferred to stand in position according to the rules "*en quarte*" or "*en tierce*," to make a skilful "*prime*" thrust, and so forth, — the club of the national war rose in all its menacing and majestic strength and, without asking about anybody's tastes or rules, with stupid simplicity, but with telling force, rose blindly, fell, and nailed down the Frenchmen until the whole invasion was crushed.

Hail to the nation, which does not, like the French in 1813, salute according to all the rules of the art and, turning its sword with the hilt toward the magnanimous victor, gracefully and politely hand it to him, and which, in moments of trial, does not ask by what rules others have been guided in similar cases, but with simplicity and ease raises the first club it finds and belabours its enemy with it, until in its soul the feeling of insult and revenge is changed to contempt and pity!

II.

ONE of the most palpable and most advantageous departures from the so-called rules of war is the action of isolated people against men clinging to a compact mass. Such actions always make their appearance in a war when it assumes a national character. They consist in dispersing into small groups, instead of fighting mass against mass, in attacking singly, and immediately running away, as soon as they are attacked by large forces, and then again attacking when an opportunity offers itself. This the guerillas did in Spain; this the mountaineers did in the Caucasus; this the Russians did in 1812.

Such a war has been called partisan, and it has been assumed that this appellation explains its meaning. But such a war does not fit in with any rules; it is in direct opposition to the well-known and unerring rule of military tactics. This rule says that the aggressor must concentrate his troops in order to be stronger than his opponent at the moment of attack.

The partisan war (which has always been successful, as history proves) is directly opposed to this rule.

This contradiction is due to the fact that military science assumes that the strength of the troops is identical with their numbers. Military science says that the more troops, the greater the force. *Les gros bataillons ont toujours raison.*

Saying this, military science resembles the kind of mechanics that, considering forces only in relation to their

masses, says that forces are equal or unequal because their masses are equal or unequal.

Force (quantity of motion) is the product of mass and rapidity.

In military affairs, the force of the troops is also the product of mass and something else, some unknown x.

Military science, seeing in history an endless number of examples in which the mass of the troops does not coincide with its force, and in which small detachments vanquish large ones, dimly acknowledges the existence of this unknown factor and tries to find it, — now in the geometric structure, now in the equipment, and most frequently so, in the genius of the generals. But the substitution of all these values of the factor does not furnish any results which are in conformity with the historic facts.

But, in order to discover the real value of this x, it is only necessary to abandon the false view, which has established itself in favour of heroes, about the efficacy of the dispositions of the superior commanders during a war.

This x is the spirit of the troops, that is, the greater or lesser desire to fight and subject themselves to dangers on the part of all the men composing the army, quite independently of the fact whether they are fighting under the command of a genius or not, whether in three or two lines, whether with clubs or with guns that shoot thirty times a minute. The men who have the greatest desire to fight will always place themselves in the most advantageous conditions for fighting.

The spirit of the army is the factor which, multiplied by the mass, will give force for its product. It is the problem of science to define and express the meaning of the spirit of the army, of that unknown factor.

The problem is possible only when we stop arbitrarily substituting, instead of the value of the whole x, those conditions under which force manifests itself, such as the

orders of the military commander, the equipment, and so forth, by assuming them to be the value of the factor, but accept this unknown in its entirety, that is, as the greater or lesser desire to fight and subject oneself to danger. Only then, by expressing the known historical facts in equations, can we hope to define the unknown itself from the comparison of the relative values of this unknown.

Ten men, battalions, or divisions, fighting with fifteen men, battalions, or divisions, have conquered fifteen, that is, they have killed and captured all without exception, and have themselves lost four, — consequently there have been destroyed four on one side, and fifteen on the other. Therefore the four equal the fifteen, and so $4x = 15y$. Consequently $x : y = 15 : 4$. This equation does not give the value of the unknown, but it gives the relation between the two unknown quantities. By introducing into such equations separate historical units (battles, campaigns, periods of wars), we get a series of numbers in which laws must exist and may be discovered.

The tactical rule that we must act in masses in an attack and in fractions at a retreat unconsciously confirms the truth that the strength of the army depends on its spirit. To lead men under bullets, more discipline is needed than in retreating from an attack, and this is obtained only by moving in a mass. But this rule, which leaves out of consideration the spirit of the army, constantly falls short of the truth, and most strikingly contradicts the facts where there appears a great exaltation or a great fall of the spirit of the army, that is, in all national wars.

In retreating in 1812, the French, according to tactics, ought to have defended themselves in small detachments, but they congregated in one mass, because the spirit of the army had fallen, and only the mass was holding the army together. The Russians, on the contrary, ought, according to tactics, to have attacked them in a mass,

but in reality split up into small units, because the spirit was raised to such an extent that separate individuals attacked the French without orders, and did not need any compulsion in order to subject themselves to labours and dangers.

III.

THE so-called partisan war began with the enemy's entrance into Smolénsk.

Before the partisan war was officially accepted by our government, thousands of men of the hostile army — straggling marauders, foragers — had been destroyed by the Cossacks and peasants, who struck down these men with as little remorse as dogs bite to death a mad dog that runs in among them. Denís Davýdov was the first who with his Russian sense comprehended the value of that terrible club which, without asking for the rules of military art, destroyed the French, and to him belongs the honour of the first step to legalize this method of warfare.

On August 24th the first partisan detachment of Davýdov was organized, and soon after other detachments were formed. The farther the campaign proceeded, the greater became the number of these detachments.

The partisans destroyed the great army in parts. They picked up all the falling leaves which dropped down from the dried-up tree of the French army, and now and then they shook the tree itself. In October, while the French were running to Smolénsk, there were hundreds of these parties of various sizes and characters. There were parties that adopted all the methods of armies, with infantry, artillery, staffs, and the comforts of life; there were Cossack detachments of cavalry only; there were small groups of peasants and landed proprietors, on foot and on horseback, unknown to any one. There was a

sexton who was the leader of a party, and he captured several hundreds a month; and there was an elder's wife, Vasílisa by name, who struck down hundreds of Frenchmen.

In the last days of October the partisan war was in full blast. That first period of the war was past, when the partisans, themselves surprised at their audacity, were afraid of being caught any moment and surrounded by the French and, without unsaddling their horses and hardly getting down from their mounts, hid in the forests, expecting to be pursued at any moment. Now the war was defined: it was quite clear now what could be done against the French, and what not. Now only the commanders of detachments, who, with their staffs, kept, according to the rule, away from the French, regarded many things as impossible. But the petty partisan leaders, who had long ago gone to work and had seen the French at close range, considered that possible of which the commanders of the large detachments did not dare to think; and the Cossacks and peasants, who slunk in among the French, now regarded everything as possible.

On October 22d, Denísov, who was one of the partisans, gave, with his party, full play to his partisan passion. He had been on the march since early morning, making his way through the forests which skirted the highway, watching a large French transport of cavalry belongings and Russian prisoners. It was separated from the rest of the troops and was moving toward Smolénsk under heavy protection, as had been learned from spies and from captives. The news about this transport had been brought not only to Denísov and to Dólokhov (also a partisan with a small party), who was marching close to Denísov, but also to the commanders of large detachments with their staffs: all knew of it and, as Denísov said, whetted their teeth for it. Two of these large detachment chiefs, — one of them a Pole, the other a German, — almost at the

same time sent Denísov an invitation to join them, in order to attack the transports.

"No, my friend, I have whiskers myself," said Denísov, as he read these missives, and he wrote to the German that, in spite of his hearty desire to serve under the leadership of so brave and famous a general, he was obliged to forego that pleasure because he had already entered under the command of the Polish general. To the Polish general he wrote the same, informing him that he had already taken service under the German.

Having disposed of the matter in this fashion, Denísov intended, without reporting to the higher authorities, to attack and capture this transport, by joining his small forces with those of Dólokhov. The transport was on October 22d proceeding from the village of Mikúlino to the village of Shámshevo. On the left of the road, from Mikúlino to Shámshevo, were dense forests which in places came down to the very road, and in other places receded a verst or more from the road. Through these forests Denísov rode with his party the whole day, now penetrating to its depth, now riding out to the clearings, and never letting the moving Frenchmen out of sight. Early in the morning the Cossacks of Denísov's party had captured two wagons with cavalry saddles, which had stuck in the mud near Mikúlino, where the forest came down to the road, and had taken it into the woods. Since then the party had not, until evening, attacked the transport, but kept a sharp lookout upon its movement. The point was to let it calmly reach Shámshevo, without frightening the Frenchmen; there he would unite with Dólokhov, who was to come for a consultation in the evening to the guard-house in the forest, about a verst from the village, and at daybreak they would fall upon them, like snow upon the head, and strike down and capture all at once.

Behind them, within two versts of Mikúlino, where

the forest skirted the road, six Cossacks were left, and they were to report at once, as soon as new French columns were sighted.

Beyond Shámshevo, Dólokhov was similarly to investigate the road, in order to ascertain at what distance other French troops were to be seen. With the transport fifteen hundred men were supposed to march. Denísov had two hundred men, and Dólokhov probably as many. But the numerical superiority did not frighten Denísov. There was one thing he still had to know, and that was, what kind of troops they were: for this purpose Denísov had to capture a "foreigner," that is a man from the hostile column. During the morning attack on the wagons the thing had been done in such a hurry that the French carters were all killed, and they captured only a drummer boy who had fallen behind and was unable to tell them anything definite about what kind of troops were in the column.

To attack a second time Denísov regarded as dangerous, lest he should stir up the whole column, and so he sent ahead to Shámshevo peasant Tíkhon Shcherbátov, who was with his party, to capture, if possible, at least one of the French quartermasters who had preceded the column.

IV.

It was a warm, drizzly autumn day. The sky and the horizon were both of the colour of turbid water. Now a mist seemed to descend, and now fell large drops of a slanting rain.

Denísov rode a thoroughbred, lean horse, with drawn sides. He wore a felt mantle and a lambskin cap, from which water came down in runlets. Like his horse, which held his head sidewise and dropped his ears, he frowned under the influence of the slanting rain and looked restlessly into the distance. His emaciated face, which was overgrown with a thick, short black beard, looked angry.

Beside Denísov, also in felt mantle and lambskin cap, astride on a well-fed, large Don horse, rode a captain of Cossacks, Denísov's colabourer.

Captain Lováyski the Third was tall, as flat as a plank, white-faced, blond, with narrow, bright little eyes and a calm and self-satisfied expression in his face and whole bearing. Though one could not tell wherein consisted the peculiarity of the horse and the rider, it was evident, from one glance at the captain and at Denísov, that Denísov was wet and felt uncomfortable, — that Denísov was a man who had mounted his horse; whereas, looking at the captain of Cossacks, it was apparent that he was as comfortable and satisfied as ever, and that he was not a man who had seated himself on a horse, but that, with his mount, he formed one being of double the force.

A little in front of them walked the guide, a peasant

in a gray caftan and white cap. He was wet through and through.

A little distance behind them, seated on a lean, thin Kirghiz pony with an immense tail and mane and bleeding lips, rode a young officer in a blue French mantle.

At their side rode a hussar, carrying behind him, on the crupper of his horse, a French boy in a torn French uniform and blue cap. The boy held on to the hussar with his hands, which were red from cold, moved his bare feet about, trying to warm them, and, raising his eyebrows, looked about him in surprise. It was the drummer boy who had been captured in the morning.

Behind them, over the narrow, rain-washed, rutted forest path, rode, in files of three and four, first the hussars, and then the Cossacks, some of them in felt mantles, others in French cloaks, or with blankets over their heads. The chestnut and bay horses looked black in the rain which was streaming down from them. The necks of the horses, with their rain-soaked manes, looked strangely thin. An evaporation rose from their bodies. The wearing apparel, the saddles, the reins, — everything was wet, slippery, and limp, like the earth and the fallen leaves with which the path was covered. The men sat humping themselves, trying not to stir, so as to warm up the water which had streamed down to their skins, and not to admit the fresh cold water, which was running under the seats of their pantaloons and under their knees, and behind their necks. In the middle of the extended Cossack file, two wagons drawn by French horses and by Cossack horses harnessed with their saddles on rumbled over stumps and twigs, and plashed in the water-filled ruts of the road.

Denísov's horse, in the attempt to avoid a puddle in the road, drew to one side and pushed his knee against a tree.

"Oh, devil!" Denísov exclaimed, angrily, and, showing his teeth, two or three times struck his horse with his

whip, bespattering himself and his companions with mud. Denísov was out of sorts, from the rain and from hunger (no one had eaten anything since morning), and, above everything else, because no news had yet been brought from Dólokhov, and the man sent to capture a foreigner had not yet returned.

"There will hardly present itself another such an opportunity as to-day to attack the transport. It is too risky for me to attack it alone, and if I put it off to another day, some one of the greater partisans will snap it up under my nose," thought Denísov, constantly looking ahead, in the hope of seeing a messenger from Dólokhov.

As he rode out on a clearing, where one could see a long way to the right, Denísov stopped.

"Some one is riding there," he said.

The captain looked in the direction pointed out to him by Denísov.

"There are two of them, an officer and a Cossack; but it is not *presumable* that it should be the colonel himself," said the captain, who was fond of using words that were unknown to the Cossacks.

The riders descended a hill and disappeared from view; a few minutes later they again appeared. In front, an officer rode at a weary gallop, urging his horse on with his whip, — he was dishevelled, wet to his skin, and his pantaloons had crumpled over his knees. Behind him raced a Cossack, standing in his stirrups. This officer, a very young boy, with a broad, ruddy face and quick, merry eyes, galloped up to Denísov and handed him a wet envelope.

"From the general," said the officer. "Pardon me for giving it to you so wet."

Denísov frowned, took the envelope, and broke the seal.

"They kept saying that it was dangerous," said the officer, turning to the captain of Cossacks while Denísov

was reading the communication. "Still, Komaróv" (he pointed to the Cossack) "and I got ready. We had two pist— What is this?" he asked, as he noticed the French drummer, "a captive? Have you already been in a battle? May I speak with him?"

"Rostóv! Pétya!" Denísov shouted, after running the letter through. "Why did you not say at once who you were?" and Denísov turned around and, smiling, extended his hand to the officer.

This officer was Pétya Rostóv.

During his whole ride Pétya had been preparing himself to appear in proper form before Denísov, like a grown-up and an officer, without hinting his former acquaintance with him. But the moment Denísov smiled at him, Pétya beamed, blushed for joy, and forgot the official tone for which he had been preparing himself. He began to tell how he had ridden past the French, and how happy he was to have been sent on such a mission, and how he had been in a battle at Vyázma, and how a hussar had distinguished himself there.

"Well, I am glad to see you," Denísov interrupted him, and his face assumed its former careworn expression.

"Mikhaíl Feoklítich," he turned to the captain, "this is again from that German. He serves under him." And Denísov told the captain of Cossacks that the letter just brought to him contained a renewal of the invitation from the German general to join him in an attack on the transport. "If we do not take it by to-morrow, he will snap it up under our noses," he concluded.

While Denísov was talking with the captain, Pétya, embarrassed by Denísov's cold tone, and assuming that the cause of it was the condition of his pantaloons, under his mantle, so as not to be seen, fixed his pantaloons which had crept up on him, and endeavoured to look as martial as possible.

"Will there be any order from your Honour?" he said

to Denísov, putting his hand to his visor, and again returning to the adjutant-and-general game, for which he had prepared himself, "or shall I remain here, with your Honour?"

"An order?" Denísov said, meditatively. "Can you stay with me until to-morrow?"

"Oh, if you please! May I?" exclaimed Pétya.

"What was your order from the general? Were you to return at once?" asked Denísov.

Pétya blushed.

"He gave me no order, and so may I?" he said interrogatively.

"All right," said Denísov. And, turning to his subordinates, he gave orders for the party to march to their appointed place of rest, near the guard-house in the woods, and for the officer on the Kirghiz pony (this officer played the part of adjutant) to go to find Dólokhov and to discover where he was, and whether he would come in the evening. Denísov himself intended to ride, with the captain and Pétya, to the edge of the woods, which opened up on Shámshevo, in order to get a glimpse at the position of the French, which was to be attacked on the following day.

"Well, long-beard," he turned to the peasant guide, "take us to Shámshevo!"

Denísov, Pétya, and the captain, accompanied by a few Cossacks and the hussar who carried the captive with him, rode to the left, through a ravine, toward the edge of the forest.

V.

THE rain had stopped, and only a mist was settling down, and drops fell from the branches of trees. Denísov, the captain, and Pétya rode silently back of the peasant in the long cap, who, stepping noiselessly with his out-toeing, bast-covered feet over the stumps and wet leaves, led them to the clearing.

Upon reaching the slope of a hill, the peasant stopped, looked around, and walked over toward a thin wall of trees. He stopped near a large oak-tree that had not yet shed its leaves, and mysteriously beckoned to the riders to come to him.

Denísov and Pétya rode up. From the place where the peasant stood could be seen the Frenchmen. Immediately beyond the forest a field of summer rye descended in a semicircle. On the right, beyond a steep ravine, could be seen a small village and a small manor with dilapidated roofs. In this village, and in the manor, and along the whole mound, in the garden, at the well and pond, and along the whole road from the bridge to the village, not more than fifteen hundred feet away, masses of people could be discerned in the surging mist. Their un-Russian calls to the horses pulling the carts up-hill and their shouts to each other could be heard clearly.

"Bring me the captive!" Denísov said, softly, without taking his eyes off the Frenchmen.

A Cossack dismounted, took the boy down, and with him went up to Denísov. The boy stuck his chilled hands in his pockets and, raising his eyebrows, looked in

a frightened way at Denísov. In spite of his evident desire to tell everything he knew, he became mixed in his answers and only confirmed everything Denísov asked him about. Denísov frowned, turned away from him, and addressed the captain, to whom he communicated his observations.

Pétya turned his head about with a rapid motion, looking now at the drummer, now at Denísov, now at the captain, and now at the Frenchmen in the village and on the road, trying not to omit anything that might be of importance.

"Whether Dólokhov will come or not, we must take it! Eh?" said Denísov, with a merry sparkle in his eyes.

"It is a favourable locality," said the captain.

"We will send the infantry through the lowland, through the swamp," continued Denísov. "They will creep up to the garden. You will ride up from there with your Cossacks," Denísov pointed to the forest beyond the village, "and I from there, with my hussars. And at a given signal —"

"It will be impossible to go through the ravine, — it is boggy there," said the captain. "The horses will stick there; we shall have to go more to the left —"

Just as they were speaking thus in a low tone of voice, a shot cracked below in the ravine near the pond; a puff of smoke appeared, then a second shot, and one could hear the merry shout of hundreds of Frenchmen who were on the slope of the hill. In the first moment, Denísov and the captain drew back. They stood so near that it seemed to them that they were the cause of these shots and exclamations. But they had no reference to them. Down below, through the swamps, a man in red was running. It was evident that the Frenchmen were shooting and shouting at him.

"Why, that is our Tíkhon!" said the captain.

"It is he, truly he!"

"What a rogue!" said Denísov.

"He will get away from them!" the captain said, blinking.

The man whom they called Tíkhon ran up to a brook, splashed into it so that he sent up a spray of water, and, disappearing for a moment, crawled out with his hands and feet all black, and ran forward. The Frenchmen who had been running after him stopped.

"He is too quick for them!" said the captain.

"What a rascal!" Denísov said, in the same tone of annoyance. "What has he been doing all this time?"

"Who is this?" asked Pétya.

"It is our scout, — I sent him out to take a foreigner."

"Oh, yes," said Pétya, who had been shaking his head from the time Denísov began to speak, as if he understood everything, though he had positively not made out a word.

Tíkhon Shcherbátov was one of the most important men of the party. He was a peasant of the village of Pokróvskoe, near Gzhat. When, in the beginning of his activity, Denísov arrived at Pokróvskoe and, as usual, called up the elder, to find out what was known about the French, the elder replied, as all elders did, as though to escape any responsibility, that he had absolutely no knowledge of them. But when Denísov explained to him that it was his purpose to kill the French, and asked him whether any Frenchmen had wandered that way, the elder replied that the *may-roaders* had indeed been there, but that Tíkhon Shcherbátov was the only one in the village who had attended to that. Denísov sent for Tíkhon, praised him for his activity, and said something in the hearing of the elder about the loyalty to Tsar and country and the hatred against the French, which every son of the country ought to foster.

"We are not harming the French," said Tíkhon, who

evidently was frightened by Denísov's words. "We have just had a little fun with the boys. It is so, we have stricken down a dozen or two of the *may-roaders*, but otherwise we have done no harm." When Denísov on the following day left Pokróvskoe, entirely forgetting that peasant, he was informed that Tíkhon had joined the party and begged to be permitted to stay with it. Denísov gave him this permission.

Tíkhon, who at first attended to the menial labour of making the camp-fires, bringing water, flaying dead horses, and so forth, soon evinced a great liking and ability for the partisan warfare. He went out every night after booty, and every time brought back with him French apparel and weapons, and, when ordered to do so, fetched captives. Denísov freed him from work, took him along on scouting tours, and enlisted him among the Cossacks.

Tíkhon did not like to ride and always walked, without ever falling behind the cavalry. His arms consisted of a musketoon, which he wore more chiefly for fun, a pike, and an axe, which he wielded as a wolf uses his teeth, with which he with equal nimbleness picks out fleas from his hair and crushes bones. Tíkhon with equal precision split logs by striking them with his axe swung at full force, or carved small pegs and spoons with it, by holding it by the head. In Denísov's party he occupied a special, exclusive place. When something very difficult or nasty had to be done, — such as to push a cart out of the mud with the shoulder, pull a horse out of a bog by its tail, skin a horse, slink in among the French, walk fifty versts a day, all pointed, smiling, to Tíkhon.

"It will not hurt that devil, — he is as strong as a horse!" they said of him.

Once a Frenchman, whom he was trying to capture, fired his pistol at him, and wounded him in the soft part of his back. This wound, which Tíkhon cured by the application of vódka, internally and externally, was

the subject of much merriment in the detachment, and Tíkhon readily submitted to the jokes.

"Well, my friend, won't you do it again? Has it soured you?" the Cossacks said laughingly to him, and Tíkhon purposely writhed and made faces, pretending to be angry, and cursed the French with the funniest kind of curses. This incident had such an effect that Tíkhon, after having received the wound, rarely brought in prisoners.

Tíkhon was the most useful and the bravest man in the party. No one discovered more chances for attacks, and no one took more French prisoners, or killed more Frenchmen; and so he was the buffoon of all the Cossacks and hussars, and cheerfully fell in with that tone. Now Tíkhon had been sent by Denísov to Shámshevo to take a foreigner. But, either because he was not satisfied with one Frenchman, or because he had slept through the night, he in the daytime crept through the bushes, into the very midst of the French, where, as Denísov saw, he was discovered by them.

VI.

After talking a little while with the captain about the attack of the next day, which now, as he looked at the French near by, Denísov seemed definitely to have decided upon, he turned his horse around and rode back.

"No, my dear, let us go and dry ourselves," he said to Pétya.

As they reached the guard-house in the forest, Denísov stopped and looked into the woods. Between the trees, strutting with long, light steps on long legs, and dangling his arms, could be seen a man in a jacket, in bast shoes, and in a Kazán cap, with a gun over his shoulder and an axe in his belt. When he noticed Denísov, he hurriedly threw something into the bushes and, taking off his wet cap with the loosely hanging flaps, walked over to his chief. It was Tíkhon. His pockmarked and wrinkled face with its small, narrow eyes beamed with self-satisfied merriment. He raised his head high and looked fixedly at Denísov, as though restraining a laugh.

"Where have you been?" asked Denísov.

"Where have I been? I went to get Frenchmen," Tíkhon answered, boldly and hurriedly, in his hoarse, singsong bass.

"Why did you go for them in the daytime? Beast! Why did you not get one?"

"I did get one," said Tíkhon.

"Where is he?"

"I took him early in the morning," continued Tíkhon, spreading wider his flat, out-toeing, bast-covered feet, "and

led him into the forest. I saw he was no good, so I thought I would go and get a likelier fellow."

"I thought the rascal would do so," Denísov said to the captain. "Why did you not bring him?"

"What is the use of bringing him?" Tíkhon angrily interrupted him, "he is no good. Don't I know what kind of fellows you need?"

"What a beast! Well?"

"I went to fetch another," continued Tíkhon, "crept up like this into the forest, and lay down." Tíkhon suddenly slid down on his belly, to show how he did it. "One of them turned up," he continued. "I grabbed him like this." Tíkhon leaped up with a quick, lithe motion. "'Come,' says I, 'to the colonel!' How he yelled! There were four of them. They rushed up against me with their little swords. I went for them with the axe, like this: 'What is the matter with you? — Christ be with you!'" exclaimed Tíkhon, swinging his arms, frowning threateningly, and arching his breast.

"We saw from a hill how you cut stick across puddles," said the captain, narrowing his glistening eyes.

Pétya felt very much like laughing, but he saw that everybody was restraining himself from bursting out. He swiftly transferred his eyes from Tíkhon's face to that of the captain and of Denísov, without understanding what it all meant.

"Don't act the fool," said Denísov, angrily clearing his throat. "Why did you not bring the first fellow?"

Tíkhon began to scratch his back with one hand, and his head with the other, and suddenly his whole mouth was stretched out in a stupid, beaming smile, which disclosed the lack of a tooth. Denísov smiled, and Pétya burst into a merry laugh, in which Tíkhon himself joined.

"Why, he was not quite the thing," said Tíkhon. "His clothes were no good, so why should I bring him? And he was such a rough fellow, your Honour. 'I,' says

he, 'am myself the son of a jineral, and,' says he, 'I will not go!'"

"What a beast!" said Denísov. "I had to question him."

"I have questioned him myself," said Tíkhon. "Says he: 'I know nothing. There are many of us, but they are no good,' says he. 'Nothing but names. Shout at them,' says he, 'and you will have them all!'" concluded Tíkhon, looking merrily and with determination into Denísov's eyes.

"I will give you a hundred hot strokes, so you will stop making such a fool of yourself!" Denísov said, sternly.

"What is the use of being so angry?" said Tíkhon. "Haven't I seen your Frenchmen? Let it grow dark, and I will fetch you three of them, if you wish."

"Come, let us go!" said Denísov, and, frowning angrily, he rode up to the guard-house in silence.

Tíkhon went back, and Pétya heard the Cossacks laugh with him and at him because of some boots which he had thrown into the bushes.

When the laughter had passed, which had taken possession of him at Tíkhon's words and smile, and Pétya for a moment realized that this Tíkhon had killed a man, he felt ill at ease. He looked back at the captive drummer boy, and something pinched him at his heart. But this embarrassment lasted only a minute. He felt the necessity of raising his head higher, of looking more cheerful, and of questioning the captain, with an important look, about the undertaking of the next day, so that he might not be unworthy of the company in which he was.

The officer who had been sent out met Denísov on his way, and informed him that Dólokhov would soon arrive himself, and that everything on his side was favourable.

Denísov suddenly grew merry and called up Pétya.

"Tell me all about yourself," he said.

VII.

After leaving his relatives, and departing from Moscow, Pétya had joined his regiment and soon after had been made an orderly to the general who was commanding a large detachment. Ever since his promotion to the rank of an officer, and especially since he had taken part in an active engagement in the battle of Vyázma, Pétya had been in a constantly agitated happy state because he now was a grown man, and in a transport of haste not to miss a single opportunity of real heroism. He was very happy with what he had seen and experienced in the army, but, at the same time, it seemed to him that where he was not the real thing was going on, the heroic deeds. And so he was continually hurrying to get where he was not.

When, on October 21st, the general expressed his wish to send some one to Denísov's detachment, Pétya begged so pitifully to be sent, that the general could not refuse him. But recalling his senseless act at Vyázma, where he, instead of travelling by the road to his destination, had galloped into the French cordon and had twice discharged his pistol, the general, sending him away, gave him explicit orders not to take part in any action of Denísov's. It was for this that Pétya had blushed so and become so confused when Denísov had asked him whether he could stay. Before reaching the clearing in the forest, Pétya had fully expected to carry out his orders strictly and return at once. But when he saw the French and Tíkhon, and heard that they certainly would attack

in the night, he with the rapidity with which young men pass from one view to another decided that the general, whom heretofore he had been respecting, was a good-for-nothing German, that Denísov was a hero, and so was the captain of Cossacks, and Tíkhon, and that it would be a shame for him to leave them at such a grave moment.

It was getting dark when Denísov, Pétya, and the captain reached the guard-house. In the semidarkness could be seen the horses with their saddles, the Cossacks, and the hussars, who were fixing the little tents and (that the French might not see the smoke) fanning a strong fire in a ravine. In the vestibule of a small hut a Cossack, with his shirt-sleeves rolled up, was chopping up some mutton. In the hut were three officers of Denísov's party, making a table out of a door. Pétya took off his wet clothes, giving them to a soldier to dry, and immediately began to help the officers to prepare the dinner.

In ten minutes the table was ready and covered with a napkin. On it was some vódka, rum in a bottle, white bread, and a roast leg of mutton with salt.

Pétya sat at the table with the officers, and with his hands, over which the fat ran, tore off pieces of the succulent, fragrant mutton. He was in a childishly ecstatic condition of tender love for all people, and was convinced that everybody reciprocated his feeling.

"So what do you say, Vasíli Fédorovich," he turned to Denísov, "may I stay a day with you?" And without waiting for a reply, he said to himself: "I was ordered to find out, and so I will — Only you must let me into the thickest — I do not want any rewards — I want to get — " Pétya clenched his teeth and looked around, with an upward nod of his head, and waving his hand.

"Into the thickest — " Denísov repeated, smiling.

"Please do give me a command, let me command!" Pétya continued. "It will not cost you anything! Oh, you want the knife?" he turned to an officer who wanted

to cut off a piece of mutton. And he handed him his clasp-knife.

The officer praised the knife.

"Keep it! I have many more,". Pétya said, blushing. "O Lord! I almost forgot," he suddenly exclaimed. "I have some superb raisins, you know, without stones. We have a new sutler, and he has such nice things! I bought ten pounds. I am used to eating something sweet. Do you want some?" And Pétya ran to his Cossack and brought back the wallets, in which were about five pound of raisins. "Eat, gentlemen! Eat them!"

"Maybe you need a coffee-pot?" he turned to the captain. "I have bought a superb coffee-pot of our sutler! He has such nice things! And he is so honest! That is a great deal. I will send it to you, by all means. Maybe your flints are giving out, — such things happen. I took some with me, — I have here" — he pointed to the wallets — "one hundred flints. I bought them very cheap. Take as many as you need, if you please, — take them all!" And suddenly, as though frightened at having chatted too much, he stopped, and blushed.

He tried to recall whether he had not committed some other foolish act. In passing in review the impressions of the day, he suddenly thought of the French drummer boy. "We are comfortable, but how does he feel? What have they done with him? Have they fed him? Have they not abused him?" he thought. But, recalling that he had just exaggerated about the flints, he kept silence.

"It would not hurt to ask," he thought. "They will simply say that I am myself a boy, and so have taken pity on a boy. I will show them to-morrow the kind of a boy I am! Will it be a disgrace if I ask?" thought Pétya. "What do I care?" and blushing and watching the officers to see whether there would be any derision in their faces, he said:

"May I call in the boy that you have captured? and give him something to eat? Maybe —"

"Yes, poor boy," said Denísov, who evidently found nothing reprehensible in his question. "Call him in! His name is Vincent Bosse. Call him in!"

"I will call him," said Pétya.

"Do, do! Poor boy!" repeated Denísov.

Pétya was standing at the door when Denísov was saying this. Pétya crawled through between the officers and walked up to Denísov.

"Permit me to kiss you, my dear!" he said. "Oh, how fine! How nice of you!" And, having kissed Denísov, he ran out-of-doors.

"Bosse! Vincent!" exclaimed Pétya, standing at the door.

"Whom do you want, sir?" asked a voice in the darkness.

Pétya said that he wanted the French boy who had been captured that day.

"Oh, Vesénni?" said a Cossack.

His name, "Vincent," the Cossacks had changed to "Vesénni," and the peasants and soldiers to "Visénya." In either transformation, this derivation from the Russian word meaning "spring" fitted with the idea of the lad's youth.

"He has been warming himself at the fire. Oh, Visénya! Visénya! Vesénni!" were heard the voices and the laughter running down the line in the darkness. "He is a clever lad," said a hussar, who was standing near Pétya. "We have fed him: he was dreadfully hungry!"

Footsteps were heard through the darkness, and, plashing his bare feet in the mud, the drummer boy walked over to the door.

"*Ah, c'est vous!*" said Pétya. "*Voulez-vous manger? N'ayez pas peur, on ne vous fera pas de mal,*" he added,

timidly, and kindly touching his arm. "*Entrez, entrez!*"

"*Merci, monsieur,*" replied the drummer, in a trembling, almost childish voice, as he was cleaning his dirty feet against the threshold.

Pétya wanted to say many things to him, but he did not dare to. He stood near him, in the vestibule, restlessly moving his feet. Then he took his hand in the darkness and pressed it.

"*Entrez, entrez!*" he repeated, in a tender voice.

"Oh, what could I do for him?" Pétya said to himself. Opening the door, he let him pass first.

When the drummer boy entered the hut, Pétya sat down at a distance from him, regarding it as below his dignity to pay any attention to him. He kept fingering his money in his pocket and was wondering whether it would not be a disgrace to give it to the drummer.

VIII.

From the drummer, to whom, by Denísov's command, vódka and mutton were given, and whom Denísov ordered to be clad in a Russian caftan and left with the party, and not sent away with the prisoners, Pétya's attention was distracted by Dólokhov's arrival. Pétya had heard in the army many tales about Dólokhov's extraordinary bravery and cruelty toward the French, and so Pétya, from the time that Dólokhov entered the room, did not take his eyes off him, and tried to look more dashing, with an upward jerk of his head, so as not to be unworthy of even such company as Dólokhov.

Dólokhov's appearance startled Pétya by its simplicity. Denísov wore a Cossack coat, had a beard, and over his breast hung an image of Nicholas the Miracle-worker, and in the manner of his speech and in all his ways could be seen the peculiarity of his position. Dólokhov, on the contrary, who in Moscow had worn a Persian costume, now had the appearance of a well-dressed officer of the Guard. His face was shaven clean; he wore a wadded coat of the Guard, with the cross of St. George in the buttonhole, and his simple cap sat straight on his head. He took his wet felt mantle off in the corner, and, without greeting any one, walked over to Denísov, whom he at once began to question about the affair in hand. Denísov told him of the designs which the large detachments had on this transport, and about Pétya's message, and of how he had replied to both generals. Then Denísov told

him everything he knew of the position of the French detachment.

"That is so; but we must know what kind of troops they are, and how many," said Dólokhov. "We shall have to ride down and find out. We cannot go into this without knowing exactly how many there are of them. I like to do things with precision. Which of you gentlemen will ride with me into their camp? I have a uniform with me."

"I, I — I will go with you!" exclaimed Pétya.

"You have no business to go," said Denísov, turning to Dólokhov, "and I will certainly not let him go."

"Well, I declare!" cried Pétya. "Why can't I go?"

"Simply because there is no sense in it."

"No, pardon me, because — because — I will go, and that is all. Will you take me?" he turned to Dólokhov.

"Why not?" Dólokhov replied, absently, gazing at the French drummer.

"How long has this fine fellow been with you?" he asked Denísov.

"We captured him to-day, but he does not know anything. I am keeping him."

"Well, and what do you do with the rest?" asked Dólokhov.

"What do I do with them? I send them away under receipt," Denísov exclaimed, his face suddenly becoming flushed. "And I can boldly say that I have not a man on my conscience. It is much easier to send thirty, or three hundred, men under convoy to the city than, I will say it straight out, to pollute a soldier's honour."

"It is well enough for this young count of sixteen years to say such gentle things," Dólokhov said, with a cold smile, "but for you it is time to stop it."

"Why, I do not say anything! I only say that I will go with you by all means," Pétya said, timidly.

"It is time, my friend, for us to abandon these mawkish

sentiments," continued Dólokhov, as though it gave him special pleasure to speak of this subject which irritated Denísov. "But why did you keep this one?" he said, with a shake of his head. "Because you pity him? We know about your receipts! You send away one hundred men, and about thirty will reach there. The rest will starve or be killed. So it is best not to take any at all!"

The captain blinked with his bright eyes, approvingly shaking his head.

"This is not a matter for discussion. I will not have it on my conscience. You say they will die. Very well, so long as I am not the cause of it."

Dólokhov laughed out loud.

"Who has kept them from catching me twenty times? And if they do, — you, with your chivalry, and I will alike be hung up on an aspen-tree." He was silent for awhile. "Still, we must go to work. Send me my Cossack with the pack! I have two French uniforms. Well, will you go with me?" he asked Pétya.

"I? Yes, yes, by all means," Pétya cried, blushing almost to tears, and looking at Denísov.

While Dólokhov and Denísov had been discussing what was to be done with the captives, Pétya again felt ill at ease; he did not grasp the full meaning of what they were saying. "If well-known grown people speak thus, it must be all right," he thought. "Above everything else, Denísov must not imagine that I am going to obey him, that he can command me. I will by all means ride down to the French camp. If he can, I can, too!"

To all the supplications of Denísov not to go, Pétya replied that he, too, was in the habit of doing everything with precision, and not at haphazard, and that he never thought of danger.

"Because, you must confess, if we do not know exactly

how many there are, the lives of hundreds may depend on it, and here we are alone, and besides, I want it very much, and I will go by all means, so do not detain me," he said, "it will only be worse —"

IX.

Pétya and Dólokhov put on the French uniforms, and rode down to the clearing from which Denísov had been looking at the French camp. Coming out of the woods in complete darkness, they descended into a ravine. When they reached the lowlands, Dólokhov told the Cossacks who accompanied him to wait there, and himself rode at a rapid trot down the road, toward a bridge. Pétya, his heart sinking in him from agitation, was riding by his side.

"If we get caught, I will not give myself up alive, — I have a pistol," whispered Pétya.

"Don't speak in Russian!" Dólokhov quickly whispered to him, and at the same moment was heard the call of "*Qui vive*" and the click of a gun.

The blood rushed to Pétya's face, and he grasped the pistol.

"*Lanciers du 6-me*," said Dólokhov, neither reining in his horse, nor going at a more rapid gait.

The black figure of a sentinel was standing on the bridge.

"*Mot d'ordre?*"

Dólokhov checked his horse and rode on at a slow pace.

"*Dites donc, le colonel Gérard est ici?*" he said.

"*Mot d'ordre*," the sentinel said, without replying, and barring his way.

"*Quand un officier fait sa ronde, les sentinelles ne demandent pas le mot d'ordre* —" Dólokhov suddenly

shouted in a passion, riding up toward the sentinel. "*Je vous demande si le colonel est ici.*"

And, without waiting for an answer from the sentinel, who stepped aside, Dólokhov rode up the hill at a slow pace.

On noticing a black shadow of a man crossing the road, Dólokhov stopped him and asked him where the commander and the officers were. This man, with a sack over his shoulder, — a soldier, — stopped, walked over to Dólokhov's horse, and, touching it with his hand, in a simple and friendly manner told him that the commander and the officers were higher up on the hill, on the right, in the yard of the farm (thus they called the manorial estate).

Riding along the road, on both sides of which French conversation could be heard at the camp-fires, Dólokhov turned into the yard of the estate. After he had passed the gate, he dismounted and walked over to a large brightly burning camp-fire, around which, speaking loudly, sat several men. At the edge of the fire something was cooking in a small kettle, and a soldier in a large cap and blue mantle, brightly illuminated by the fire, was kneeling down and stirring the contents with a ramrod.

"*Oh, c'est un dur à cuire,*" said one of the officers who were sitting in the shade, on the opposite side of the fire.

"*Il les fera marcher, les lapins!*" another said, with a laugh.

Both grew silent and looked into the darkness, from which proceeded the sound of Dólokhov's and Pétya's steps, as they approached the fire with their horses.

"*Bon jour, messieurs!*" Dólokhov spoke loudly and distinctly.

The officers began to stir in the shadow of the camp-fire, and a tall officer, with a long neck, walked around the fire and went up to Dólokhov.

"*C'est vous, Clément?*" he said. "*D'où, diable!*" but

he did not finish his sentence, when he saw his mistake. He frowned slightly and greeted Dólokhov as a stranger, asking him what he could do for him. Dólokhov told him that he and his companion were trying to catch up with their regiment and, turning to all in general, he asked them whether they knew anything about the sixth regiment. No one knew anything; it seemed to Pétya that the officers looked with hostility and suspicion at him and at Dólokhov. For a few seconds all were silent.

"*Si vous comptez sur la soupe de soir, vous venez trop tard,*" a voice said, with a repressed laugh, from behind the camp-fire.

Dólokhov replied that they had had their supper and that they had to ride on at once.

He gave the horses to the soldier who was stirring the kettle, and squatted down at the fire by the side of the officer with the long neck. This officer did not take his eyes away from Dólokhov, and repeated the question to what regiment he belonged. Dolokhov made no reply, as though he had not heard the question, and, lighting a short French pipe, which he drew out of his pocket, asked the officer how safe the road ahead was from Cossacks.

"*Les brigands sont partout,*" replied an officer from behind the fire.

Dólokhov said that the Cossacks were dangerous only to such stragglers as he and his companion were, but that they, no doubt, would not dare to attack large detachments. This last he added in an interrogative tone. No one made a reply.

"Now he will leave," Pétya thought all the time, standing at the fire and listening to his conversation.

But Dólokhov again took up the interrupted conversation and began to ask directly how many men there were in the battalion, how many battalions, and how many prisoners. When he asked about the Russian prisoners, who were in the detachment, Dólokhov said:

"*La vilaine affaire de trainer ces cadavres après soi. Vaudrait mieux fusiller cette canaille,*" and he laughed loud such a strange laugh that Pétya was sure the Frenchmen would immediately recognize the deception, and took a step back from the fire. No one made any reply to Dólokhov's words and laughter, and the French officer who could not be seen (he had wrapped himself up in his mantle and was lying down) raised himself and whispered something to his companion. Dólokhov rose and called the soldier with the horses.

"Will the horses be given or not?" thought Pétya, instinctively walking over to Dólokhov.

The horses were brought.

"*Bon jour, messieurs!*" said Dólokhov.

Pétya wanted to say "*bonsoir,*" but could not speak. The officers said something in a whisper to one another. Dólokhov took a long time in mounting, for his horse would not stand still; then he rode at a walk through the gate. Pétya was riding beside him, dying to look back, but not daring to do so, in order to see whether the Frenchmen were running after them.

Upon reaching the road, Dólokhov did not ride back to the field, but along the village. He stopped in one place to listen.

"Do you hear?" he said.

Pétya recognized the sounds of Russian voices and saw at the camp-fires the dark figures of Russian prisoners. They descended the hill, down to the bridge, and passed the sentinel, who, without saying a word, gloomily walked up and down the bridge. They rode back to the ravine where the Cossacks were waiting for them.

"Now, good night! Tell Denísov to be ready at daybreak, after the first shot is fired," said Dólokhov. He was on the point of leaving, but Pétya seized his arm.

"Really," he cried, "you are such a hero! Oh, how nice, how superb! How I love you!"

"All right, all right!" said Dólokhov, but Pétya still held him, and Dólokhov saw in the darkness that Pétya was bending down toward him. He wanted to kiss him. Dólokhov kissed him, laughed, and, turning his horse around, disappeared in the darkness.

X.

On returning to the guard-house, Pétya found Denísov in the vestibule. Denísov was waiting for him, in agitation, unrest, and annoyance at having permitted Pétya to go.

"Thank God!" he exclaimed. "Thank God!" he repeated, as he listened to Pétya's enthusiastic story. "The devil take it, I could not sleep on account of you!" said Denísov. "Thank God! Now lie down to sleep! Let us have a nap before morning!"

"Yes — no —" said Pétya. "I do not feel like sleeping yet. I know myself too well: if I fall asleep, all is ended. Besides, I am in the habit of not sleeping before a battle."

Pétya sat awhile in the hut, joyfully thinking over all the details of his ride, and vividly imagining what would happen on the morrow. Then, noticing that Denísov was asleep, he rose and went out.

It was still quite dark outside. The rain had stopped, but the drops were still falling from the trees. Near the guard-house could be seen the black forms of the Cossack tents and of the horses tied together. Beyond the hut he made out two wagons, near which stood some horses, and in the ravine the red fire was burning low. Not all the Cossacks and hussars were asleep: here and there could be heard, together with the sound of the falling rain-drops and of the horses' chewing near by, the low, almost whispering voices of the men.

Pétya stepped out of the vestibule, looked around in the

darkness, and walked over to the wagons. Some one was snoring underneath them, while around them stood saddled horses, munching oats. Pétya recognized in the darkness his horse, which he called Karabákh, though it was not an Arabian, but a Little-Russian horse, and he went up to it.

"Well, Karabákh, to-morrow we shall see an action," he said, putting his mouth to its nostril and kissing it.

"Well, sir, are you not asleep?" asked the Cossack who was sitting under one wagon.

"No. Oh, is not your name Likhachév? Do you know, Likhachév, I have just come back. We went down to the Frenchmen." And Pétya gave the Cossack a detailed account of his ride; he also told him why they went there, and why he regarded it as better to risk one's life than to do things at haphazard.

"It would do you good to take a nap," said the Cossack.

"No, I am used to this," replied Pétya. "Are the flints in your pistols in good condition yet? If not, I have brought some with me. Don't you need any? Take some!"

The Cossack moved out from underneath the wagon, so as to get a better view of Pétya.

"I am used to doing things with precision," said Pétya. "There are people who do things as they come, without preparation, and then they regret it. I do not like that."

"That is so," said the Cossack.

"Another thing, my dear! Please whet my sword for me: it is dull —" but Pétya was afraid to tell an untruth, for it had never been in use yet. "Can you do it for me?"

"Yes, certainly."

Likhachév rose and rummaged in the pack, and soon Pétya heard the martial sound of the steel and the whetstone. He climbed on the wagon and sat down on the edge of it. The Cossack whetted the sword under the wagon.

"Well, are the good fellows all asleep?" asked Pétya.

"Some are, and some not."

"Well, and what is the boy doing?"

"Who, Vesénni? He is sleeping in the vestibule. Fear makes him sleep well. He was glad to lie down."

Pétya was silent for a long time, listening to the sounds. In the darkness footsteps were heard, and a black figure appeared.

"What are you whetting?" said the man, coming up to the wagon.

"A gentleman's sword."

"That is good," said the man, who to Pétya seemed to be a hussar. "Was the cup left with you?"

"It is near the wheel."

The hussar took the cup.

"I suppose it is not long to daylight," he said, yawning, and went away.

Pétya ought to have known that he was in the woods, in Denísov's party, a verst from the road; that he was sitting on a wagon which had been captured from the French, and near which the horses were tied together; that underneath him was sitting Cossack Likhachév, whetting his sword; that the black spot on the right was the guard-house, and the bright, red spot down below, in the ravine, — the glowing camp-fire; that the man who came for the cup was a hussar who wanted to drink. But he knew nothing of this, and did not want to know of it. He was in a magic kingdom, where there was nothing resembling reality. The large black spot might indeed be the guard-house, but just as likely it was a cave that led into the bowels of the earth. The red spot might be fire, and again, it might be the eye of an enormous monster. Very likely he was now sitting on a wagon, but more likely still he was not on a wagon, but on a terribly high tower, from which, if he were to fall, he would fly toward earth for a whole day, a whole month, — he

would fly and fly and would never reach the earth. Maybe simple Cossack Likhachév was sitting under the wagon, and again it might be the best, the bravest, most wonderful, most excellent man in the world, whom no one knew. Maybe it was indeed a hussar that went to get a drink in the ravine, and maybe he just vanished from view, vanished altogether, and never existed.

No matter what Pétya might have seen now, he would not have been surprised. He was in the magic kingdom, in which everything was possible.

He looked at the sky. The sky was as fairylike as the earth. It was clearing off, and the clouds scudded over the tops of the trees, as though disclosing the stars. Now it seemed that the sky was clearing off, and that the black, clear sky became visible. Then again it seemed that these black spots were clouds. Now it seemed that the heaven was high, high above the head; and now the heaven descended so low that it could be touched with the hand.

Pétya began to shut his eyes and to sway to and fro.

Drops fell. Men talked in a whisper. Horses neighed and fought with each other. Some one snored.

"Ozhig-zhig, ozhig-zhig," wailed the sword in whetting, and suddenly Pétya heard a concordant choir of music playing some unknown, solemn hymn. Pétya was musical like Natásha, and more so than Nikoláy, but he had never studied music, and so the airs that came to him were especially new and attractive to him. The music played more and more audibly. The tune spread out, and passed from one instrument to another. It turned into what is called a fugue, though Pétya did not have the slightest conception of what a fugue was. Every instrument, now resembling a violin, and now a horn, — but better and purer than either violin or horn, — every instrument played its part and, before finishing its air, blended with another instrument, which began almost the same, and with a third, and a fourth, and all blended into one

and again scattered, and again blended, now into something solemn and ecclesiastic, and now into something brilliant and victorious.

"Yes, it is only a dream," Pétya said to himself, lurching forward. "It is in my ears. And maybe it is my music. Well, again! Let her go, my music! Well!"

He closed his eyes. And from every side, as though from afar, sounds quivered, began to run together, to scatter, to blend, and again to unite into the same sweet and solemn hymn. "Oh, how charming! As much as I want, and as I want!" Pétya said to himself. He tried to direct this enormous choir of instruments.

"Softer, softer,—die down now!" And the sounds obeyed him. "Now fuller, merrier! More, more joyful yet!" And from an unknown depth rose more powerful, triumphant sounds. "Voices, join in!" Pétya commanded. And at first men's voices, and then women's voices, were heard from afar. The voices rose in an even triumphant effort. Pétya felt terror and joy as he listened to their unusual beauty.

With the triumphant, victorious march was blended a song, and the drops dropped, and zhig-zhig-zhig whined the sword, and again the horses quarrelled and neighed, without disturbing the choir, but joining it.

Pétya did not know how long it had lasted: he enjoyed the sensation, all the time marvelled at his enjoyment, and was sorry that there was no one to communicate it to. Likhachév's kind voice woke him.

"It is done, your Honour! It will do for two Frenchmen!"

Pétya woke up.

"Day is breaking, truly it is!" he shouted.

The horses, hitherto invisible, could now be seen down to their tails, and through the bared branches glinted the misty light. Pétya shook himself, drew a rouble from his pocket and gave it to Likhachév, swung his sword to try

it, and put it back into the sheath. The Cossacks untied the horses and fastened the girths.

"Here is the commander," said Likhachév.

Denísov came out of the guard-house and, calling up Pétya, gave the order to get ready.

XI.

THE horses were picked out in the semidarkness; the girths were tightened, and the men went to their commands. Denísov was standing near the guard-house, giving his last orders. The infantry of the party, plashing with a hundred feet, walked ahead on the road and soon disappeared between the trees in the mist which comes before daybreak. The captain gave some command to the Cossacks. Pétya held his horse by the bridle, waiting in impatience for the command to mount. His face, which he had washed with cold water, and his eyes especially, burned like fire; a chill ran down his back, and his whole body quivered rapidly and evenly.

"Well, is everything of yours ready?" asked Denísov. "Let us have the horses!"

The horses were brought. Denísov grew angry with the Cossack because the girths were weak; after scolding him he mounted. Pétya took hold of the stirrup. His horse, as usual, wanted to bite his leg, but Pétya, without feeling his weight, quickly jumped into the saddle and, looking back at the hussars behind him, who had started in the darkness, rode up to Denísov.

"Vasíli Fédorovich, will you give me a command? Please, for God's sake —" he said.

Denísov seemed to have forgotten Pétya's existence. He looked back at him.

"I ask this much of you," he said, sternly, "to obey me and not to push yourself forward."

During the whole ride, Denísov did not speak a word to Pétya, and rode on in silence. When they reached the edge of the forest, it was already getting light in the fields. Denísov said something in a whisper to the captain, and the Cossacks rode past Pétya and Denísov. When they had all gone by, Denísov touched his horse and rode down-hill. The horses fell down on their haunches and slid down into the ravine with their riders. Pétya was riding by Denísov's side. The chill kept growing stronger and stronger in his whole body. It grew lighter and lighter, and only the mist concealed the distant objects. After reaching the bottom and looking around, Denísov nodded to a Cossack who was standing near him.

"The signal!" he said. The Cossack raised his hand and a shot was fired. And at the same moment was heard the tramp of horses galloping in front, and shouts on all sides, and again shots were fired.

At the very moment that the first sounds of the tramping and the shouting were heard, Pétya, striking his horse and giving it the reins, galloped ahead, without listening to Denísov, who was calling him. It seemed to Pétya that the very minute the shot was fired it grew as light as in the middle of the day. He galloped to the bridge. In front of him, along the road, raced the Cossacks. On the bridge he ran against a Cossack who had fallen behind, and rode on again. In front, some men, — no doubt Frenchmen, — were running from the right side of the road to the left. One of them fell down into the mud under the feet of Pétya's horse.

At a hut Cossacks were crowding together and doing something. From the middle of the throng rose a terrible cry. Pétya galloped up to it, and the first thing he saw was the pale face of a Frenchman, with a trembling nether jaw, holding on to the wood of the lance which was directed against him.

"Hurrah! Boys — our men —" shouted Pétya, and,

giving his excited horse the reins, he galloped on along the road.

In front shots were heard. Cossacks, hussars, and tattered Russian prisoners, running from both sides of the road, were all shouting in loud, discordant voices. A dashing, hatless Frenchman, with a red, frowning face, dressed in a blue mantle, was defending himself against the hussars with his bayonet. As Pétya came up, the Frenchman had already fallen. "Again too late!" it flashed through Pétya's head, and he rode on to where he heard frequent shots. The fusilade took place in the yard of the estate where he had been the night before with Dólokhov. The Frenchmen entrenched themselves there behind the wicker fence, in the dense undergrowth of the garden, and shot at the Cossacks who were crowding at the gate. Riding up to the gate, Pétya saw Dólokhov in the smoke: his face looked pale and green, and he was shouting to his men. "Outflank them! Wait for the infantry!" he cried as Pétya rode up to him.

"To wait? Hurrah!" cried Pétya, and, without waiting a minute, he galloped up to the place from which proceeded the shots, and where the powder smoke was getting denser and denser. A volley was heard; bullets whistled past, and plashed against something. The Cossacks and Dólokhov rode after Pétya through the gate. The Frenchmen, in the quivering dense smoke, either threw away their arms and ran out of the bushes toward the Cossacks, or rushed down-hill toward the pond. Pétya raced on his horse down the manor yard, and, instead of holding his reins, strangely and swiftly waved both his arms, and more and more fell from his saddle toward one side. The horse ran up against a camp-fire burning low in the morning light, and stopped short, and Pétya fell heavily on the wet ground. The Cossacks saw his arms and his leg jerk rapidly, though his head did not move. A bullet had pierced his head.

Having parleyed with the senior French officer, who had come out from behind the house with a handkerchief on his sword, and had announced that they surrendered, Dólokhov dismounted and went up to Pétya, who was lying motionless, with outstretched arms.

"Done for," he said, frowning. He walked up toward Denísov, who was riding through the gate.

"Killed?" cried Denísov, who had seen from afar the familiar, unquestionably lifeless position of Pétya's body.

"Done for," repeated Dólokhov, as though the enunciation of this word gave him pleasure, and he quickly walked over to the prisoners whom the precipitous Cossacks were surrounding. "We will not take any!" he shouted to Denísov.

Denísov made no reply. He rode up to Pétya, dismounted, and with trembling hands turned toward him Pétya's blood-stained and mud-bespattered face, which was already grown pale.

"I am used to something sweet. Superb raisins, take them all!" he recalled his words. The Cossacks looked back in surprise at the sounds resembling the barking of a dog with which Denísov quickly turned around, walked over to the fence, and took hold of it.

Pierre Bezúkhi was among the number of Russian prisoners set free by Denísov and Dólokhov.

XII.

No new order was issued by the French authorities concerning the party of captives, among whom was Pierre, during the whole time of the retreat from Moscow. This party on October 22d was no longer with those troops and baggage-trains with which it had left Moscow. Half of the train with hardtack, which followed them the first few days, was captured by the Cossacks, while the other half preceded them; of all the cavalrymen on foot, who had walked in front, not one was left; they all disappeared. The artillery, which during the first days' marches could be seen ahead, was now replaced by the immense baggage-trains of Marshal Junot, under an escort of Westphalians. Behind the prisoners travelled a train of cavalry belongings.

From Vyázma on, the French troops, which before had marched in three columns, walked in one mass. The disorder, the first signs of which had been observed by Pierre at the first resting-place after leaving Moscow, now reached the highest point.

The road over which they marched was covered on both sides with dead horses; ragged men, who had fallen behind from various commands, now joined the marching column, and now left it.

False alarms were given several times during the march, and the soldiers of the convoy raised their guns, fired, and ran headlong, crushing one another; then again assembled and cursed each other for the groundless terror.

The three masses that were marching together, the cav-

alry stores, the band of prisoners, and Junot's baggage, — all that still formed something separate and distinct, but even they melted away rapidly.

In the cavalry-train, in which there had been at first 120 wagons, now only sixty were left; the others had been captured, or were abandoned. From Junot's train, too, several carts were abandoned or captured. Three carts were looted by straggling soldiers from Davout's corps. From the conversation of the Germans, Pierre learned that more guards were given to this train than to the prisoners, and that one of their companions, a German soldier, had been shot by command of the marshal himself because a silver spoon belonging to the marshal was found about his person.

Of the three masses the one of the prisoners had melted away most. Out of the 330 men that had left Moscow less than one hundred were still on the march. The prisoners were more troublesome to the soldiers of the convoy than the saddles of the cavalry stores and Junot's baggage. They could see that the saddles and Junot's spoons might be good for something, but why cold, hungry soldiers should stand on guard and watch just such cold, hungry Russians, who died and fell behind, and whom they were ordered to shoot, was incomprehensible to them, and the duty was even repulsive. The guards, as though fearing in the sad state they themselves were in to abandon themselves to their innate feeling of pity for the prisoners, and thus to make their own condition worse, treated them with peculiar harshness.

In Dorogobúzh the prisoners were locked up in a stable, while the soldiers of the convoy went away to loot their own stores; a few of the captive soldiers dug under the wall and ran away, but were caught by the French and shot.

The order which had been introduced in starting from Moscow in respect to the captive officers, who were to

march separately from the soldiers, had long ago been disregarded; all those who could walk went together, and Pierre since the third day's rest had joined Karatáev and his lilac-coloured bow-legged dog, which had selected Karatáev for its master.

On the third day after leaving Moscow, Karatáev again fell ill with the fever, which had brought him to the Moscow hospital, and in proportion as Karatáev grew weaker, Pierre kept more and more aloof from him. Pierre did not know why, but ever since Karatáev grew feeble, he had had to make an effort over himself to walk up to him. And when he did walk over to him and heard the low wail with which Karatáev lay down at the halting-places, and smelled the strong evaporations which emanated from the sick man, he walked a distance away from him and did not think of him.

In his captivity, in the booth, Pierre had learned, not through reason, but with his whole being, that man is created for happiness, that happiness lies within him, in the gratification of his natural, human needs, and that the whole misfortune comes not from deprivation, but from superabundance; during the last three weeks of his march, he came to learn a new, consoling truth, — namely, that in this world there is nothing terrible. He learned that as there is no condition in the world in which man can be happy and completely free, so there is none in which he is unhappy and not free. He learned that there is a limit to suffering and a limit to freedom, and that this limit is very near; that the man who suffered because on his couch of roses a single leaf was folded suffered as much as he did now, falling asleep on the bare, damp earth, chilling one side of his body, and warming the other; that when he used to put on his tight dancing shoes, he suffered just as much as now, when he was walking entirely barefoot (his foot-gear had fallen to pieces), and with his feet all blistered. He learned that

when he had married, of his own will, as he had thought, he had not been freer than he was now when they locked him up for the night in a stable.

Of everything which he later called suffering, but of which at that time he hardly was conscious, the worst were his bare, chafed, callous feet. (The horse-flesh was savoury and nourishing; the saltpetre flavour of the powder, which was used instead of salt, was even agreeable; the cold was not intense, and in daytime, during the march, he always felt warm, while at night he had a camp-fire; the vermin that ate him up warmed his body.) The one thing that troubled him at first was his feet.

After the second day's march he examined his sores at the camp-fire and thought that it would be impossible for him to step on his feet again; but when all rose he limped along, and later, when he warmed himself up, he marched without pain, though at night his feet looked more terrible. But he did not glance at them, and thought of something different.

Pierre now for the first time understood the whole power of a man's vitality and the saving power of transferred attention, which is inherent in man, and resembles that safety-valve in steam-boilers, which allows the superfluous steam to escape, the moment its density rises above a certain norm.

He did not see nor hear them shoot the prisoners who fell behind, though more than a hundred had perished in this manner. He did not think of Karatáev, who was getting weaker from day to day and evidently would soon suffer the same fate. Still less did he think of himself. The more difficult his position became, the more terrible his future was, the more independent of that position in which he was were the joyous and soothing thoughts, reminiscences, and representations that occurred to him.

XIII.

On the 22d, at noon, Pierre was marching up-hill along a muddy, slippery road, looking at his feet and at the unevenness of the way. Now and then he glanced at the familiar crowd that surrounded him, and again at his feet. Both were equally his, and familiar to him. Lilac-coloured, bow-legged Gray ran merrily at one side of the road, occasionally giving evidence of his agility and contentment by raising one hind leg and jumping about on three legs, and then again rushing on all fours and barking against the crows that were sitting on the carcasses. Gray was happier and sleeker than he had been in Moscow. On all sides lay the flesh of all kinds of animals, human and equine, in all stages of decomposition; the marching men did not permit the wolves to make for them, and so Gray had enough to eat.

It had been drizzling since morning, and it looked as though it would stop at any moment, and the sky would clear off, when after a short stop the rain began to fall more heavily. The rain-soaked road did not absorb any more water, and streamlets ran along the ruts.

Pierre kept looking to either side, counting his steps by threes, and bending his fingers. Turning to the rain, he said, mentally: "Go ahead, go ahead! Let us have more of it!"

He thought he was not thinking of anything; but, somewhere in the depth of him his soul was thinking an important and consoling thought. This thought was

a refined spiritual essence from his conversation with Karatáev on the previous night.

The night before, Pierre, chilled at the fire which had gone out, rose and went over to the nearest camp-fire, which was still aglow. There sat Platón, covering his head with his mantle, as with a cassock, and telling the soldiers, in his brisk and agreeable, but weak and sickly voice, a story which was familiar to Pierre. It was past midnight. It was the time when Karatáev generally revived from his attack of fever and was unusually animated. As Pierre walked over to the camp-fire and heard Platón's feeble, sickly voice, and saw his pitiful face, brightly lighted up by the fire, he was suddenly stung to the quick. He became frightened at his compassion for this man and wanted to go away, but there was no other fire, and so Pierre sat down, trying not to look at Platón.

"Well, how is your health?" he asked.

"My health? If you complain of your illness, God will give you no death," said Karatáev, immediately returning to his story.

"And so, my friend," continued Platón, with a smile on his lean, pale face, and with a peculiar, joyful sparkle in his eyes. "So, my friend — "

Pierre knew this story well, for Karatáev had told it to him five or six times, each time with a peculiar, joyous feeling. And yet, though he knew it well, he now listened to it as to something new, and the quiet enthusiasm which Karatáev evidently experienced in telling it was communicated to Pierre. It was the story of an old merchant, who had lived in the fear of God with his family, and once went with his companion, a rich merchant, to the fair of St. Macarius.

Having stopped at a tavern, the two merchants fell asleep, and on the following morning the merchant's companion was found with his throat cut, and robbed. A blood-stained knife was found under the pillow of the

old merchant. He was tried, punished with the knout, and, having his nostrils pulled out, "as is proper," said Karatáev, "was sent to hard labour."

"And so, my friends" (it was at this point that Pierre came up to Karatáev), "ten years or more passed after this affair. The old man lives at hard labour. He submits, as is proper, and does no one any harm. All he does is to ask God to send him death. Very well. And it happened that the convicts gathered at night, just as you and I are gathered now, and the old man was with them. And they began to converse about why each suffered, and in what he was guilty toward God. They began to tell: one had killed a man, another two men; one had committed arson, another was simply a vagrant, had done nothing. They began to ask the old man: 'Why are you suffering, grandfather?' 'I, my dear friends,' says he, 'am suffering for my own sins and for other people's sins. I have neither killed, nor taken other men's property, but have given to mendicants. I, my dear friends, am a merchant: I had great wealth. It was so and so,' says he. And he told them the whole thing as it had happened. 'I,' says he, 'have no care for myself. God has sought me out. But I am sorry for my wife and my children.' And the old man began to weep. There happened to be in that company the very man who had killed the merchant. 'Where, grandfather, did it happen?' says he. 'When, in what month?' and he asked every detail. His heart pained him. And he walked over to the old man and — plump! — fell down before his feet. 'You are suffering for my sake, old man!' says he. 'I am telling the truth, boys! He is being tormented for nothing, without any guilt. It is I who did this deed and placed the knife under the sleeping man's head. Forgive me, grandfather, for Christ's sake!'"

Karatáev kept silence, smiling joyously, looking at the fire, and fixing a stick in it.

"Says the old man: 'God will forgive you, but we,' says he, 'are all sinful before God. I am suffering for my own sins,' he wept bitter tears. What do you think, my little falcon?" said Karatáev, growing brighter and brighter, and beaming with a smile of transport. "What do you think, my little falcon? This murderer confessed to the authorities. 'I,' says he, 'have killed six men' (he was a great malefactor), 'but I am most sorry for the old man. Let him not suffer for me!' He confessed: they wrote his confession down, and sent a paper as was proper. It was a distant place, and between trials and examinations, and writing up a lot of papers, much time passed. It was brought before the Tsar. And so there came the Tsar's ukase to let out the merchant, and to reward him as much as was decreed. The paper came, and they began to look for the old man. Where was the old man that suffered without having committed any crime? A paper has come from the Tsar. They began to look for him." Karatáev's lower jaw quivered. "But God had pardoned him already,—he was dead. Yes, my little falcon," finished Karatáev. He for a long time looked ahead of him, smiling in silence.

Not the story itself, but its mysterious sense, that joy of transport which shone on Karatáev's face while he was telling it, the mysterious meaning of this joy, was what now dimly and joyously filled Pierre's soul.

XIV.

"*A vos places!*" suddenly was heard a shout. Among the prisoners and the guards took place a joyful confusion, as though in expectancy of something happy and solemn. On all sides could be heard words of command, and, on the left, trotting past the prisoners, appeared well-dressed cavalrymen, riding fine horses. On all the faces there was an expression of tension, such as people show when superior officers are near. The prisoners assembled in a solid mass, and they were pushed off the road. The guards drew up.

"*L'Empereur, l'Empereur! Le maréchal! Le duc!*" And the well-fed Guards had barely passed, when a carriage drawn by gray horses in tandem rumbled by. Pierre just caught a glimpse of the calm, handsome, fat, white face of a man in a three-cornered hat. It was one of the marshals. The marshal's glance was directed at Pierre's tall, noticeable figure, and in the expression with which the marshal frowned and turned his face away, Pierre thought he saw compassion and a desire to conceal it.

The general who was in charge of the cavalry stores, a man with a red, frightened face, riding his lean horse, galloped behind the carriage. Several officers came together, and the soldiers surrounded them. All had agitated, tense faces.

"*Qu'est-ce qu'il a dit? Qu'est-ce qu'il a dit?*" was the question Pierre heard them ask.

During the marshal's visit, the prisoners assembled in

a mass, and Pierre saw Karatáev, whom he had not seen that day. He was sitting, in his miserable mantle, leaning against a birch-tree. In his face there gleamed, in addition to the joyous humility, which had appeared the night before during his recital about the suffering of the innocent merchant, another expression of calm solemnity.

Karatáev looked at Pierre with his kindly round eyes, now veiled by tears, and apparently beckoned to him, as though he wanted to say something to him. But Pierre felt terribly. He acted as though he had not noticed Karatáev's glance, and hastened away.

When the prisoners again started, Pierre looked back. Karatáev was sitting at the edge of the road, against the birch-tree, and two Frenchmen were talking near him. Pierre did not look back again. He went limping uphill.

Behind him, in the spot where Karatáev had been sitting, a shot was heard. Pierre heard it clearly, but just as it was fired, he recalled that he had not yet finished the calculation, which he had begun before the arrival of the marshal, of how many days' marches were still left to Smolénsk. He began to count. The two French soldiers, one of whom was holding the smoking gun in his hand, ran past Pierre. They were both pale, and in the expression of their faces — one of them looked timidly at Pierre — there was something resembling that which he had seen in the young soldier at the execution. Pierre looked at the soldier, and he recalled that two days before this soldier had burnt his shirt while drying it at the fire, and that all had laughed at him.

The dog began to whine near the place where Karatáev had been sitting. "How stupid! What is it whining about?" thought Pierre.

The captive soldiers, too, who were marching with Pierre did not look back at the place from which the shot was fired, nor did they pay any attention to the dog's whining; but a stern expression lay on all the faces.

XV.

THE stores, the prisoners, and the marshal's baggage stopped in the village of Shámshevo. All were gathered about the camp-fires. Pierre went up to one, ate a horse-flesh roast, lay down with his back to the fire, and immediately fell asleep. He again slept the same sleep as at Mozháysk, after Borodinó.

Again the events of the day mingled with his dreams, and again some one, he himself or some one else, expressed certain thoughts to him, nay, the same thoughts as at Mozháysk.

"Life is everything. Life is God. Everything changes and moves, and this motion is God. And while there is life, there is the enjoyment of the self-consciousness of the Divinity. To love life is to love God. It is most difficult and most blissful to love this life during suffering, during unmerited suffering.

"Karatáev!" Pierre thought.

And suddenly there appeared before him, as though alive, his meek old teacher who in Switzerland had taught him geography. "Wait!" said the old man. And he showed Pierre a sphere. This sphere was a living, quivering ball without dimensions. The whole surface of the globe consisted of densely compressed drops. And these drops moved, permuted, and blended, or divided and multiplied. Every drop tended to spread and take up as much space as possible, but other drops, having the same tendency, compressed it, or destroyed it, or blended with it.

"This is life!" said the old teacher.

"How simple and how clear!" thought Pierre. "Why did I not know it before?"

"In the middle is God, and every drop tends to spread, in order to reflect him in the greatest possible dimensions. And it grows, and blends, and is compressed and annihilated at the surface, goes into the depth, and again swims out. There is Karatáev, — he has spread out, and is gone. *Vous avez compris, mon enfant?*" asked the teacher.

"*Vous avez compris, sacré nom?*" a voice was heard, and Pierre awoke.

He raised himself and sat up. At the fire squatted a Frenchman, who had just pushed aside a Russian soldier, and was roasting a piece of meat on a ramrod. The muscular, hirsute, red arms had the sleeves rolled up, and his short fingers nimbly turned the ramrod. His cinnamon-coloured, gloomy face, with its overhanging eyebrows, could be clearly seen in the light of the coals.

"*Ça lui est bien égal,*" he growled, quickly turning to a soldier who was standing behind him. "*Brigand! Va!*" And the soldier, turning his ramrod, looked gloomily at Pierre. Pierre turned away and looked at the shadow. A Russian prisoner, the one that the Frenchman had pushed aside, was sitting at the fire and patting something. Upon looking more closely Pierre recognized the lilac-coloured little dog, which, wagging its tail, was sitting near the soldier.

"Oh, you have come?" said Pierre. "And Plat— " he began, but did not finish his sentence. In his imagination simultaneously rose, blending with each other, the memory of the glance which Platón, sitting under the tree, had cast upon him; of the shot which he had heard there; of the whining of the dog; of the criminal faces of the two Frenchmen who ran past him; of the smoking gun in the hand of one of them; of Karatáev's absence at

the halting-place, — and he was ready to comprehend that Karatáev was killed, but at the identical moment in his soul arose, God knows how, the recollection of an evening passed by him with a Polish beauty, in the summer, on the balcony of his Kíev house. And so, after all, without uniting the recollections of the day or making any deductions, Pierre closed his eyes, and the picture of a summer day mingled with the recollection of bathing, and of the liquid, quivering sphere, and he dropped somewhere into the water, which passed over his head.

Before sunrise he was wakened by loud, frequent volleys and shouts. Frenchmen ran past Pierre.

"*Les cosaques!*" one of them cried, and a minute later a crowd of Russian faces surrounded Pierre.

Pierre could not for a long time understand what was happening. On all sides he heard his companions sob from joy.

"Brothers! Dearest!" the old soldiers cried, weeping, and embracing the Cossacks and the hussars. The hussars and the Cossacks surrounded the prisoners and hurriedly offered them garments, and boots, and bread. Pierre sobbed, sitting among them, and was unable to utter a word; he embraced the first soldier who passed near him and, weeping, kissed him.

Dólokhov was standing at the gate of the ruined house, allowing the disarmed throng of Frenchmen to pass by him. The Frenchmen, agitated by all that had happened, were conversing loudly with each other; but as they walked by Dólokhov, who lightly switched his boots with his whip, and looked at them with his cold, glassy eyes, which portended no good, their conversation stopped. On the other side stood Dólokhov's Cossack, counting the prisoners and marking each hundred with a piece of chalk on the gate.

"How many are there?" Dólokhov asked the Cossack.

"The second hundred," replied the Cossack.

"*Filez, filez,*" said Dólokhov, who had learned this expression from the French. As his eyes met the glances of the prisoners who were walking past, they betrayed a cruel sparkle.

Denísov, holding his cap in his hand, was walking with a saddened face behind some Cossacks who were carrying the body of Pétya Rostóv to a grave dug in the garden.

XVI.

BEGINNING with October 28th, when the frosts began, the flight of the French assumed a more tragical character of freezing or roasting to death at the camp-fires, while the emperor, the kings, and the dukes travelled in fur coats in carriages; but, in reality, the process of the flight and of the decomposition of the French army had not changed in the least.

From Moscow to Vyázma, out of an army of seventy-three thousand, without counting the Guard (which did nothing during the whole war but pillage), out of the French army of seventy-three thousand men only thirty-six thousand were left (not more than five thousand had fallen out as the result of battles). This is the first member of the progression, from which the succeeding members can be figured out with mathematical exactness. The French army melted away in the same proportion from Moscow to Vyázma, from Vyázma to Smolénsk, from Smolénsk to the Berézina, from the Berézina to Vílna, independently of the greater or lesser degree of cold, pursuit, barring of the way, and all other conditions taken singly. After Vyázma the French troops were huddled together into one mass, instead of marching in three columns, and thus proceeded to the end. Berthier wrote to his emperor (we know how far the chiefs depart from the truth when they describe the condition of an army). He wrote:

"I deem it my duty to inform your Majesty of the state of your troops in the different corps of the army,

which I have observed in the last two or three days in various places. They are almost disbanded. The number of soldiers who follow their standards is at most in the proportion of one to four in all the regiments; the others march by themselves in every direction, on their own account, in the hope of finding subsistence and escaping discipline. In general, they regard Smolénsk as the place where they will rest. During the last few days it has been observed that the soldiers throw away their cartouches and their arms. In this state of affairs, the interests of your Majesty's service demand, whatever its ulterior ends, that the army be rallied at Smolénsk by beginning to free it from the non-combatants, such as dismounted men, useless baggage, and artillery, which is no longer in proper proportion to the active forces. In addition to a few days of rest, subsistence must be provided to the soldiers, who are exhausted from hunger and fatigue; many have died in the last few days on the road and in the bivouacs. This state of affairs is getting worse and worse and gives rise to the apprehension that, if measures are not taken at once, we shall lose control of the troops in a combat. — November 9th, at thirty versts from Smolénsk."

Rolling into Smolénsk, which presented itself to them as the promised land, the Frenchmen killed each other for the provisions, looted their own magazines, and, when everything was pillaged, ran ahead.

All marched, not knowing themselves whither or wherefore. Least of all did that genius, Napoleon, know, for no one commanded him. None the less he and those who surrounded him observed their old habits: wrote orders, letters, reports, orders of the day, called each other, "*Sire, Mon Cousin, Prince d'Eckmühl, Roi de Naples,*" and so forth. But the orders and reports were only on paper; nothing was carried out according to them, because nothing could be carried out, and, in spite of

calling each other "Highness, Majesty, and Cousins," they all felt that they were miserable people, who had done much evil, for which they now had to pay. And, although they pretended to be caring for the army, they were each one of them thinking only of how they could get away the quickest, and save themselves.

XVII.

THE actions of the Russian and the French armies during the reverse campaign from Moscow to the Nyéman resemble the game of blind man's buff, when two of the players are blindfolded and one of them now and then rings a bell to inform the one who catches of his whereabouts. At first he rings, because he is not afraid of the enemy; but when he gets into a tight place, he tries to step softly and run away from him, but, instead, runs straight into his hands.

At first the Napoleonic army gave signs of its whereabouts, — this was during its first period of moving along the Kalúga road; but later, when it reached the Smolénsk road, it ran, holding down the clapper of the bell, and, when it thought that it was running away, it fell straight into the hands of the Russians.

With the rapidity with which the French were fleeing and the Russians pursuing them, and on account of the exhaustion of the horses, the chief means for learning approximately the position of the enemy — cavalry reconnaissances — did not exist. Besides, on account of the rapid and frequent changes of positions of both armies, the information, such as it was, could never arrive in time. If the information was received on the 2d that the army of the enemy had been in such and such a place on the 1st, it had made two days' marches by the 3d, when anything could be undertaken, and already occupied a different position.

One army ran, the other was in pursuit. From Smo-

lénsk several roads were open to the French; and, it would seem that, having remained there four days, the French might have found out where the enemy was, made some advantageous combinations, and undertaken something new. But, after a four days' rest, their crowds again started to run, not to the right, nor to the left, but, without any manœuvres or considerations, over the old and worst possible road, toward Krásnoe and Orshá, — over the beaten track.

Expecting the enemy from behind, and not in front of them, the Frenchmen ran, stretched out and separated from each other over a space of a twenty-four hours' march. In front ran the emperor; then, the kings; then, the dukes. The Russian army, thinking that Napoleon would turn to the right, toward the Dnieper, which was the only sensible thing for him to do, itself turned to the right and came out on the highway near Krásnoe. And here, as in the game of blind man's buff, the Frenchmen stumbled on the vanguard. Suddenly seeing the enemy, the French became confused, stopped in the suddenness of their fright, then started to run, abandoning their companions behind them. Here, as though passing between the lines of Russian troops, marched for three days in succession the separate parts of the French army, first the viceroys, then Davout, and finally Ney. They all of them abandoned one another, threw away all their baggage, their artillery, half of their people, and ran, making at night a semicircle around the Russians.

Ney, who was marching last, because (in spite of their miserable plight, or, perhaps, for this very reason, they wanted to strike the floor against which they had hurt themselves) he had been busy demolishing the walls of Smolénsk, which had done no one any harm, — Ney, who was marching last with his corps of ten thousand men, reached Napoleon at Orshá with only one thousand men, having abandoned his men and all the cannon, and

having stealthily, in the night, made his way through the woods and across the Dnieper.

From Orshá they ran on along the road to Vílna, again playing blind man's buff with the pursuing army. At the Berézina they again became confused; many were drowned; many surrendered; but those who crossed the river, ran ahead. Their chief commander put on a fur coat and, seating himself in a sleigh, raced away, abandoning his comrades. They who could, drove away; who could not, surrendered or died.

XVIII.

It would seem that in this campaign of the flight of the French, when they did all they could in order to prepare their ruin, when not in one movement of this mass, from its turning on the Kalúga road up to the flight of the chief from the army, was there the slighest sense, — it would seem that during this period of the campaign it would be impossible for the historians who ascribe the actions of the masses to the will of one man to describe this retreat in such a sense. But no. Mountains of books have been written by the historians about this campaign, and everywhere are described Napoleon's orders and his profound plans, — the manœuvres by which the army was guided, — and the ingenious orders of his marshals.

The retreat from Mály Yaroslávets, when the road into a fertile country was left to him, and when that parallel road was open, over which later Kutúzov pursued him, the useless retreat over a devastated road is explained to us by various ingenious combinations. With similar ingenious combinations is described Napoleon's retreat from Smolénsk to Orshá. Then is described his heroism at Krásnoe, where, they say, he prepared himself to accept battle and personally to take the command, as he walked with a birch stick and said :

"*J'ai assez fait l'Empereur, — il est temps de faire le général !*"

In spite of this, he soon started running again, leaving

to their fate the dismembered parts of his army, which were behind him.

Then they describe to us the magnanimity of the marshals, especially of Ney, — the magnanimity, which consisted in making his way at night through the woods and across the Dnieper, and reaching Orshá without the flags, or artillery, or nine-tenths of the army.

Finally, the last departure of the great emperor from the heroic army is presented to us by the historians as something grand and ingenious. Even this last act of his flight, which in human language is called the lowest stage of baseness, which even a child learns to abhor, even this act is justified by the historians.

When it is no longer possible to stretch farther the elastic threads of historic considerations, when the action most obviously contradicts that which all humanity calls good and even just, there appears with the historians the saving clause about grandeur. Grandeur, as it were, excludes the possibility of a measure of good and bad. For the great man there is no bad. There is no horror of which the great man can be accused.

"*C'est grand!*" say the historians, and then there is no longer the conception of good and bad, but only of "*grand*" and not "*grand.*" What is "*grand*" is good, what is not "*grand*" is bad. "*Grand,*" according to their conceptions, is the attribute of certain animals called by them "heroes." And thus Napoleon, escaping homewards in a warm fur coat, running away, not only from his perishing comrades, but (as they assert) from men whom he has brought there, feels "*que c'est grand,*" and his soul is at peace.

"*Du sublime*" (he saw something sublime in himself) "*au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas,*" he said. And the whole world has been repeating: "*Sublime! Grand! Napoléon le grand! Du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas.*"

And it does not occur to any one that the recognition of grandeur which is not measured by the measure of goodness and badness is only the recognition of one's own insignificance and immeasurable smallness.

For us, with the measure of the good and the bad, given to us by Christ, there is no such thing as the immeasurable. And there is no grandeur where there is no simplicity, no good, and no truth.

XIX.

WHAT Russian, reading the description of the last period of the campaign of 1812, has not experienced a painful, annoying feeling of unsatisfied desire and perplexity! Who has not asked himself: why were not all the French captured and destroyed, since all three armies surrounded them in superior numbers; since the disbanded Frenchmen, starving and freezing, surrendered in large groups; and since (as history tells us) the aim of the Russians consisted precisely in arresting, cutting off, and capturing all the French?

How is it that the Russian army, which, weaker in numbers than the French, gave battle at Borodinó, did not attain its aim, when it surrounded the French on three sides, and when its purpose was to capture them? Is it possible the French were so far superior to us that we, with overwhelming forces and surrounding them, were unable to beat them? How could it have happened?

History (what is called so), replying to these questions, says that this was due to the fact that Kutúzov, and Tórmasov, and Chichagóv, and so and so, did not make such and such manœuvres.

But why did they not make all these manœuvres? Why, if they were to blame for not obtaining the purpose in view, were they not tried and sentenced? But, even if we admit that Kutúzov and Chichagóv, and so forth, were the cause of the Russian *failure*, it still remains incomprehensible why, even under the conditions under which

the Russian troops were at Krásnoe and the Berézina (in either case the Russians had superior forces), the French army was not captured with its marshals, its kings, and its emperor, since this was the purpose of the Russians.

To explain this strange phenomenon (as the Russian military historians do) by saying that Kutúzov impeded this attack is irrelevant, because we know that Kutúzov's will was unable to restrain the army from attacking at Vyázma and Tarútino.

Why was the Russian army, which with inferior forces had obtained a victory at Borodinó over the enemy in his full force, vanquished by the disbanded French troops at Krásnoe and at the Berézina, though it now had superior forces?

If it was the aim of the Russians to cut off and capture Napoleon and the marshals, and this aim was never attained, and even all the attempts at attaining this end were every time frustrated in the most disgraceful manner possible, then the last period of the campaign is quite correctly represented by the French as consisting of a series of victories, and quite incorrectly by the Russian historians as victorious for the Russians.

The Russian military historians, insomuch as logic is obligatory for them, involuntarily come to this conclusion, and, in spite of the lyrical exaltation about valour and loyalty, and so forth, they must involuntarily acknowledge that the retreat of the French from Moscow was a series of victories for Napoleon and of defeats for Kutúzov.

But, leaving entirely aside our national vanity, we feel that this conclusion bears in itself a contradiction, since a series of victories has brought them to complete ruin, while a series of defeats for the Russians has brought them to the complete annihilation of the enemy and the liberation of their country.

The source of this contradiction lies in the fact that the

historians, who study the event from the letters of kings and generals, from reports, plans, etc., assume for the latter part of the campaign of 1812 a non-existent, false purpose of cutting off and capturing Napoleon with his marshals and troops.

There never was such an aim, and there could not have been, because it had no sense, and its realization was absolutely impossible.

This aim had no sense, in the first place, because Napoleon's disorganized army was fleeing at full speed from Russia, that is, was doing that which each Russian might have wished. Why, then, should various operations have been performed on the French who were running as fast as they could?

In the second place, it was senseless to get into the way of men whose whole energy was directed toward flight.

Thirdly, it was senseless to lose the Russian troops for the purpose of destroying the French troops, which, without any external causes, were melting down in such proportion that, without barring their way, they were not able to take across the border more than they actually took across in December, that is, one-hundredth part of all their men.

Fourthly, it was senseless to wish to capture the emperor, the kings, the dukes, — men whose captivity would have hampered the actions of the Russians exceedingly, as the most skilful diplomatists of the time (J. Maistre and others) have pointed out. Still more senseless was the desire to capture a French corps when our own troops had melted to half their numbers by the time they reached Krásnoe, when to each corps of prisoners a division of guards would have to be attached, and when our own soldiers did not always receive sufficient provisions, and such of the prisoners as had already been taken were starving.

The whole deep-laid plan about cutting off and captur-

ing Napoleon with his army was like that plan of the gardener who, driving out of his garden the cow which has tramped over his beds, runs up to the gate and begins to strike the cow on her head. All that could be said in justification of the gardener would be that he was very angry. But this could not have been said of the authors of the project because they did not suffer from the ruined beds.

But the cutting off of Napoleon with his army was not only senseless, — it was impossible.

It was impossible, in the first place, because, as is seen from experience, the movement of columns on a territory of five versts in one battle never coincides with the plans, and because, therefore, the probability that Chichagóv, Kutúzov, and Wittgenstein should meet in time at an appointed place was so insignificant as to be an impossibility; thus thought Kutúzov, who, in receiving the plan, remarked that diversions on great extents of territory do not bring the desired results.

In the second place, it was impossible because, in order to paralyze the power of inertia with which Napoleon's army was retreating, incomparably larger troops would have been needed than what the Russians actually possessed.

Thirdly, it was impossible because the military word "to cut off" has no sense whatever. We can cut off a piece of bread, but not an army. To cut off an army, to bar its way, is quite impossible, because there are always places around about to go by, and there is the night during which nothing is seen, a fact of which the learned military writers could convince themselves from the examples of Krásnoe and of Borodinó. It is impossible to capture any one, unless the one who is to be captured agrees to it, just as it is impossible to catch a swallow, though one may take it when it settles down on the hand. One may capture any one who surrenders, as the

Germans were captured, according to the rules of strategy and tactics. But the French troops quite naturally found this disadvantageous, since starvation and cold awaited them alike in captivity and in flight.

Fourthly, and chiefly, this was impossible because never, since the world has existed, has a war been waged under more terrible conditions than was the war of 1812, and the Russian troops in pursuing the Frenchmen strained all their strength and could not have done more, without annihilating themselves.

In the movement of the Russian army from Tarútino to Krásnoe there fell out fifty thousand men in sick and stragglers, that is, a number equal to the population of a large provincial town. Half the people fell out of the army without battles.

And it is of this period of the campaign, when the troops, without boots or fur coats, with insufficient provisions, without vódka, sleep in the snow at fifteen degrees Réaumur below zero; when the days are only seven or eight hours long, and the rest is night, during which there can be no influence of discipline; when men are not introduced into the sphere of death for a few hours, as in battles, but for months in succession live struggling all the time against death from freezing and starvation; when in a month half the army perishes, — it is of this period of the campaign that the historians tell us that Milorádovich ought to have made a flank march to such and such a place, and Tórmasov was to have been here, and Chichagóv ought to have moved there (moved more than knee-deep in snow), and that so and so overthrew and cut off, and so forth, and so forth.

The Russians, half of whom had died, did all that could have been done and ought to have been done in order to obtain the aim worthy of the nation, and are not to blame because other Russians who sat in warm rooms proposed to do the impossible.

All this strange and now incomprehensible contradiction between the fact and the historical description arises from this, that the historians, who wrote of this event, wrote a history of the fair sentiments and words of various generals, and not a history of the event.

They are most interested in the words of Milorádovich, in the rewards which such and such a general received, and in their conceptions; but the question about the fifty thousand men who were left in the hospitals and in the graves does not even interest them, because it cannot be submitted to investigation.

And yet, it suffices to turn away from the study of reports and general plans, and try to understand the movement of those hundreds of thousands of men who took a direct, immediate part in the event, and all seemingly insoluble questions suddenly, with unusual ease and simplicity, find an indubitable solution.

The aim of cutting off Napoleon with his army never existed, except in the imagination of a dozen men. It could not have existed because it was senseless, and its realization was impossible.

The nation had but one aim, and that was, to clear the country from the invasion. This aim was reached, in the first place by itself, because the French fled, and so this motion ought not to have been retarded. In the second place, this aim was attained by the action of the national war which was destroying the French, and thirdly, because a large Russian army was following up the French, ready to use force in case the motion of the French should have been arrested.

The Russian army had to act like a goad on a fleeing animal. And the experienced driver knew that the most advantageous thing to do was to keep the goad in a threatening attitude, and not to strike the fleeing animal on the head.

PART THE FIFTEENTH

I.

WHEN a man sees a dying animal, terror takes possession of him: what he is himself, his essence, is palpably being destroyed before him, — it ceases to exist. But when the dying being is a man, a beloved man, then, in addition to the feeling of horror experienced before the destruction of life, there is the sensation of rupture and of a spiritual wound which, like a physical wound, sometimes kills, sometimes heals over, but always pains and recoils from an external, irritating touch.

After the death of Prince Andréy, Natásha and Princess Márya were alike conscious of this. Stooping morally and closing their eyes against the threatening, overhanging cloud of death, they did not dare to look into the face of life. They cautiously concealed their open wounds from any offensive, painful contact. Everything, — a carriage driving rapidly along the street, the thought of dinner, the maid's question about a garment to be got ready, or, even more, a word of insincere, feeble sympathy, painfully irritated the wound, seemed to be an insult, and impaired that necessary quiet, when both of them tried to listen to that terrible, stern chorus still resonant in their imagination, and kept them from looking into those mysterious distances which for a moment presented themselves to their view.

Only when the two were together did they not feel

offended or pained. They spoke little to one another. When they talked at all, they mentioned the most insignificant subjects. Both equally avoided referring to matters that had anything to do with the future.

To acknowledge the possibility of a future seemed to them an insult of his memory. With still greater caution did they avoid in their conversations anything that might refer to the deceased man. It seemed to them that what they had passed through and had suffered could not be expressed in words. It seemed to them that any mention of the details of his life impaired the grandeur and sacredness of the mystery which had taken place before their eyes.

The constant reserve of speech, the careful avoidance of anything that might lead up to him, — all this stopping short on the border of what could not be referred to, brought out more clearly and more definitely before their imagination what they felt.

But a full, unalloyed grief is as impossible as a full, unalloyed joy. Princess Márya, in her position as independent mistress of her fate, and as guardian and educator of her nephew, was the first to be called out by life from that world of grief, in which she had lived the first two weeks. She received letters from relatives, which had to be answered ; the room in which her nephew was placed was damp, and he began to cough. Alpátych arrived in Yaroslávl with reports about the state of affairs, and with the proposition that she should go to Moscow and settle in the Vzdvízhenka house, which was intact and demanded only insignificant repairs. Life did not stop, and it was necessary to live. No matter how hard it was for Princess Márya to issue from that world of solitary contemplation, in which she had been living until then ; no matter how sorry she was to leave Natásha alone, the cares of life demanded her attention, and she instinctively surrendered herself to them. She examined

the accounts with Alpátych, counselled with Desalles about her nephew, and made preparations and gave orders for her departure to Moscow.

Natásha remained alone and avoided Princess Márya, while she was getting ready to leave.

Princess Márya begged the countess to let Natásha go with her to Moscow, and both the parents readily consented to this proposition, because they noticed that their daughter's strength was failing more and more, and because they supposed that the change of place and the assistance from the Moscow physicians might be helpful to her.

"I will not go anywhere," replied Natásha, when this proposition was made to her. "Please leave me alone!" she said, running out of the room and with difficulty restraining her tears, not so much of grief, as of annoyance and anger.

After she felt herself abandoned by Princess Márya, and all alone in her grief, she passed most of the time in her room, sitting with her feet in the corner of the divan, tearing something up, or twitching her thin, strained fingers, and fixing her stubborn, motionless glance on whatever her eyes fell upon. This solitude exhausted and tormented her, but was necessary for her. The moment some one came in to see her, she rose rapidly, changed her position and expression of face, and took up a book or some sewing, apparently waiting with impatience for those to leave who were disturbing her.

It seemed to her that she was on the point of grasping and penetrating that on which her mental vision was directed with a terrible question that was above her strength.

In the end of the month of December, thin, pale Natásha, wearing a black woollen dress, and having her hair carelessly braided and tied in a tuft, was sitting with her feet in the corner of the divan, nervously crumpling and

letting out the ends of her belt, and looking at the corner of the door.

She was gazing where he had gone, at the other side of life. And that other side of life, of which she had never thought before, which formerly had appeared so distant and improbable to her, now was nearer, more comprehensible, more her own, than this side of life, in which everything was either emptiness and devastation, or suffering and insult. She was looking there where she knew he was; but she could not see him any other than he had been here. She saw him such as he had been at Mytíshchi, at Tróitsa, in Yarosláv.

She saw his face, heard his voice, and repeated his words and her own, which she had said to him, and occasionally invented new words for him and for herself, such as might have been uttered by them.

There he lay in the armchair, in his velvet coat, leaning his head on his thin, pale arm. His breast was terribly low, and his shoulders were raised. His lips were firmly set, his eyes sparkling, and on his pale forehead leaped and disappeared a wrinkle. One of his legs barely trembled. Natásha knew that he was struggling with an agonizing pain. "What is this pain? Why the pain? What does he feel? How does it pain him?" thought Natásha. He noticed her fixed glance, raised his eyes, and, without smiling, began to speak.

"One thing is terrible," he said, "and that is to bind yourself for ever with a suffering being. It is an eternal torment." And he looked at her with an inquisitive glance. Natásha, as was always the case, answered him before she had had time to think of what she was going to reply; she said:

"This cannot last so; this will not be, — you will be well, completely well!"

She now saw anew and lived over everything she had

experienced then. She recalled his protracted, sad, stern glance at these words, and understood the meaning of the rebuke and despair in this protracted glance.

"I admitted," Natásha now said to herself, "that it would be terrible if he should always be a sufferer. I then said it because I meant that it would be terrible for him, but he understood it differently. He thought that it would be terrible for me. At that time he still wanted to live and was afraid of death. It was so stupid and so rude of me. I did not have that in my mind. I was thinking of something quite different. If I had said what I was thinking of, I should have said that I did not care if he were in the agony of death all the time before my eyes, for I should have been more happy than I am now. Now — there is nothing and nobody." And again he repeated to her those words; but now she answered him differently in her imagination. She stopped him and said: "It is terrible for you, but not for me. You ought to know that without you I have nothing in life, and to suffer with you is the greatest happiness for me." And he took her hand and pressed it as he had pressed it on that terrible evening, four days before his death. And in her imagination she spoke to him with other, tender words, which she might have uttered then, and which she was saying now: "I love you! — You — I love, I love — " she said, convulsively compressing her hands and clenching her teeth in a desperate effort.

And she was seized by a sweet sorrow, and tears stood in her eyes; but suddenly she asked herself: "To whom do I say it? Where is he now?" And again everything was veiled in dry, harsh doubt, and again she strained and knit her brow and looked there where he was. And now, now, she thought, she penetrated the mystery. But just as it seemed to her that the incomprehensible was being revealed to her, a loud rattling of the door-handle startled her. Maid Dunyásha quickly

entered the room, with a frightened expression on her face, oblivious of her surroundings.

"Please to come to your papa, at once," said Dunyásha, with peculiar animation. "A misfortune, about Pétya Ilích — a letter," she said, sobbing.

II.

In addition to her feeling of aloofness from all people, Natásha at that time experienced a special feeling of aloofness from all the members of her family. All her near relatives, her father, her mother, Sónya, were so familiar, so trite to her, that all their words and sentiments seemed to her to be as an insult to that world in which she had been living of late, and she was not only indifferent, but even looked inimically at them. She heard Dunyásha's words about Pétya Ilích and about the misfortune, but did not understand her.

"What misfortune can it be? Everything is with them as of old," Natásha said, mentally.

As she entered the parlour, her father was quickly leaving the apartment of the countess. His face was wrinkled and wet with tears. Evidently he had run out of that room in order to give vent to his sobs. On seeing Natásha, he waved his arms in despair and burst forth into convulsive, agonizing sobs, which disfigured his round, soft face.

"Pe— Pétya— Go, go, she—is calling—" and, sobbing like a child and tottering on his weakened legs, he walked over to a chair and, almost falling down on it, covered his face with his hands.

Suddenly something like an electric current passed through Natásha's body. Something gave her a terrible blow in the heart. She felt a terrible pain: it was as though something had been torn off in her, and she were dying. But in the wake of the pain she suddenly expe-

rienced a liberation from the pressure of life which was upon her. When she saw her father and heard behind the door the terrible, harsh cry of her mother, she immediately forgot herself and her grief. She ran up to her father, but he impotently waved his hand and pointed to her mother's door. Princess Márya was pale and her nether jaw trembled as she came out of the door and, taking Natásha's hand, began to talk to her. Natásha neither heard nor saw her. She entered through the door with rapid steps, stopped for a moment, as if struggling with herself, and ran up to her mother.

The countess lay in an armchair in a strange and awkward position, and was striking her head against the wall. Sónya and the girls held her arms.

"Natásha, I want Natásha!" cried the countess. "It is not true — He is lying — Natásha!" she cried, pushing away those who were around her. "Away from me, all of you! It is a lie! They have killed him! Ha, ha, ha! It is a lie!"

Natásha put a knee on the chair, bent over her mother, embraced her, raised her with sudden force, turned her toward herself, and pressed close to her.

"Mother! Darling! I am here, my dear! Mamma," she whispered to her, without a second's cessation.

She did not let her mother out of her arms, tenderly struggled with her, asked for pillows and for water, unlaced her clothes, and tore her dress off.

"My dear, darling! Mamma, darling," she kept whispering to her, kissing her head, hands, and face, and feeling her tears coursing down in streams and tickling her nose and cheeks.

The countess pressed her daughter's hand, closed her eyes, and grew silent for a moment. Then she suddenly rose with unwonted rapidity, looked senselessly about her, and, noticing Natásha, began with all her strength to squeeze her head. Then she turned her face, which was

wrinkled from pain, toward her, and for a long time gazed into it.

"Natásha, you love me," she said, in a soft, confidential whisper. "Natásha, you will not deceive me? You will tell me the whole truth?"

Natásha looked at her with eyes filled with tears, and in her face there was only an entreaty of forgiveness and of love.

"My darling mother," she repeated, straining all the powers of her love in order to take off the surplus of the grief which was oppressing her.

And again, in an impotent struggle with reality, the mother, refusing to believe that she could be living while her beloved boy, who was in the flower of life, was dead, sought safety from reality in the world of madness.

Natásha did not remember how the day passed, and the night, and the following day, and the following night. She did not sleep, nor did she leave her mother. Natásha's love, persistent and patient, not as an explanation, nor as a consolation, but as an invitation to life, seemed all the time to surround the countess. On the third night the countess calmed down for a few minutes, and Natásha closed her eyes, leaning her head on the arm of the chair. The bed creaked, and Natásha opened her eyes. The countess was sitting on her bed and talking softly.

"How glad I am you have come! You are tired. Do you want some tea?"

Natásha walked over to her.

"You look so much more handsome and manly!" continued the countess, taking her daughter's hand.

"Mamma, what are you saying?"

"Natásha, he is no more!"

And, embracing her daughter, the countess began for the first time to weep.

III.

PRINCESS MÁRYA put off her departure. Sónya and the count tried to take Natásha's place, but could not. They saw that Natásha was the only one to keep the mother from insane despair. Natásha lived for three weeks uninterruptedly with her mother, slept in the chair in her room, fed her, and incessantly talked with her, because her tender, caressing voice soothed the countess.

The mother's spiritual wound could not heal. Pétya's death tore half her life away. A month after receiving the news of his death, which had found her a fresh-looking and sturdy woman of fifty, she came out of her room a half-dead old woman who did not take interest in life. But the wound which half-killed the countess called Natásha back to life.

A spiritual wound, which is caused by the ulceration of the spiritual body, in no way differs from a physical wound. However strange it may seem, a spiritual wound, like a physical wound, heals from within by an expelling force of life, long after it has cicatrized and its edges have met.

Even thus Natásha's wound healed up. She thought that her life was ended. But suddenly her love for her mother showed her that the essence of her life — love — was still active in her. Love awoke, and life awoke.

The last days of Prince Andréy had bound Natásha and Princess Márya together. The new calamity brought them together still closer. Princess Márya postponed her departure, and during the last three weeks had waited

on Natásha, as on a sick child. The last weeks which Natásha had passed in her mother's room had affected her physical strength.

Noticing in the middle of the day that Natásha was shaking as though in a fever, Princess Márya took her to her own room and put her down on her bed. Natásha lay down, but when Princess Márya pulled down the blinds and was on the point of going away, Natásha called her back.

"I do not feel like sleeping. Marie, sit down by me!"

"You are tired, — try to fall asleep!"

"No, no! Why did you take me away? She will ask for me."

"She is much better. She talked so well to-day," said Princess Márya.

Natásha lay on the bed and in the semidarkness of the room scanned Princess Márya's face.

"Does she resemble him?" thought Natásha. "Yes and no. But she is a strange, new, unfamiliar, peculiar being, and she loves me. What is there on her soul? Everything good. But how? How does she think? How does she regard me? Yes, she is beautiful."

"Marie," she said, timidly drawing her hand to her. "Marie, don't think that I am bad! No? Marie, my dear, how I love you! Let us be great friends!"

And Natásha, embracing her, began to kiss Princess Márya's face and hands. Princess Márya was ashamed and glad of this manifestation of Natásha's feelings.

From that day on there was established that impassioned and tender friendship between Princess Márya and Natásha, which is to be found only among women. They constantly kissed each other, spoke gentle words to one another, and passed most of their time together. If one went out, the other was uneasy and tried to join her. Together they felt more at peace than when each was left alone. Between them grew up something stronger than

friendship: it was the exclusive feeling of the possibility of living only in the presence of one another.

Now and then they were silent for hours at a time; occasionally, while lying in their beds, they began to talk, and kept up the conversation until morning. Princess Márya told of her childhood, of her mother, her father, her dreams; and Natásha, who formerly used to turn away with calm indifference from this life of devotion and submission, from the poetry of Christian self-sacrifice, now, feeling herself united in love with Princess Márya, began to love also Princess Márya's past, and comprehended her formerly unintelligible side of life. She did not expect to apply that submission and self-sacrifice to her own life, because she was in the habit of seeking for other joys, but she comprehended and loved in another this virtue, which before she had not understood. To Princess Márya, too, listening to the stories of Natásha's childhood and first youth, was disclosed her previously incomprehensible side of life, — a faith in life, in the enjoyment of life.

They still refrained from speaking of *him*, in order not to impair by words that elevation of feeling which they thought was in them, and this silence slowly had the effect of making them forget him, however little they believed this.

Natásha grew thinner and paler, and became physically so feeble that all kept talking of her health, and this gave her pleasure. But occasionally she was seized not only by the terror of death, but also by the terror of disease, weakness, loss of beauty, and she involuntarily examined her bare arm, marvelling at its leanness, or looked in the morning in the mirror at her long-drawn, as she thought, pitiful face. It seemed to her that it had to be so, and yet terror and sadness overcame her.

One day she walked rapidly up-stairs and gasped heavily. She immediately thought of something she could

do down-stairs, and from there again ran up, trying her strength and watching herself.

Another time she called up Dunyásha, and her voice faltered. She called her a second time, though she heard her steps, — she called her with that chest tone with which she sang, and listened to it.

She did not know it, and would not have believed it, but under what to her seemed to be an impenetrable layer of mud which covered her soul, already sprouted the thin, tender blades of grass, which were to take root and soon to cover her crushing grief with their vital runners, so that it would become unnoticeable and invisible. The wound was healing from within.

In the last days of January Princess Márya left for Moscow, and the count insisted that Natásha should go with her, in order to consult the physicians.

IV.

AFTER the conflict at Vyázma, where Kutúzov had been unable to restrain his armies from the desire to overthrow, cut off, and so forth, the further movement of the fleeing Frenchmen and of the Russians in their pursuit, as far as Krásnoe, took place without battles. The flight was so precipitous that the Russian army, running after the French, could not keep up with it, that the cavalry and artillery horses were worn out, and that the information about the movements of the French was always unreliable.

The soldiers of the Russian troops were so exhausted by this incessant motion, of as much as forty versts a day, that they were unable to proceed any faster.

In order to understand the degree of the exhaustion of the Russian army, it is sufficient to consider the fact that, having lost not more than five thousand men in wounded and killed during the whole time of the march from Tarútino, nor more than one hundred in prisoners, the Russian army, which had left Tarútino numbering one hundred thousand, arrived at Krásnoe with no more than fifty thousand men.

The rapid motion of the Russians in pursuit of the French had the same destructive effect upon it as the flight of the French army. The only difference was that the Russian army moved voluntarily, without the menace of destruction, which was hanging over the French army, and that the straggling sick French soldiers remained in

the hands of the Russians, while the Russian stragglers were at home. The chief cause of the diminution of Napoleon's army lay in the rapidity of motion, and an indisputable proof of it is found in the corresponding diminution of the Russian troops.

Kutúzov's whole activity, as evidenced at Tarútino and Vyázma, was directed, — in so far as it lay in his power, — not to arrest this motion, which was so disastrous for the French (as they wanted to in St. Petersburg, and as Russian generals in the army demanded), but to coöperate with it, and to make the movements of his own troops as easy as possible.

But, as soon as the exhaustion of the troops and the enormous losses, due to the rapidity of motion, manifested themselves, another cause presented itself to Kutúzov for retarding the movement of the troops and for waiting. The aim of the Russian army was to pursue the French. The path over which the French army travelled was unknown; therefore, the more our troops followed on its heels, the greater were the distances which they marched. Only by following at a certain distance was it possible to intercept the zigzags which the French army was making, and so march the least possible distance. All the skilful manœuvres which the generals proposed were expressed in the transposition of the troops, the increase of the day's marches, whereas the only sensible aim was to diminish these marches. And Kutúzov's whole activity was directed toward this one aim, during the whole campaign, from Moscow to Vílna, — and it was not accidental and temporary, but so consistent that he did not once change it.

Kutúzov knew, not by reasoning or through science, but with his whole Russian being, — what every Russian soldier felt, as well, — that the French were vanquished, that the enemy was fleeing, and that it was necessary to see them out; at the same time he felt, just as the soldiers did, the whole difficulty of this campaign, which,

on account of the rapidity of motion and the unfavourable season, was quite unusual.

But the generals, especially those of foreign extraction, who wished to distinguish themselves, to startle somebody, to capture a duke or a king for some reason, — these generals thought that now, when all battles were preposterous and criminal, was the proper time for giving battle and conquering somebody. Kutúzov only shrugged his shoulders when, one after another, they presented to him projects of manœuvres with those ill-clad, half-starved soldiers who, in one month, without battles, had melted to half their numbers, and who, under the most favourable conditions of a continuous flight, had to cross, before reaching the border, an extent of territory which was twice as large as what they had already traversed.

This tendency to distinguish themselves and make evolutions, to overthrow and cut off, manifested itself with particular vigour whenever the Russian troops stumbled on the French army.

Thus it happened at Krásnoe, where they expected to find one of the three columns of the French, and stumbled on Napoleon himself with sixteen thousand men. In spite of all the means used by Kutúzov in order to free himself from this disastrous conflict and to save his troops, the slaughter of the scattered French bands indulged in by the exhausted men of the Russian army at Krásnoe lasted for three days.

Toll wrote a disposition, "*Die erste Colonne marschirt,*" and so forth. And, as usual, things were not done at all according to the disposition. Prince Eugene of Würtemberg fired at the fugitive Frenchmen from a hill, and demanded reinforcements, which did not arrive. The French in the night ran around the Russians, scattered, concealed themselves in the woods, and made their way ahead as best they could.

Milorádovich, who said that he did not want to know a

thing about the commissariat of the detachment, which could never be found when it was wanted, Milorádovich, "*chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*," as he called himself, and a great lover of conversations with Frenchmen, kept sending messengers of truce, asking for surrender, lost time, and did not do what he was commanded to do.

"I make you a present of this column, boys!" he said, riding up to the troops and indicating the Frenchmen to the cavalry. And the cavalrymen, urging on their fagged horses with their spurs and swords, after the greatest effort, rode up at a trot to the column given them as a present, that is, to a crowd of frost-bitten, chilled, hungry Frenchmen; and the column threw down their arms and surrendered, a thing which the Frenchmen had long been desirous of doing.

At Krásnoe they took twenty-six thousand prisoners, hundreds of cannon, a certain stick, called the "marshal's bâton," and they quarrelled as to who distinguished himself there, and were satisfied with the battle, but very sorry not to have captured Napoleon, or at least some hero or marshal, and they reproached each other for this, but especially they reproached Kutúzov.

These men, carried away by their passions, were only the blind executors of the saddest law of necessity; but they regarded themselves as heroes, and imagined that what they did was most worthy and most noble. They accused Kutúzov and said that he had been keeping them from the beginning of the campaign from vanquishing Napoleon; that he thought only of the gratification of his passions, and did not wish to leave the Linen Factory because he was comfortable there; that he had arrested the motion at Krásnoe because, having learned of Napoleon's presence, he became confused; that it might be assumed that he was in conspiracy with Napoleon, and bought by him,[1] and so forth, and so forth.

[1] Wilson's Memoirs. — *Author's Note.*

Not only the contemporaries who were carried away by their passions said that of him; even posterity and history have found Napoleon to be "grand," and Kutúzov is declared by the foreigners to have been an old, wily, corrupt, weak courtier, and by Russians, something indefinite, — a doll whose only use lay in his Russian name.

V.

In 1812 and 1813 Kutúzov was directly accused of blunders. The emperor was dissatisfied with him. And in a history written lately by the order of his august Majesty it is said that Kutúzov was a wily, lying courtier, who was afraid of the name of Napoleon, and by his mistakes at Krásnoe and at the Berézina deprived the Russian troops of glory, — of a complete victory over the French.[1]

Such is the fate, not of great men, not of "*grands hommes*," whom the Russian mind does not recognize, but of those rare, always even men who, divining the will of Providence, submit their personal will to it. The hatred and aversion of the masses punish these men for having grasped the highest laws.

For the Russian historians, — it is a strange and terrible thing to say, — Napoleon, that most insignificant tool of history, who nowhere and never, not even in exile, displayed human dignity, Napoleon is the subject of enthusiasm and transport, — he is "grand." But Kutúzov, the man who, from the beginning to the end of his activity in 1812, from Borodinó to Vílna, was not untrue to himself, in a single act or word, and who manifests the rare historical example of self-renunciation and of the consciousness in the present of the future significance of an event, — Kutúzov appears to them as something indefinite

[1] Bogdanóvich's "History of the Year 1812": The characterization of Kutúzov, and the reflections on the unsatisfactory results of the battles at Krásnoe. — *Author's Note.*

and pitiable, and, speaking of Kutúzov in 1812, they always seem to feel a little ashamed.

And yet, it is difficult to think of a historical person whose activity was so unchangeably and so constantly directed toward one purpose. It is difficult to imagine a worthier purpose and one which better coincides with the will of the whole nation. Still more difficult is it to find another example in history where the aim placed before himself by the historical person has been so fully attained as the aim toward the attainment of which Kutúzov's whole activity was directed in 1812.

Kutúzov did not speak of the forty centuries that looked down from the pyramids, of the sacrifices which he was making for his country, of what he intended to accomplish or already had accomplished: he said in general nothing about himself, played no rôle, always appeared as a most simple and ordinary man, and said the simplest and most ordinary things. He wrote letters to his daughters and to Madame de Staël, read novels, loved the company of beautiful women, jested with the generals, officers, and soldiers, and never contradicted the people who wanted to prove anything to him. When Count Rostopchín galloped up to Kutúzov on the Yaúza Bridge to tell him that he was the cause of the ruin of Moscow, saying, "But you have promised not to abandon Moscow without giving battle!" Kutúzov replied, "I will not abandon it without giving battle," although Moscow was already abandoned. When Arakchéev, sent to him by the emperor, arrived and said that Ermólov ought to be appointed chief of artillery, Kutúzov replied, "I said so myself awhile ago," though a little while ago he had said something quite different. What difference did it make to him, who alone then understood the whole grand meaning of the event, amidst the senseless crowd that surrounded him, — what difference did it make to him whether Count Rostopchín would refer the calamity of Moscow to him, or to himself?

Still less could he be interested in who should be appointed chief of artillery.

Not only in these cases, but continuously, did this old man, who, through his experience of life had arrived at the conviction that ideas, and the words which serve as the vehicle of their expression, are not the prime movers of men, utter quite senseless words, the first that occurred to him.

But this same man, who took so little account of his words, never, in all his activity, uttered a word which was not in conformity with his only aim, toward the attainment of which he marched during the whole war. Apparently against his will, and with the oppressive consciousness that he would not be understood, he expressed his thoughts more than once, in all kinds of circumstances. Beginning with the battle of Borodinó, where his dissensions with his surroundings began, he said that *the battle of Borodinó was a victory*, and he repeated it orally and in his reports, up to his very death. It was he alone who said that *the loss of Moscow was not the loss of Russia*. In reply to Lauriston's proposal of peace, he answered that *there could be no peace because that was the will of the people;* during the retreat of the French he alone said that *all our manœuvres were useless; that everything would be done better of its own accord than we were able to do it; that a golden bridge must be given to the enemy; that the battles of Tarútino, of Vyázma, and of Krásnoe were equally unnecessary; that we ought to arrive at the border with something; that he would not give up one Russian for ten Frenchmen.*

And he alone, that courtier, as he is represented to us, — the man who lies to Arakchéev for the purpose of pleasing the emperor, — he alone, that courtier, says in Vílna, thus gaining the emperor's disfavour, that *a further war abroad was both harmful and useless.*

But words alone would not prove that he then compre-

stand him. Ramball refused the food; he lay silently on his elbow at the fire, and looked with meaningless red eyes at the Russian soldiers. Now and then he uttered a protracted groan, and again grew silent. Morel pointed to his shoulders to give the soldiers to understand that he was an officer, and that he ought to be warmed up. A Russian officer, who came up to the fire, sent some one to the colonel, to ask him whether he would not take the French officer to his room, to get him warm. When the messenger returned with the information that the colonel wanted the officer to be sent to him, Ramball was told to go there. He rose and wanted to walk, but tottered, and would have fallen, if a soldier standing near by had not supported him.

"What? You do not want to?" a soldier said, winking derisively, as he turned to Ramball.

"Oh, fool! Aren't you ashamed? You are a lout, yes, a lout!" the jesting soldier was reproached on every side.

Ramball was surrounded; two men picked him up on their arms, held him, and carried him to the hut. Ramball embraced the soldiers' necks and, when he was carried away, said, pitifully:

"*Oh, mes braves, oh, mes bons, mes bons amis! Voilà des hommes! Oh, mes braves, mes bons amis!*" bending, like a child, his head down on the shoulder of one of the soldiers.

Meanwhile Morel was sitting in the best place, surrounded by the soldiers.

Morel, an undersized, thick-set Frenchman, with inflamed, tearful eyes, his head wrapped in woman fashion with a kerchief over his cap, wore a woman's short fur coat. He was evidently under the influence of the liquor, as he embraced a soldier who was sitting near him, and in a hoarse and broken voice sang a French song. The soldiers held their sides, looking at him.

"All right, all right, teach me the song! I am quick

at learning. How?" said the jester and singer, whom Morel was embracing.

"*Vive Henri Quatre! Vive ce roi vaillant!*" sang Morel, blinking. "*Ce diable à quatre —*"

"Vivarika! Vif seruvaru! Sidiablaka —" repeated the soldier, waving his arm and really catching the air.

"That's great. Ho, ho, ho, ho!" a coarse, merry laugh was heard on every side. Morel frowned and laughed himself.

"Keep it up, more, more!"

"*Qui eut le triple talent,*
De boire, de battre,
Et d'être un vert galant —

"It sounds fine, I must say! Come now, Zaletáev!"

"Kiu," Zaletáev spoke, with difficulty, "kiu-u-u —" he drew out the word, carefully rounding his lips, "le trip talah de boo de bah i detrah vah galah," he sang out.

"It is great! He is a fine Frenchman! Oh, ho, ho, ho! Well, do you want something more to eat?"

"Give him some more soup! It takes quite awhile for a hungry man to fill himself."

They gave him more soup, and Morel, laughing, started on his third little kettle. Joyful smiles were on all the faces of the young soldiers, who were looking at Morel. The old soldiers, who regarded it as improper to busy themselves with such trifles, were lying on the other side of the fire; occasionally they raised themselves on their elbows, to look smilingly at Morel.

"They, too, are human beings," said one of them, rolling himself up in his mantle. "Wormwood, too, grows on its root."

"Oh, O Lord, O Lord! How beautiful the stars are! It means more frost!"

And all grew silent.

The stars seemed to know that no one would see them now: they began to play in the black heavens, now flaming up, now going out, now quivering; they were whispering with one another about something joyous and mysterious.

X.

THE French troops melted evenly in a mathematically correct progression. That crossing of the Berézina, of which so much has been written, was only one of those intermediate stages of the destruction of the French army, and not at all a decisive episode of the war. If so much has been written about the Berézina, this is due, on the French side, to the fact that on the broken bridge of the Berézina the calamities endured by the French army, of an even tenor before, here suddenly grouped themselves about one moment, — into one tragic spectacle, of which all have preserved a memory. But on the side of the Russians so much has been written and said about the Berézina, because, at a distance away from the theatre of the war, at St. Petersburg, a plan (by the same Pfuel) had been prepared to catch Napoleon in a strategic trap on the Berézina River. All were convinced that everything would happen exactly as mentioned in the plan, and so they insisted that it was the crossing of the Berézina, and nothing else, that caused the ruin of the French. In reality the results of the passage of the Berézina were much less disastrous for the French, in the loss of ordnance and prisoners, than Krásnoe, as the figures show.

The only significance of the passage of the Berézina lies in the fact that this passage gave a palpable and indisputable proof of the falseness of all the plans of cutting off, and the correctness of the only possible mode of action, that demanded by Kutúzov and by the whole mass of the army, — which was that of merely pursuing the enemy.

The crowd of Frenchmen ran with an ever increasing rapidity, with all its energy directed toward attaining the goal. It ran like a wounded animal, and it could not stop on its way. This was proved, not so much by the manner of the passage, as by the movement on the bridges. When the bridges were destroyed, the disarmed soldiers, the Moscow citizens, the women with their children, who were in the baggage-train of the French, did not surrender, but, under the influence of the power of inertia, ran forward into the boats and the frozen water.

This precipitation was sensible. The condition of the fugitives and of the pursuers was equally bad. While remaining with their own, each in the calamity counted on the assistance of his companion, on a definite place among his own. In surrendering to the Russians, he was still in the same calamitous state, but stood on a lower stage as regards the gratification of his vital needs. The French did not have to have any definite information about the position of the captives with whom the Russians did not know what to do, in spite of all the desire of the Russians to save them, and who died of starvation and cold. The most compassionate Russian chiefs and lovers of the French, the Frenchmen in Russian service, could do nothing for the prisoners. The Frenchmen perished from the calamity in which the Russian army was. It was impossible to take the food and the clothing away from the hungry, necessary soldiers, in order to give them not to the harmful, nor hated, nor guilty, but simply to the useless Frenchmen. A few did so; but these were the exception.

Behind, was certain perdition; in front, was hope. The ships had been burned; there was no other hope but in common flight, and to this common flight all the forces of the French were directed.

The farther the French ran, the more pitiable their last remnants were, especially after the passage of the Berézina,

on which the greatest hopes had been based, on account of the St. Petersburg plan, and the more did the passions become kindled in the Russian chiefs, who accused one another and especially Kutúzov. Assuming that the failure of the Berézina plan from St. Petersburg would be referred to him, the dissatisfaction with him, the aversion for him, and the derision in which he was held, expressed themselves more and more strongly. The derision and aversion, naturally, assumed a respectful form, so that Kutúzov could not even ask what he was being accused of. They did not speak seriously with him; in reporting to him and asking his decisions, they looked as though they were carrying out a sad rite, and behind his back they constantly winked to each other and at every step tried to deceive him.

It was acknowledged by all these men, even for the very reason that they could not understand him, that there was no use in talking to the old man; that he would never comprehend the profundity of their plans; that he would reply to them with his phrases (they thought that they were nothing but phrases) about the golden bridge, about its not being right that they should reach foreign countries with a crowd of vagabonds, and so forth. They had heard all that from him. And everything he said, for example, about having to wait for the supplies, and about the soldiers being without boots, was so simple, while what they proposed was so clever and so complicated, that it was evident to them that he was stupid and old, and that they were enslaved military geniuses.

Especially after the juncture of the armies of the brilliant admiral and hero of St. Petersburg, Wittgenstein, this mood and the gossip of the staff reached their highest limits. Kutúzov saw it, and, sighing, only shrugged his shoulders. Only once, after the Berézina, did he grow angry, when he wrote to Bénigsen, who reported individually to the emperor, the following letter:

"On account of your ill health, I ask your Excellency after the receipt of this letter to repair to Kalúga, where you will wait for further orders and for the pleasure of his Imperial Majesty."

But soon after the despatch of Bénigsen, Grand Duke Konstantín Pávlovich, who had guided the beginning of the campaign, and who had been put aside by Kutúzov, arrived in the army. Now the grand duke informed Kutúzov of the emperor's dissatisfaction with the weak successes of our troops and with the slowness of motion. The emperor himself intended to visit the army in a few days.

The old man, as experienced in court affairs as in military matters, that same Kutúzov, who in August of that year had been chosen commander-in-chief against the will of the emperor, who had removed the Tsarévich and the grand duke from the army, who, by dint of his power, contrary to the wish of the emperor, had decreed the abandonment of Moscow, — that Kutúzov now saw at once that his time was coming to an end, that he had played his rôle, and that he no longer possessed his power. It was not merely from his relations with the court that he understood this. On the one hand he saw that the military affair, in which he had been playing a part, was ended, and he felt that his mission was fulfilled. On the other hand, he at the same time began to feel physical lassitude in his old body and the necessity of a physical rest.

On November 29th Kutúzov entered Vílna, — his good Vílna, as he said (twice during his service Kutúzov had been governor of Vílna). In the rich, intact Vílna, Kutúzov found, not only the comforts of life of which he had been deprived for so long a time, but also his old friends and memories. And suddenly turning away from all the cares of war and State, he was absorbed in the even, habitual tenor of life, so far as the passions which

bubbled around him permitted him to be, as though what was going on and still was to happen in the historical world had no reference to him.

Chichagóv, one of the most impassioned cutters-off and overthrowers, Chichagóv, who at first wanted to make a diversion into Greece, and then into Warsaw, but under no consideration wanted to go where he was sent, Chichagóv, known for his bold speech to the emperor, Chichagóv, who regarded Kutúzov as having received favours from him because, having been sent in the year 1811 to conclude a peace with Turkey despite Kutúzov, and having discovered that the peace had already been concluded, he acknowledged to the emperor that the honour of having reëstablished peace belonged to Kutúzov, — this same Chichagóv was the first who met Kutúzov in Vílna at the castle, where Kutúzov was to stop. Chichagóv wore the half-uniform of the marines and his hanger when, holding his cap under his arm, he handed Kutúzov the report of the troops and the keys of the city. That contemptuously respectful relation of the younger men to the doting old man was most clearly expressed in the whole bearing of Chichagóv, who already knew the accusations which were to be brought against Kutúzov.

While talking with Chichagóv, Kutúzov said to him, among other things, that his carriages with the dishes, which had been captured at Borísov, were intact and would be returned to him.

"*C'est pour me dire que je n'ai sur quoi manger. Je puis, au contraire, vous fournir de tout dans le cas même où vous voudriez donner des dîners,*" Chichagóv said, flying up, wishing to prove to him with every word that he was right, and, therefore, assuming that Kutúzov was preoccupied with the same thing.

Kutúzov smiled his fine, penetrating smile and, shrugging his shoulders, replied:

"*Ce n'est que pour vous dire ce que je vous dis.*"

Kutúzov left the greater part of the troops in Vílna, contrary to the emperor's wish. During this stay in Vílna, he broke down completely and became physically feeble, so those said who were about him. He attended reluctantly to army matters, left everything to his generals, and, waiting for the emperor, abandoned himself to the distractions of life.

XI.

On December 7th the emperor left St. Petersburg with Count Tolstóy, Prince Volkónski, Arakchéev, and others. On December 11th he arrived in Vílna, where he at once drove to the castle in his road sleigh. At the castle, in spite of the severe frost, stood about one hundred generals and officers of the staff, in full parade uniform, and a guard of honour of the Seménovski regiment.

A courier, galloping up to the castle on a sweaty tróyka, in advance of the emperor, shouted, "He is coming!" Konovnítsyn rushed into the vestibule to inform Kutúzov, who was waiting in the small porter's room.

A minute later the stout, tall figure of the old man, in full parade uniform, with all his regalia covering his breast, and his abdomen girded with a sash, in a waddling gait walked out on the porch. Kutúzov put on his hat, took his gloves into his hands, and, with difficulty stepping sidewise, descended the steps. In his hand he held a report which was to be handed to the emperor.

A bustle, a whispering, another tróyka racing past, and all eyes were directed toward the sleigh, in which already could be seen the figure of the emperor and of Volkónski.

In spite of having been accustomed to this for fifty years, the old general was physically affected by it; he hurriedly fingered himself all over, adjusted his hat, and, as the emperor, lifting his eyes to him, left the sleigh, took courage and pulled himself together, handed the emperor the report, and began to speak in his even, insinuating voice.

The emperor measured Kutúzov from head to foot with a rapid glance and frowned for a moment, but immediately overcame his feeling, walked over to him, and, extending his arms, embraced the old general. Kutúzov again received his old, customary impression, which was the more intense now on account of his secret thought, and so this embrace affected him as usual, and he burst into a sob.

The emperor greeted the officers and the Seménovski guard, and, once more pressing the old man's hand, went with him into the castle.

When the emperor was left all alone with the field-marshal, he expressed to him his dissatisfaction with the slowness of the pursuit, with the blunders at Krásnoe and at the Berézina, and communicated to him his plans for the future campaign abroad. Kutúzov made no retort and no observations. On his face was the same humble and meaningless expression, with which he seven years before had received the emperor's commands on the field of Austerlitz.

When Kutúzov left the cabinet and with his heavy, lurching gait and drooping head walked through the parlour, some one's voice stopped him.

"Your Serenity!"

Kutúzov raised his head and for a long time looked into the eyes of Count Tolstóy, who, with some little thing on a silver dish, was standing before him. Kutúzov did not seem to comprehend what it was they wanted of him.

Suddenly he seemed to recall something. A barely perceptible smile flashed over his puffy face, and, bending low and with an expression of respect, he took the object on his dish. It was the Cross of St. George of the first degree.

XII.

On the following day the field-marshal gave a dinner and a ball, which the emperor honoured with his presence. Kutúzov had received the Cross of St. George of the first degree. The emperor showed him the highest honours, but everybody knew the emperor's dissatisfaction with the field-marshal. Proprieties were preserved, and the emperor gave the first example in this; but everybody knew that the old man was guilty and good for nothing. When, at the ball, Kutúzov, following his old habit of the days of Catherine, ordered the captured flags to be laid down before the feet of the emperor as he entered the hall, the emperor frowned and uttered some words, among which some pretended to have heard the words, "Old comedian!"

The emperor's dissatisfaction with Kutúzov was intensified at Vílna, especially because Kutúzov would not, or could not, understand the significance of the future campaign.

When, on the following day, the emperor said to the assembled officers, "You have saved not only Russia, but also Europe," all knew that the war was not ended.

Kutúzov was the only one who refused to understand it, and who openly expressed his opinion that a new war could not improve the situation of Russia and increase her glory, but that, on the contrary, it could make worse her condition and lower that highest pinnacle of glory, upon which, in his opinion, Russia was now standing. He tried to prove to the emperor the impossibility of

levying a new army, spoke of the grave condition of the population, of the possibility of failures, and so forth.

Being in such a mood, the field-marshal naturally presented himself only as an obstacle in the impending war.

In order to avoid a conflict with the old man, there presented itself an issue, which was, as at Austerlitz and as in the beginning of the campaign under Barclay, to take away from underneath the commander-in-chief, without troubling him, or announcing the fact to him, that soil of power on which he was standing, and transferring the power to the emperor himself.

For this purpose the staff was slowly reorganized, and all the essential power of Kutúzov's staff was reduced and transferred to the emperor. Toll, Konovnítsyn, Ermólov received other appointments. All said aloud that the field-marshal had grown very feeble and out of health.

He had to be feeble, in order that his place could be transferred to his successor. And, indeed, his health was failing.

Just as Kutúzov naturally, simply, and successively had come from Turkey to the Treasury in St. Petersburg, in order to levy the militia, and then was transferred to the army, when he was indispensable, so now, when Kutúzov's rôle was finished, there appeared in his place just as naturally, successively, and simply a new, peremptory factor.

The war of 1812, in addition to its national character, so dear to every Russian heart, was to have another, a European significance.

The movement of the nations from the West to the East was to be followed by a movement of the nations from the East to the West, and for this new war a new factor was needed, — one that had different qualities and views from those possessed by Kutúzov, and was moved by different sentiments.

In order to move the nations from the East to the West

and to reëstablish the borders of the nations, Alexander I. was as necessary as Kutúzov had been for the salvation and glory of Russia.

Kutúzov did not comprehend what was meant by the words "Europe, equilibrium, Napoleon." He could not understand it. For the representative of the Russian nation, after the enemy had been destroyed and Russia freed and placed on the highest level of its glory, to a Russian as a Russian, there was nothing left to do. For the representative of the national war nothing was left but death. And he died.

XIII.

As is often the case, Pierre felt the whole weight of his physical privations and of his strain, experienced by him in captivity, only when these privations and the strain were all over. After his liberation from captivity, he arrived in Orél; but, on the third day, as he was getting ready to go to Kíev, he grew ill, and thus remained for three months in Orél. He suffered from a bilious fever, as the physicians said. He did not get well, although the doctors cured him, bled him, and made him drink all kinds of medicines.

Everything which happened to Pierre after his liberation and up to his falling ill left almost no impression on him. He remembered only gray, misty, now rainy, now snowy weather, an inner physical tedium, a pain in his legs and in his side; he remembered the general impression of men's misfortunes and sufferings; he remembered the troublesome curiosity of the officers and generals who asked him all kinds of questions, his own endeavour to find a carriage and horses, and, above all, his inability to think and feel, which had taken possession of him at that time. On the day of his release he had seen the body of Pétya Rostóv. On the same day he learned that Prince Andréy had been alive a month after the battle of Borodinó, and had but lately died in Yaroslávl, in the house of the Rostóvs. On the same day, Denísov, who had given Pierre this information, among other things had mentioned the death of Hélène, thinking that Pierre had learned of it before. All that had appeared merely strange to him. He had felt that

he could not grasp the significance of all this information. He had then had the one care of getting away as fast as possible from those places, where people killed each other, and going to some quiet place of refuge, where he might come to his senses, be rested, and reflect on all those strange and new things which he had learned during that time. But the moment he arrived in Orél, he fell ill. When he recovered from his illness, he found himself surrounded by his two servants, Terénti and Váska, who had come from Moscow, and by the elder princess, who, living in Eléts, on Pierre's estate, and learning of his release and illness, had come to tend on him.

During his convalescence, he only by degrees got rid of his impressions of the last few months, to which he had become accustomed, and got used to these new ones that no one would drive him anywhere to-morrow, that no one would take away his warm bed from him, and that he would certainly have a dinner, and tea, and a supper. But in his dreams he continued for a long time to see himself in those conditions of captivity. Just as slowly did he comprehend the news which he had heard after his liberation: the death of Prince Andréy, the death of his wife, and the destruction of the French.

The joyous feeling of liberty, — of that full, inalienable liberty, which is innate in every man, — of which he had for the first time become conscious at the first day's halt after leaving Moscow, filled Pierre's soul during his convalescence. He was surprised to find that this inner freedom, which is independent of external conditions, was now coupled to excess with an outward liberty as well. He was all alone in a strange city, without acquaintances. No one demanded anything of him; he was not sent anywhere. He had everything he wanted; the thoughts about his wife, which had tormented him so much before, did not exist, just as she did not exist.

"Oh, how good, how fine!" he said to himself, when

they moved up to him a neatly covered table with a savoury soup, or when he at night lay down on a soft, clean bed, or when he recalled that his wife and the French were no more.

"Oh, how good, how fine!" And with his old habit, he put the question to himself: "Well, and then what? What shall I do?" And immediately he answered himself: "Nothing. I will live. Oh, how nice!"

The same that before had tormented him, that he had been all the time looking for, the aims of life, did not exist for him now. The searchable aim of life did not exist for him merely by accident; he felt that it was not, and could not be. And this absence of an aim gave him that full, joyous consciousness of freedom, which at that time formed his happiness.

He could not have any aim because he had faith now, — not faith in rules, or words, or ideas, but in the living, always tangible God. Formerly he had been looking for Him in the aims which he had placed before himself. This searching after an aim was only the searching after God; and suddenly he had learned in his captivity, not through words, or through reflection, but through his immediate feeling, what his nurse had told him long before, that God was here and everywhere. He had learned in his captivity that God was greater, more endless, and more incomprehensible in Karatáev than in what was called by the Freemasons the Architect of the Universe. He experienced the sensation of a man who had found under his feet what he had been looking for, though he had been straining his eyes to find it in the distance. He had all his life been looking into that distance, above the heads of the men surrounding him, whereas he ought not to have strained his vision, but only to have looked ahead of him.

Before, he had been unable to see anything great, incomprehensible, and endless in anything. He had only felt

that it had to be somewhere, and he had been looking for it. In everything near and comprehensible he had seen only that which was limited, petty, terrestrial, senseless. He had armed himself with a mental spy-glass and had peered into the distance, there where the petty circumstances of life, concealing themselves in the misty horizon, had appeared to him great and endless, only because they were not clearly discernible. Such had seemed to him European life, politics, Freemasonry, philosophy, philanthropy. But even then, at those moments, which he regarded as his moments of weakness, his mind had pierced even that distance, and there he had perceived the same petty, terrestrial, senseless characteristics.

But now that he had learned to see the great, eternal, and endless in everything, and, therefore, in order to see it, to enjoy it by contemplation, he naturally threw away that glass, through which he had heretofore been looking above the heads of men, and joyously contemplated all around him the eternally changeable, eternally great, the incomprehensible, and endless life. And the nearer he looked, the calmer and the happier he was. The terrible question, why? which formerly had destroyed all his mental structures, now did not exist for him. Now, to this question, why? there was in his soul always ready the simple answer: Because there is a God, that God, without whose will a hair will not fall from the head of man.

XIV.

PIERRE had hardly changed in his external ways. In looks he was the same he had been before. He was as absent-minded as he had been, and seemed to be occupied not with what was before his eyes, but with something peculiar. The difference between his former and his present condition consisted in this, that formerly, when he had forgotten something which was before him or which he had been told, he used painfully to knit his brow, as though trying to make it out, and yet unable to see what was far away from him. Now he forgot just as easily what was before him, or what he was told; but now he looked with a barely perceptible, almost derisive smile at what was before him, and listened to what he was being told, although he apparently saw and heard something quite different. Formerly he had seemed to be a good, but unhappy man, and so people instinctively kept away from him. Now a smile of the joy of life constantly played about his lips, and in his eyes beamed sympathy for men, — the question whether they were as happy as he. And people felt at their ease in his presence.

Formerly he used to speak much, grew excited when he spoke, and listened little; now he rarely was carried away by a conversation and was able to listen to people, so that they took delight in communicating to him their innermost thoughts.

The elder princess had never liked Pierre, and had had a peculiarly inimical feeling for him ever since the death of the old count, when she had put herself under obliga-

tions to him; but now, after a short stay in Orél, whither she had come with the intention of proving to Pierre that, in spite of his ingratitude, she regarded it as her duty to look after him, she soon discovered, to her annoyance and surprise, that she actually loved him. Pierre had been doing nothing to gain that favourable opinion from the princess. He had only been watching her with curiosity. Formerly the princess used to feel that in his glance at her there was indifference and derision, and she withdrew from him, as from other people, and presented only her fighting side of life; now, on the contrary, she felt that he was burrowing down to her most intimate sides of life, and she began, at first with incredulity, and later with gratitude, to show him the hidden good sides of her character.

Not the wiliest man could more artfully have stolen into the confidence of the princess, calling back her recollections of the best time of her youth, and evincing sympathy for them. And yet, all the wiles of Pierre consisted only in seeking his own pleasure, by which he evoked human sentiments in the crabbed, dry, and peculiarly haughty princess.

"Yes, he is a very, very good man when he is not under the influence of bad people, but of such as I am," the princess said to herself.

The change which had taken place in Pierre was noticed in its way also by his servants, Terénti and Váska. They found that he had become much simpler. Having undressed his master, holding his boots and garments in his hand, Terénti would tell him good night and yet hesitate to leave, waiting for his master to enter into a conversation with him. As a rule Pierre stopped Terénti when he noticed that his servant wanted to chat with him.

"Tell me how you provided food for yourself!" he would say. And Terénti would begin a story of the de-

struction of Moscow, or of the old count, and would stand for a long time with the clothes in his hands, talking, or listening to Pierre's stories, after which he would leave for the antechamber, with the agreeable consciousness of his master's nearness and favour to him.

The doctor, who cured Pierre and who came to see him every day, though he, as is the habit of physicians, regarded it as his duty to have the aspect of a man whose every minute was precious to suffering humanity, sat for hours at a time with Pierre, telling him his favourite stories and his observations on the habits of his patients in general and of the ladies in particular.

"Yes, it is a pleasure to have a chat with such a man, — quite different from what it is here in the province," he said.

In Orél were living several captive officers, and the doctor brought one of them, a young Italian officer, with him.

This officer began to call on Pierre, and the princess had to laugh at the tender feelings which the Italian expressed for Pierre.

The Italian apparently was never so happy as when he could see Pierre, and talk with him, and tell him about his past, his domestic life, his love, and give vent to his indignation against the French, and especially against Napoleon.

"If all the Russians resemble you in the least," he said to Pierre, "*c'est un sacrilège que de faire la guerre à un peuple comme le vôtre.* You have suffered so much from the French, and yet have no resentment against them."

And this impassioned love of the Italian Pierre merited only by evoking the best sides of his soul and admiring them.

During the latter part of his stay in Orél, he was visited by his old Masonic acquaintance, Count Willárski,

the one who had introduced him into the lodge in 1807. Willárski was married to a rich Russian lady who had large possessions in the Government of Orél, and temporarily occupied a place in the city with the commissariat.

Upon learning that Bezúkhi was in Orél, Willárski, though he had never been on a close footing with him, came to see him with those expressions of friendship and intimacy which people generally show to each other when meeting in the desert. Willárski felt lonesome in Orél, and he was happy to meet a man belonging to the same circle with him, and having, as he thought, the same interests.

But to his surprise, Willárski soon noticed that Pierre had fallen very much behind actual life, and had dropped, as he considered it, into apathy and egoism.

"*Vous vous encroutez, mon cher*," he said to him. And yet, in spite of it, Willárski felt more comfortable in Pierre's company than before, and he called on him every day. But Pierre, looking at Willárski and listening to him now, could hardly make himself believe that he had but recently been like him.

Willárski was married, a man with a family, busy with the affairs of his wife's estates, and with the service, and with his family. He considered all these occupations as obstacles in life and as objects of contempt, because they aimed at his personal weal and at that of his family. Military, administrative, political, Masonic considerations constantly absorbed his attention. Without trying to change this opinion of his, and without condemning him with his now constantly calm and joyous smile, Pierre looked with delight at this strange, familiar phenomenon.

In his relations with Willárski, with the princess, with the doctor, with all the people whom he met now, there was a new feature in Pierre which earned for him the good-will of all people: it was the recognition of the pos-

sibility for each man to think, feel, and look at things in his own way, and the acknowledgment of the impossibility of dissuading a man with words. This legitimate peculiarity of each man, which formerly had so agitated and irritated Pierre, now formed the basis of the sympathy and interest which he took in people. The difference, sometimes the complete contradiction, of the views of these men with his own life and among themselves, gave pleasure to Pierre and provoked in him a derisive and meek smile.

In practical affairs Pierre now suddenly felt that he had a centre of gravity, which had been lacking before. Formerly every financial question, especially requests for money, to which he, as a rich man, was frequently subjected, used to agitate and perplex him beyond measure. "Shall I give, or not?" he used to ask himself. "I have some and he needs it. But another needs it worse. Who needs it most? Maybe both are cheats." And he formerly could find no way out of all these suppositions, and gave to all as long as he had anything to give. He used to be in the same perplexity in regard to every question touching his possessions, when one said that he ought to do so and so with them and another said he ought to do otherwise.

Now, to his surprise, he found that there were no more doubts and perplexities in all these questions. There had appeared in him a judge who decided by some incomprehensible laws what he had to do, and what not.

He was as indifferent to monetary matters as before; but now he knew indisputably what was to be done, and what not. The first application of this new judge was made by him in connection with the request of a captive French colonel, who came to him, told him a great deal about his exploits, and in the end almost demanded that Pierre should give him four thousand francs to send to his wife and children. Pierre without the least effort or

strain refused him, later wondering himself how easy and simple was that which formerly had seemed impossible. At the same time, though refusing the colonel, he decided that it was necessary to employ a ruse when he left Orél, in order to make the Italian officer take some money, of which he was evidently in need. He found a new proof of his well-established view on practical matters in the solution of the question, which presented itself to him, about the debts of his wife and about repairing his Moscow houses and villas.

Pierre's chief superintendent came to see him in Orél, and both together made a rough estimate of his changed income. The fire of Moscow cost Pierre, according to the calculation of the chief superintendent, about two millions.

The superintendent consoled Pierre in his losses, by presenting to him for consideration the fact that, in spite of his losses, his income would not only not be diminished, but would even be increased, if he refused to pay his wife's debts, which he could not be compelled to do, and if he would not restore the Moscow houses and the suburban estate, which cost him eighty thousand a year and brought him no income.

"Yes, yes, it is true," said Pierre, smiling merrily. "Yes, yes, I do not need them. My ruin has made me much richer."

But in January Savélich arrived from Moscow, and he told of the condition of the city, and communicated to him the estimate made by the architect for the restoration of his Moscow house and the suburban estate, speaking of it as an accomplished fact. Just then Pierre received letters from Prince Vasíli and from other acquaintances in St. Petersburg. The letters spoke of his wife's debts. Pierre decided that the plan of the superintendent, which had pleased him so much, was incorrect, and that he had to go to St. Petersburg to settle his wife's affairs, and then to Moscow to build again. Why it was necessary

to do so he did not know; but he was absolutely sure he had to do it. His income, in consequence of this decision, would be reduced by three-fourths. But it had to be done; of that he was sure.

Willárski was going to Moscow, and they agreed to travel together.

Pierre had been experiencing, during the whole period of his convalescence in Orél, a feeling of joy, liberty, life; but when he, during his journey, found himself in a free world and saw hundreds of new faces, the sentiment was greatly increased. During his whole journey he experienced the joy of a schoolboy on a vacation. All the persons, the driver, the inspector of posts, the peasants on the road and in the village, — all had a new meaning for him. The presence of Willárski and his constant complaints about Russia's poverty, backwardness as compared with Europe, and ignorance only heightened Pierre's joy. Where Willárski saw death, Pierre saw an uncommonly powerful vitality, that force which in the snow, over the whole extent of territory, supported the life of this whole peculiar and unique nation. He did not contradict Willárski, but listened to him and smiled pleasantly, as though agreeing with him (since a feigned assent was the easiest way of avoiding discussions, which would lead to nothing).

XV.

JUST as it is hard to explain why and whither the ants are hurrying from a scattered ant-heap, some of them leaving it with pieces of dirt, and with eggs and dead bodies, others making their way into the hill, why they stumble against each other and fight, — so it would be hard to explain the causes which led the Russians, after the evacuation of the French, to congregate in the place which had once been called Moscow. But just as, looking at the ants who are swarming about the ruined mound, one sees by the persistence, energy, and multitude of the agitated ants that, in spite of the complete destruction of the hill, everything has been devastated except something indestructible and immaterial, something which forms the whole power of the ant-hill, — even so Moscow was in October the same city that it had been in August, though there were there no authorities, no churches, no wealth, no houses. Everything had been destroyed, except something immaterial, but powerful and indestructible.

The motives of the men who from all sides were streaming into Moscow, after its evacuation by the enemy, were of various kinds; they were mostly personal and, at first, generally, of a savage, animal character. There was but one common motive to all, and that was a desire to revisit the place, formerly called Moscow, in order to apply their activities there.

Within a week there were there fifteen thousand people; in two weeks, twenty-five thousand, and so forth.

Growing larger and larger, the number in the fall of 1813 surpassed the population in 1812.

The first Russians to enter Moscow were the Cossacks of Wintzingerode's detachment, the peasants of the surrounding villages, and the inhabitants of Moscow who had fled and concealed themselves in the neighbouring country. The Russians, upon entering Moscow and finding it pillaged, themselves began to pillage. They continued the work of the French. Caravans of peasant carts arrived in the city, in order to carry off to the villages everything which lay scattered in the devastated houses and streets. The Cossacks took away what they could to their camps; proprietors of houses looted everything they found in other people's houses and carried it to their own buildings, under the pretext that it belonged to them.

But after the first looters arrived others, and again others, and, in proportion as their number increased, pillaging became harder and harder, and assumed more definite forms.

The Frenchmen had found Moscow empty, but with all the forms of a regular organic life, with all its manifestations of commerce, trades, luxury, government offices, and religion. The forms were lifeless, but they existed none the less. There were the rows, shops, stores, magazines, bazars, — most of them filled with wares; there were factories and workshops; there were palaces and opulent houses, filled with objects of luxury; there were hospitals, jails, courts, churches, and cathedrals. The longer the French remained there, the more these forms of city life were being destroyed, and toward the end everything ran together into one inseparable, lifeless field of pillage.

The longer the pillaging of the French lasted, the more did the wealth of the city and the strength of the pillagers suffer from it. On the contrary, the longer the pillaging of the Russians, with which the occupation of the city began, lasted, the greater was the number of the par-

ticipants in it, and the quicker was the wealth of the city and its regular life brought back to its normal condition.

Outside of the pillagers, people of the most varied description, attracted by curiosity, or by the sense of duty, or by calculation, — owners of houses, the clergy, the higher and lower officials, merchants, artisans, peasants, — began from all sides to flow to Moscow, like blood to the heart.

A week later, the peasants who arrived with empty carts in order to take things away were stopped by the authorities and compelled to haul away the dead bodies from the city. Other peasants, who heard of the failure of their comrades, came to the city with grain, oats, hay, and knocked each other's prices down, until they were lower than ever before. Associations of carpenters, hoping to earn good wages, arrived in Moscow every day, and on every side new houses were built, and the old, half-burnt houses were mended. The merchants opened their shops in booths. Taverns and restaurants were opened in the ruined houses. The clergy renewed the divine services in many of the churches still standing. Contributors brought back the looted church vessels. The officials set up their tables with the green cloth and their shelves with the documents in small rooms. The higher authorities and the police looked after the distribution of the property left by the Frenchmen. The proprietors of the houses in which property taken from other houses was left complained of the injustice of taking it away 'to the palace; others insisted that the French had collected many things in one place, and that, therefore, it was unjust to give the proprietors the things found in their houses. The police were abused; they were bribed; the burnt Crown property was calculated at ten times its value; assistance was asked. Count Rostopchín wrote his proclamations.

XVI.

In the end of January, Pierre arrived in Moscow, taking up his abode in an intact wing of his house. He called on Count Rostopchín and on a few friends who had returned to Moscow, and two days later got ready to leave for St. Petersburg. Everybody was celebrating the victory; everything swarmed with life in the devastated and reviving capital. All were glad to see Pierre; all wanted to see him and asked him about what he had seen. Pierre felt himself very friendlily disposed to all the men whom he met; but he now involuntarily was guarded with all people, so as not to bind himself in any way. To all the questions put to him, — whether important or insignificant, — such as, where he would live, whether he would build up his houses, when he would go to St. Petersburg, and if he would not take a little box along, — he replied: "Yes, maybe, I think so," and so forth.

He heard that the Rostóvs were in Kostromá, but he rarely thought of Natásha, or if he did, it was only as a pleasant recollection of a remote past. He felt himself not only free from all material conditions of life, but even from this feeling, which, he thought, he had forced upon himself.

Two days after his arrival in Moscow, he learned from the Drubetskóys that Princess Márya was in Moscow. The death, the suffering, the last days of Prince Andréy had often been in Pierre's mind, and now occurred to him with renewed vividness. When he heard at dinner that Princess Márya was in Moscow and living in her intact

house in the Vzdvízhenka, he went to see her that same evening.

On his way to Princess Márya, Pierre kept thinking all the time of Prince Andréy, of his friendship with him, and of their various meetings, especially of the last at Borodinó.

"Is it possible he died in that resentful mood in which he was then? Was not the meaning of life revealed to him before his death?" thought Pierre. He recalled Karatáev and his death, and involuntarily began to compare these two men, so different and yet so much alike, on account of the love which he had had for both, and because they both had lived and now were dead.

Pierre reached the house of the old prince in the most serious of moods. The house was intact. Traces of devastation were visible in it, but its character was still the same.

Pierre was met by an old servant, whose stern face seemed to say that the absence of the old prince in no way changed the order of the house. He told Pierre that the princess was in her apartments, and that she received on Sundays.

"Announce me to her! Maybe she will receive me," said Pierre.

"Yes, sir," replied the servant. "Please go to the portrait-room."

A few minutes later the servant came out with Desalles. Desalles told Pierre in the name of the princess that she would be very glad to see him, and asked him to pardon her informality and come up-stairs to her rooms.

In a low-studded room, lighted by one candle, sat the princess and some one else in a black dress. Pierre recalled that the princess always had some companions with her, but who these companions were, he did not remember. "This is one of her companions," he thought, looking at the lady in black.

The princess quickly got up to meet him, and offered him her hand.

"Yes," she said, examining his changed face, after he had kissed her hand, "so we meet again! He spoke of you frequently before his death," she said, transferring her eyes from Pierre to the companion, with a confusion which for a moment startled Pierre.

"I was so happy when I heard of your safety. That was the only joyful bit of news which we received from bygone days."

The princess again looked, more restlessly still, at her companion, and was on the point of saying something; but Pierre interrupted her. "You must know that I knew nothing of him," he said. "I thought he was killed. I found out everything from third parties. All I know is that he came away with the Rostóvs — What strange fate!"

Pierre was speaking rapidly and with animation. He looked once or twice at the companion, saw her kind, curious, fixed glance directed at him, and, as often happens during a conversation, for some reason felt that the companion in black was a sweet, charming being who would not interfere with his intimate conversation with the princess.

But when he said the last words about the Rostóvs, Princess Márya's face expressed even more embarrassment than before. She again shifted her eyes from Pierre's face to the face of the lady in black, and said:

"Do you not recognize her?"

Pierre looked once more at the pale, thin face of the companion, with the black eyes and strange mouth. Something intimate, long forgotten, and more than sweet looked at him from those gazing eyes.

"But no, it cannot be," he thought. "This stern, lean, pale, aged face cannot be hers. It is only a memory of her." But just then Princess Márya called out "Natá-

sha!" and the face with the gazing look smiled with difficulty and with an effort, as though a rusty door were opened, and through this opened door there was wafted upon Pierre a long-forgotten happiness, of which he had not been thinking, least of all then. It was wafted upon him, and surrounded him, and swallowed him all up. When she smiled, there could no longer be any doubt: it was Natásha, and he loved her.

In the first moment Pierre instinctively told her and Princess Márya, and, above all, himself, this to him unknown secret. He smiled a joyous and, at the same time, an agonizing smile. He wanted to conceal his agitation. But the more he wanted to conceal it, the more clearly, much more clearly than with words, he told himself, and her, and Princess Márya, that he loved her.

"No, this is only from the suddenness," Pierre thought. But the moment he wanted to continue the interrupted conversation with Princess Márya, he again glanced at Natásha, and a deeper blush covered his face, and a still greater agitation of joy and terror took possession of his soul. He became entangled in his words, and stopped in the middle of his speech.

Pierre had not observed Natásha, but the reason he had not recognized her was because the change which had taken place in her since he last saw her was enormous. She was paler and thinner. But it was not that which made her unrecognizable: she could not be recognized when he first entered, because on the face, on which there used to gleam a hidden smile of the joy of life, now, as he for the first time glanced at her, there was not a shadow of a smile; there were only her gazing, kindly, and sadly interrogative eyes.

Pierre's confusion was not reflected in Natásha by confusion, but by pleasure, which barely lighted up her whole face.

XVII.

"SHE has come to stay with me," said Princess Márya. "The count and the countess will be here in a few days. The countess is in a terrible condition. But Natásha herself had to see a doctor. She was sent away by force with me."

"Yes, is there a family without its sorrow?" said Pierre, turning to Natásha. "Do you know, it was the same day that we were set free. I saw him. What a charming boy he was!"

Natásha looked at him, and in response to his words her eyes opened wider and gleamed more brightly.

"What can one find to say in consolation?" said Pierre. "Nothing. Why had such a charming boy, in the prime of his life, to die?"

"Yes, in our time it would be hard to live without faith —" said Princess Márya.

"Yes, yes, that is very true," Pierre hurriedly interrupted her.

"Why?" asked Natásha, looking fixedly into Pierre's eyes.

"Why?" said Princess Márya. "The mere thought of what awaits us there —"

Natásha did not hear the rest; she again cast an interrogative glance at Pierre.

"And because," continued Pierre, "only he who believes that there is a God who guides us can endure such a loss as is hers and — yours," said Pierre.

Natásha had already opened her mouth, intending to

say something. Pierre hastened to turn away from her, and again addressed Princess Márya, asking her about the last days of his friend. Pierre's embarrassment had now almost entirely disappeared; at the same time he felt that all his former freedom was gone. He felt that over every word and act of his there was now a judge, a tribunal, which was dearer to him than any tribunal of man. As he now talked, he weighed the impression which his words produced on Natásha. He did not speak purposely to please her, but, whatever he said, he judged himself from her point of view.

Princess Márya reluctantly, as was always the case, began to talk of the condition in which she had found Prince Andréy. But Pierre's questions, his animated and restless glance, his face which was trembling with agitation, by degrees compelled her to enter into details, which, for her own sake, she was afraid to bring back to memory.

"Yes, yes, that is so," said Pierre, bending forward with his whole body toward Princess Márya and eagerly listening to her story. "Yes, yes. So he calmed down? Became more gentle? He had with all the forces of his soul been endeavouring to be absolutely good, and so he could not have been afraid of death. The faults which he had, — if he had any, — could not be attributed to him. So he grew more gentle?" said Pierre. "What happiness that he saw you!" he said to Natásha, suddenly turning to her and looking at her, his eyes all filled with tears.

Natásha's face quivered. She frowned and for a moment lowered her eyes. For a moment she hesitated whether to speak, or not.

"Yes, it was happiness," she said, with soft chest tones, "for me it certainly was happiness." She was silent. "And he — he — he said that he had been wishing it just as I came up to him — " Natásha's voice faltered. She blushed, compressed her hands on her knees,

and suddenly, making an apparent effort over herself, raised her head and began to speak quickly:

"We knew nothing when we were leaving Moscow. I did not dare to ask about him. And suddenly Sónya told me that he was with us. I could not think, could not imagine in what condition he was. I only wanted to see him, to be with him," she said, trembling and choking. And, without permitting him to interrupt her, she told him what she had not told any one yet, — everything she had gone through in the three weeks of their journey and of their life at Yarosláv.

Pierre listened to her with open mouth and without taking his tear-filled eyes off her. Listening to her, he did not think of Prince Andréy, nor of death, nor of what she was telling him. He only listened to her and pitied her for what she was suffering as she was telling him all this.

The princess, frowning in her attempt to restrain her tears, sat by Natásha's side, and for the first time heard the story of the last days of her brother's and Natásha's love.

This tantalizing and joyful story evidently was necessary for Natásha.

She kept mingling the most trifling details with the most intimate secrets, and it seemed that she would never get through. Several times she repeated the same thing.

Behind the door was heard Desalles's voice asking whether little Nikoláy could enter to bid them good night.

"That is all, all —" said Natásha.

She quickly rose as Nikoláy entered, and almost ran to the door. She knocked herself against the door, which was covered with a portière, and with a groan of mingled pain and grief rushed out of the room.

Pierre looked at the door through which she had dis-

appeared, and did not understand why he was suddenly left all alone in the world.

Princess Márya brought him back from his reverie, by directing his attention to her nephew who had just entered the room.

Nikoláy's face, which resembled his father's, so affected Pierre in the moment of his tender mood that he kissed Nikoláy, hurriedly rose, and, taking out his handkerchief, walked over to the window. He wanted to bid Princess Márya good night, but she held him back.

"No, Natásha and I frequently stay awake until three o'clock. Please stay awhile longer! I will order supper. Go down-stairs! We shall be there at once."

Before Pierre left, Princess Márya said to him:

"This is the first time she has spoken of him in this manner."

XVIII.

PIERRE was taken to a large, well-lighted dining-room. A few minutes later footsteps were heard, and the princess and Natásha entered the room. Natásha was calm, though a stern expression, without a smile, again rested on her face. Princess Márya, Natásha, and Pierre all alike experienced that awkward feeling which generally ensues after a serious and intimate conversation. It is impossible to continue the previous talk; one feels ashamed to mention trifles, and it is not pleasant to keep silence, for all want to speak, while the silence seems to indicate that one is feigning. They silently approached the table. The servants moved away the chairs, and again moved them up. Pierre opened his cool napkin and, deciding to break the silence, looked at Natásha and at Princess Márya. They, too, had evidently made up their mind to do the same: in the eyes of both of them gleamed the satisfaction with life and the recognition of the fact that outside of sorrow there were also joys.

"Do you drink brandy, count?" asked Princess Márya, and these words suddenly dispelled the shadows of the past.

"Tell us about yourself!" said Princess Márya. "They say such strange things about you."

"Yes," Pierre replied, with what now was his customary smile of gentle derision. "They even tell me such marvels about myself as I did not even dream of. Márya Abrámovna invited me to her house and told me everything that had happened to me, or that ought to have

happened. Stepán Stepánych, too, taught me what I ought to tell about myself. In general, I have observed that it is a very simple thing to be an interesting man (I am now an interesting man); I am invited, and then they tell me all about me."

Natásha smiled and was on the point of saying something.

"We have been told," Princess Márya interrupted her, "that you have lost two millions in Moscow. Is it true?"

"And I am three times richer than before," said Pierre. Although his wife's debts and the necessity of rebuilding had changed the state of his affairs, he continued to say that he was three times as rich as before.

"What I have unquestionably gained," he said, "is liberty —" He began seriously; but he changed his mind when he noticed that it was too egotistical a subject for conversation.

"Are you rebuilding?"

"Yes, Savélich tells me I must.

"Tell me, you did not know of the decease of the countess when you were still in Moscow?" said Princess Márya. She immediately blushed when she noticed that, putting this question immediately after his statement that he was free, she was ascribing a meaning to it which it probably did not have.

"No," replied Pierre, evidently not annoyed by the interpretation which Princess Márya gave to his words about his freedom. "I learned it in Orél, and you can't imagine how it shocked me. We were not an exemplary couple," he said, rapidly, looking at Natásha, in whose face he discovered an expression of curiosity as to how he would speak of his wife. "Yes, her death has shocked me terribly. When two people quarrel, both are wrong, and one's own guilt suddenly grows dreadfully heavy before a man who is no more. And then, such a death — without friends, without consolation! I am very, very

sorry for her," he ended, and it gave him pleasure to observe a joyous approval on Natásha's face.

"Now you are again a bachelor and a match," said Princess Márya.

Pierre suddenly blushed purple, and for a long time tried not to look at Natásha. When he decided to do so, her face was cold, stern, and even contemptuous, as he thought.

"But have you really seen Napoleon and talked with him as we have been told?" asked Princess Márya.

Pierre laughed.

"Not once, never. All seem to think that being in captivity is being Napoleon's guest. I have not only not seen him, but have not even heard of him. I was in much worse society."

The supper came to an end, and Pierre, who at first had refused to talk of his captivity, slowly was drawn into telling about it.

"But is it not true that you remained in Moscow in order to kill Napoleon?" Natásha asked him, with a slight smile. "I guessed it when we met at the Sukhárev Tower. Do you remember?"

Pierre confessed that it was true, and from this question he was slowly led by the questions of Princess Márya, but especially by those of Natásha, to give a detailed account of his exploits.

At first he spoke in that derisive, meek tone which he now assumed in respect to people in general, and to himself in particular; but later, when he reached the recital of the terrors and sufferings which he had witnessed, he was carried away by his own story, before he knew it, and began to speak with the repressed agitation of a man who is reminiscently passing through some powerful impressions.

Princess Márya looked with a meek smile now at Pierre, and now at Natásha. In the whole story she saw

nothing but Pierre and his goodness. Natásha leaned on her arm and, with an expression which was constantly changing with the story, watched Pierre, without taking her eyes away from him, and evidently lived through all the experiences of which he was telling. Not only her look, but also her exclamations and the short questions which she put, showed Pierre that she understood precisely what he wanted to convey. It was evident that she understood not only what he was telling, but also what he would like to say, without being able to express it in words. About the episode with the child and the woman, in defending whom he had been taken prisoner, he spoke as follows:

"It was a terrible spectacle! Children were abandoned, some of them in the fire — In my presence a child was dragged out — women from whom they tore off their things, pulled out their earrings — "

Pierre blushed and hesitated.

"Just then came a patrol and all men who were not looting were made prisoners. I, too."

"You, no doubt, are not telling everything. You must have done something," said Natásha; and after a moment's silence, "something good!"

Pierre continued his story. In telling about the execution, he wanted to avoid some terrible details; but Natásha demanded that he should not leave out anything.

Pierre began to tell about Karatáev (he had got up from the table and was walking around, Natásha following him with her eyes), but stopped.

"No, you cannot understand what it is I learned from this illiterate, foolish man."

"Yes, yes, you must tell us," said Natásha. "Where is he?"

"He was killed in my presence." And Pierre began to tell about the last days of the retreat, about Karatáev

(his voice was trembling all the time), and about his death.

Pierre told of his experiences as he had never thought of them before. He now seemed to see a new significance in all he had passed through. Now, as he was talking of them to Natásha, he had that rare enjoyment which women give in listening to a man, — not *clever* women, who, listening, try either to retain what they are told in order to enrich their minds and, upon occasion, to tell it to some one else, or to adapt the story to their needs and as quickly as possible to communicate their own clever speeches which they have worked out in their little mental households; but that enjoyment which real women give, who are endowed with the ability to choose and drink in the best that is manifested in a man. Natásha, without knowing it, was all attention: she did not miss a word, nor a modulation of the voice, nor a glance, nor a jerking of a facial muscle, nor one of Pierre's gestures. She caught the still unuttered word on the wing and took it straight to her open heart, divining the secret meaning of Pierre's whole spiritual travail.

Princess Márya understood the story and sympathized with him; but she now saw something else which absorbed her whole attention; she saw the possibility of love and happiness between Natásha and Pierre. And the thought, which came to her for the first time, filled her soul with joy.

It was three hours after midnight. The servants, with saddened, stern faces came to change the candles; but nobody noticed them.

Pierre finished his story. Natásha continued with her sparkling, animated eyes to look persistently and fixedly at Pierre, as though trying to make out the rest which, perhaps, he had suppressed. Pierre now and then looked at her in bashful and happy confusion, and was thinking of what to say in order to change the subject. Princess

Márya was silent. It did not occur to one of them that it was three o'clock, and that it was time to go to bed.

"People talk of the misfortunes of suffering," said Pierre. "If I were asked this very minute, 'Do you want to be what you were before your captivity, or again live through it all?' I should say, 'For God's sake, let me be in captivity once more, and have horse-meat.' We imagine that we are lost, if we are thrown out of the beaten routine; but it is only then that the new, good part of our life begins. So long as there is life, there is happiness. Ahead of us is much, very much. I assure you," he said, turning to Natásha.

"Yes, yes," she said, replying to something quite different. "I, too, would like to go through everything from the beginning."

Pierre looked fixedly at her.

"Yes, and nothing else," affirmed Natásha.

"It is not so, not so!" exclaimed Pierre. "It is not my fault that I am alive and want to live; and so it is with you."

Suddenly Natásha lowered her head upon her hands and burst out into tears.

"What is the matter with you, Natásha?" said Princess Márya.

"Nothing, nothing." She smiled through her tears at Pierre. "Good night, it is time to go to bed."

Pierre got up and took his leave.

Princess Márya and Natásha again met in the sleeping-room, as usual. They talked together about what Pierre had been telling them. Princess Márya did not express her opinion about Pierre. Nor did Natásha talk of him.

"Good night, Marie," said Natásha. "Do you know, I frequently am afraid that we are not speaking of him

(Prince Andréy) because we are in fear of degrading our sentiment, and so we forget him."

Princess Márya drew a deep sigh and thus acknowledged the justice of Natásha's utterance; but she did not agree with her in her words.

"How can we forget!" she said.

"It gave me such a relief to-night to tell everything: it pained me, and yet it was a relief, a great relief," said Natásha. "I am convinced that he loved him. That's why I told him. Did I do wrong to tell him?" she asked, suddenly blushing.

"To tell Pierre? Oh, no! What a fine man he is!" said Princess Márya.

"Do you know, Marie," Natásha suddenly said, with a mischievous smile, which Princess Márya had not seen on her face for a long time, "he has become so clean, smooth, and fresh, as though he came straight from a bath. You understand? From a moral bath. Is it not so?"

"Yes," said Princess Márya. "He has gained much."

"And his short coat, and clipped hair; just as though he came from a bath. Papa used to —"

"I understand that *he* (Prince Andréy) loved no one so much as him," said Princess Márya.

"Yes, and he is very different from him. They say that men are friends when they are quite different from each other. It must be so. Is it not so? He does not resemble him one bit."

"Yes, and yet he is a fine man!"

"Well, good night," replied Natásha. And the same mischievous smile, as though she had forgotten herself, did not for a long time leave her face.

XIX.

THAT night Pierre could not fall asleep for a long time. He paced the room, now frowning as if he was thinking of something hard, now suddenly shrugging his shoulders and shuddering, and now smiling a happy smile.

He was thinking of Prince Andréy, of Natásha, of their love, and now was jealous of her in the past, now rebuked, now forgave himself for it. It was six o'clock in the morning, and he was still walking in his room.

"What is to be done? It cannot be otherwise. What is to be done? Evidently it is right so," he said to himself, and, hastily undressing himself, he lay down on the bed, happy and agitated, but without misgivings and indecision.

"However strange and impossible this happiness may be, I must do everything in order to become her husband," he said to himself.

Pierre had several days before determined on Friday as the day when he should leave for St. Petersburg. When he awoke on Thursday, Savélich came to him for his orders about packing his things.

"To St. Petersburg? What is St. Petersburg? Who is in St. Petersburg?" he instinctively asked himself. "Yes, long ago, before this happened, I for some reason intended to go to St. Petersburg," he thought. "Why not? Maybe I will go there. — How good and attentive he is! He remembers everything!" he thought, looking

at Savélich's old face. "What a pleasant smile!" he thought.

"Well, Savélich, do you still not want your freedom?" asked Pierre.

"What shall I do with my freedom, your Serenity? I lived well with the late count, — the kingdom of heaven be his, — and have suffered no insult from you."

"Well, and the children?"

"The children will live thus, too, your Serenity. It is not hard to live with such masters."

"Well, and my heirs?" said Pierre. "Suddenly I shall take a notion and get married — It is possible, you know," he added, with an involuntary smile.

"And I take the liberty of telling your Serenity that it would be right."

"He thinks it is so easy," thought Pierre. "He does not know how terrible it is, how dangerous. It is either too early or too late — Terrible!"

"What is your command? Will you depart to-morrow?" asked Savélich.

"No, I will postpone going for awhile. I will tell you later. Pardon me for the trouble I have given you," said Pierre. Looking at Savélich's smile, he thought: "How strange that he does not know that there is no St. Petersburg now, and that first that other thing has to be decided. However, he no doubt knows and only pretends. Shall I talk with him about it? What is his opinion?" thought Pierre. "No, some other time."

At breakfast Pierre informed the princess that he had called the night before on Princess Márya and had seen there, "Imagine whom? — Natásha Rostóv."

The princess pretended not to see anything unusual in this bit of news, any more than as if he had seen Anna Seménovna.

"Do you know her?" asked Pierre.

"I have seen the princess," she replied. "I have heard

that she has been spoken of as a match for young Rostóv. That would be very nice for the Rostóvs: they say they are ruined."

"No, I mean Natásha Rostóv."

"I have heard about that affair. What a pity!"

"No, she does not understand, or she pretends," thought Pierre. "I had better not tell her, either."

The princess had also got his provisions ready for the journey.

"How good they all are," thought Pierre, "to busy themselves with these things now when they no longer can interest them. And they are doing it all for me, which is surprising."

On that same day the chief of police came to see Pierre to ask him to send a trusty man into the palace to receive the property which was now to be distributed to the proprietors.

"He, too," thought Pierre, looking into the face of the chief of police, "what a fine and handsome officer he is, and how good! *Now* to busy himself with such trifles. And they say that he is not honest and takes bribes! Then again, why should he not take bribes? He was educated that way. All do it. What a pleasant, good face he has! And how he smiles, as he looks at me!"

Pierre went to dine with Princess Márya.

As he drove down the streets, between the burnt houses, he admired the beauty of these ruins. The chimneys of the houses and the shattered walls, picturesquely reminding him of the Rhine and the Coliseum, stretched, concealing each other, through the burnt wards. The cabmen and passengers he passed by, the carpenters working on buildings, the huckstresses, and the shopkeepers, all looked at Pierre with merry, beaming faces, and seemed to say, "Ah, there he is! Let us see what will come of it!"

Upon entering the house of Princess Márya, Pierre was

assailed by doubt whether he had really been there the night before, had seen Natásha, and talked with her. "Maybe it is my imagination. Maybe I shall enter, and see no one." But he had hardly had time to enter the room, when, by the sudden loss of his liberty, he with all his being felt her presence. She wore the same black dress with the soft folds, and had her hair dressed in the same manner, but she was quite different now. If she had been the same the night before, when he had entered the room, he could not have helped recognizing her at once.

She was the same as he had known her almost as a child and later as Prince Andréy's fiancée. A merry, interrogative sparkle beamed in her eyes; on her face there was a kindly and strangely mischievous expression.

Pierre dined with them, and would have remained the whole evening there, but Princess Márya went to vespers, and so he went with them.

On the following day Pierre arrived early, dined with them, and stayed there all the evening. Although Princess Márya and Natásha were apparently glad to see the guest; although Pierre's whole interest in life now centred in this house, they talked themselves out toward evening, and the conversation constantly jumped over from one unimportant subject to another, and frequently broke in the middle. Pierre remained so long that Princess Márya and Natásha kept exchanging looks, wondering whether he would leave soon. Pierre saw this, but could not go. He felt ill at ease and awkward, but he remained sitting because he *could not* get up and leave.

Princess Márya, seeing no end to it, was the first to get up. She complained of a megrim, and began to bid him good night.

"So you go to-morrow to St. Petersburg?" she asked.

"No, I sha'n't," Pierre said, hurriedly, in surprise and as though he were offended. "Yes, no, to St. Petersburg? To-morrow. Only I do not yet bid you good-bye. I will

call to get your commissions," he said, standing before Princess Márya, blushing, and still remaining.

Natásha gave him her hand, and went out. Princess Márya, on the contrary, instead of leaving, dropped down in a chair and with her beaming, deep glance looked sternly and fixedly at him. The lassitude which she had manifested before now left her entirely. She heaved a deep, prolonged sigh, as though getting ready for a long chat.

Pierre's whole confusion and awkwardness disappeared at once upon Natásha's departure, and gave way to agitated animation. He quickly moved up his chair to Princess Márya.

"Yes, I wanted to tell you," he said, replying to her glance, as though she had said something. "Princess, help me! What shall I do? May I hope? Princess, friend, listen to me! I know all. I know that I am not worthy of her; I know that it is impossible to speak of it now. But I want to be a brother to her. No, I can't, I won't —"

He stopped and rubbed his face and eyes with his hands.

"Well," he continued, evidently making an effort over himself to speak connectedly, "I do not know how long I have been loving her. But I have loved only her, her alone, all my life, and I love her so much that I cannot imagine life without her. I cannot make up my mind to ask her hand now; but the thought that, perhaps, she may be mine and that I in some way am missing the opportunity — the opportunity — is terrible. Tell me, may I hope? Tell me what to do! Dear princess," he said, after a moment's silence, and touching her hand, as she did not answer him.

"I am thinking of what you have been saying to me," replied the princess. "This is what I will tell you. You are right when you say that now to tell her of love —"

The princess stopped. She wanted to say, "to tell her of love would be impossible," but she stopped because two days before she had noticed by Natásha's complete change that she not only would not be offended if Pierre told her of his love, but that it was the one thing she wished for.

"To tell her now — would be impossible," Princess Márya nevertheless continued.

"What, then, am I to do?"

"Leave it to me," said Princess Márya. "I know —"

Pierre looked into Princess Márya's eyes.

"Well, well —" he said.

"I know that she loves — will love you," Princess Márya corrected herself.

She had not yet finished these words when Pierre leaped up and with a frightened face seized Princess Márya's hand.

"Why do you think so? You think that I may hope? Do you think so?"

"Yes, I do," Princess Márya said, smiling. "Write to her parents, and leave it to me! I will tell her when it is possible. I wish it. And my heart feels that it will be."

"No, it cannot be! How happy I am! But it cannot be! How happy I am! No, it cannot be!" said Pierre, kissing the hands of Princess Márya.

"Go to St. Petersburg! That will be better. I will write to you," she said.

"To St. Petersburg? Must I go? Yes, all right, I will. But may I come to-morrow to see you?"

On the following day Pierre came to say good-bye. Natásha was less animated than on the previous days; but on that day, as he now and then looked into her eyes, he felt that he was vanishing, that neither he nor she existed, but only the one feeling of happiness. "Is it possible? No, it cannot be," he said to himself at every

glance of hers, at every gesture and word, which filled his soul with joy.

When, taking leave, he lifted her thin, lean hand, he retained it a little longer than usual in his own.

"Is it possible this hand, this face, these eyes, all this treasure of feminine charm, so foreign to me, will be eternally mine and as known to me as I am to myself? No, it is impossible!"

"Good-bye, count!" she said to him aloud. "I will be waiting for your return," she added, in a whisper.

And these simple words, and the glance and expression of the face which accompanied them for two months formed the subject of inexhaustible memories, interpretations, and happy reveries for Pierre. "I will be waiting for your return — Yes, yes, how did she say it? Yes. I will be waiting for your return. Oh, how happy I am! What is it that makes me so happy?" Pierre said to himself.

XX.

In Pierre's soul there was now taking place something quite different from what had happened to him under similar circumstances during his courtship of Hélène.

He did not repeat, as then, with painful shame, the words which he had uttered; he did not say, "Ah, why did I not say it? Why did I say, '*Je vous aime*'?" Now, on the contrary, he repeated in his imagination every word of hers and his own words, with all the details of expression and smile, and he wanted neither to take anything away from them, nor add anything: he only wanted to repeat them. There was not even a shadow of a doubt whether that which he had undertaken was good or bad. There was only one terrible doubt that sometimes passed through his mind: "Is it not all in a dream? Did not Princess Márya make a mistake? Am I not too proud and self-confident? I have faith; but suddenly, which certainly must happen, Princess Márya will tell her, and she will smile and reply, 'How strange! He, no doubt, made a mistake. Does he not know that he is a man, simply a man, and I? — I am something quite different, a higher being.'"

It was this doubt only which frequently occurred to him. He now made no plans. The impending happiness seemed so improbable to him that if it should happen, there could be nothing after it. All was ended.

A joyous, unexpected madness, of which he had considered himself incapable, took possession of him. The whole meaning of life, not for him alone, but for the

whole world, seemed to him to consist only in his love and in the possibility of her love for him. Occasionally all men seemed to him occupied with one thing only, — his future happiness. It seemed to him at times that they all rejoiced as much as he himself did, and that they only tried to conceal their joy and pretended to be occupied with other matters. In every motion and word he saw references to his happiness. He frequently surprised people whom he met with his significant, happy glances and smiles, expressive of secret agreement. But when he saw that people did not know of his happiness, he pitied them with his whole heart, and was possessed of the desire in some way to explain to them that everything with which they busied themselves was the merest bosh, and not worthy of attention.

When he was offered some office, or when some general affairs of State or of the war were discussed, and it was assumed that on such and such an issue of an event depended the happiness of all men, he listened with a meek, compassionate smile, and surprised his hearers by his strange remarks. But both the people who to Pierre appeared to understand the real meaning of life, that is, his sentiment, and those unfortunates who obviously did not understand it, — all men at that period of time appeared to him in such a bright light as a result of the sentiment which was agleam in him that, meeting a man, he without the least effort saw in him everything good and worthy of love.

In examining the affairs and the papers of his late wife, he did not experience any other feeling about her than that of pity because she had not known the happiness which he knew now. Prince Vasíli, who was now particularly proud of his new position and of a new decoration, appeared to him as a pathetic, good, pitiful old man.

Pierre later on frequently thought of that time of his happy madness. All the opinions which he formed about

men and things during that period of time remained for ever true for him. He afterward not only never recanted his views on men and things, but, on the contrary, in internal doubts and contradictions had recourse to the view which he had held during his madness, and such a view always proved to be correct.

"Maybe," he thought, "I then seemed strange and ridiculous; but I was not so mad as I seemed. On the contrary, my mind was then more penetrating and sharper than ever, and I understood everything worth understanding in life, because — I was happy."

Pierre's madness consisted in his not waiting, as before, for some personal reasons, which he called men's worth, in order to love them. His love filled his heart to the brim, and he, loving men without cause, discovered indisputable reasons why they deserved that love.

XXI.

Beginning with that evening when Natásha, after Pierre's leave, with a merry and derisive smile told Princess Márya that he looked as though he were fresh from a bath, and talked about his coat and clipped hair, — something hidden and incomprehensible to her, and yet something irrepressible, awoke in her soul.

Everything, her face, gait, glance, voice, — everything was suddenly changed in her. Her vital power, her hopes of happiness, swam out to the surface quite unexpectedly for her and demanded to be gratified. With that very evening she seemed to forget what had happened to her. She did not even once complain of her position, did not say a word about her past, and was no longer afraid to make cheerful plans for the future. She spoke little of Pierre, but when Princess Márya mentioned his name, a long extinct splendour flashed in her eyes, and her lips were puckered into a strange smile.

The change which took place in Natásha at first surprised Márya; but when she understood its meaning, it grieved her. "Is it possible she loved my brother so little that she could forget him so soon?" thought Princess Márya, when she reflected on the change. But when she was with Natásha, she was not angry with her and did not scold her. The awakened power of life, which had seized Natásha, was apparently so irresistible, so sudden even to her, that in Natásha's presence she felt that she had no right to rebuke her even in her mind.

Natásha abandoned herself with such fulness and sin-

cerity to the new sensation that she did not even try to conceal the fact that she now experienced, not sorrow, but joy and mirth.

When, after her explanation with Pierre, Princess Márya returned to her room, Natásha met her at the threshold.

"Did he say it? Yes? He did?" she repeated. And a joyful and at the same time piteous expression, as though imploring forgiveness for her joy, stood in Natásha's face.

"I wanted to listen at the door; but I knew that you would tell me."

However natural and touching the glance which Natásha cast at Princess Márya appeared to her, however Princess Márya sympathized with her agitation, Natásha's words in the first moment offended her. She recalled her brother and his love.

"But what is to be done? She cannot help herself," thought Princess Márya, and with a sad and somewhat stern face she told Natásha everything which Pierre had said to her. When Natásha heard that he was going away to St. Petersburg, she was amazed. "To St. Petersburg?" she repeated, as though she did not understand. But, upon looking at Princess Márya's sad expression, she guessed the cause of her sadness and suddenly burst out into tears. "Marie," she said, "teach me what to do! I do not want to be bad. I will do everything you tell me to. Teach me —"

"Do you love him?"

"Yes," whispered Natásha.

"Why, then, are you weeping? I am happy for you," said Princess Márya, fully forgiving Natásha's joy for the sake of the tears.

"That will happen some day, not very soon. Think what happiness it will be when I am his wife, and you marry Nicolas!"

"Natásha, I have asked you not to speak of it. Let us speak of you!"

They were silent.

"But why did he go to St. Petersburg?" Natásha suddenly said, and immediately hastened to answer herself: "Yes, yes, it must be — Yes, Marie? It must be —"

EPILOGUE

PART THE FIRST

I.

SEVEN years passed. The agitated historical sea of Europe had settled between its shores. It looked becalmed; but the mysterious powers which move humanity (mysterious, because the laws that determine their motion are unknown to us) continued their action.

Although the surface of the historical sea looked motionless, humanity moved as uninterruptedly as time itself. Various groups of human cohesion were composing and decomposing all the time; causes were active for the formation and dissolution of kingdoms, and for the permutations of peoples.

The historical sea no longer, as before, hurled itself with vehemence from one shore to another; it seethed in its depth. The historical persons were not carried, as before, on the waves from one shore to another; now they seemed to whirl around in one spot. The historical personages, who formerly at the head of armies had reflected the motion of the masses by ordering wars, campaigns, battles, now reflected this motion by political and diplomatic combinations, laws, treatises.

This activity of the historical personages the historians call the reaction.

In describing the activity of these historical persons,

who in their opinion were the cause of what they call the reaction, the historians condemn them severely. All the well-known people of that time, from Alexander and Napoleon to Madame de Staël, Fóti, Schelling, Fichte, Chateaubriand, and so forth, pass under their severe judgment, and are praised or condemned, according to whether they coöperated with the *progress* or with the *reaction*.

According to their description, Russia was at that time herself passing through a period of reaction, and the chief culprit of this reaction was Alexander I., that same Alexander I., who, according to their own description, had been the chief author of the liberal beginnings of his reign and of the salvation of Russia.

In the contemporary Russian literature there is not a man, from a student of a gymnasium to a learned historian, who does not throw his stone at Alexander for his irregular acts during this period of his reign.

"He ought to have acted so and so. In this case he acted well, and in that badly. He bore himself admirably in the beginning of his reign and during the year 1812; but he acted badly in giving a constitution to Poland, in forming the Holy Alliance, in giving power to Arakchéev, and in encouraging Golítsyn and mysticism, and later Shishkóv and Fóti. He committed a mistake when he busied himself with the army at the front; he committed a mistake when he cashiered the Seménovski regiment, and so forth."

It would take ten sheets of paper to mention all the blunders of which the historians accuse him on the basis of that knowledge of the good of humanity which they possess.

What do these accusations mean?

Do not the same acts for which the historians praise Alexander I., such as the liberal beginnings of his reign, the struggle against Napoleon, the firmness evinced by

him in the year 1812, and the campaign of 1813, spring from the same sources, — the conditions of blood, education and life, which made Alexander's personality what it was, — from which also spring those acts for which he is blamed, such as the Holy Alliance, the restoration of Poland, the reaction of the twenties?

In what, then, consists the essence of these accusations?

In this, that such a historical person as Alexander I., — a person who stood on the highest possible round of human power, as it were in the focus of the blinding light of all the historical rays which were concentrated upon him; a person who was subject to those most powerful influences of intrigues, deceptions, flattery, conceit, which are inseparable from power; a person who at any moment of his life felt the responsibility for everything which was taking place in Europe; a person who was not invented, but was as alive as any man, with his individual habits, passions, strivings for what is good, beautiful, and true, — that this person was not exactly not virtuous (for of this the historians do not accuse him), but that he did not have those conceptions about the good of humanity, which now a professor has who from his early youth busies himself with science, that is, with the reading of books and lectures, and with the copying of these books and lectures into note-books.

But, even if we were to admit that Alexander I. fifty years ago was mistaken in his view about what constitutes the weal of the nations, we must involuntarily assume that the historian who judges Alexander will, after the lapse of some time, appear as unjust in his conception about what constitutes the weal of humanity. This assumption is the more natural and necessary since, in examining the evolution of history, we discover that with every year, with every new writer, the conception of what forms the good of humanity is changed, so that what once appeared to be good ten years later turns out to be evil, and vice

versa. More than that, we find in history contradictory views held simultaneously about what is good, and what bad: some regard the constitution given to Poland and the Holy Alliance as being to Alexander's credit, others blame him for it.

Of Alexander's and Napoleon's activity, we cannot say that it was useful or injurious, because we cannot say for what it was useful, and for what injurious. If this activity does not please a person, it fails to please him merely because it does not coincide with his limited understanding of what is good. Whether I regard as good the preservation of my father's house in Moscow in the year 1812, or the glory of the Russian troops, or the flourishing condition of the universities of St. Petersburg and other cities, or the freedom of Poland, or the power of Russia, or the equilibrium of Europe, or progress, — that European enlightenment of a certain kind, — I must acknowledge that the activity of every historical person had, in addition to these aims, other, more general, and to me incomprehensible purposes.

But let us suppose that the so-called science is able to reconcile all the contradictions and has for historical persons and events the invariable measure of good and evil.

Let us suppose that Alexander might have done everything differently. Let us suppose that, following the prescription of those who accuse him, of those who profess to have the knowledge of the final end of the movement of humanity, he might have arranged everything according to that programme of nationality, freedom, equality, and progress (there seems to be no other), which the present accusers would have furnished him with. Let us suppose that this programme had been possible and worked out, and that Alexander would have acted in conformity with it. What would then have become of the activity of all those men who counteracted the government's tendency, — of that activity which, in the opinion of the historians,

is good and useful? That activity would not have existed; there would have been no life; there would have been nothing.

If we admit that human life can be guided by reason, we destroy the possibility of life.

II.

If we admit, as the historians do, that great men lead humanity to the attainment of certain purposes, which consist either in the greatness of Russia or of France, or in the equilibrium of Europe, or in the dissemination of the ideas of the Revolution, or in general progress, or in anything else, — then it becomes impossible to explain the phenomena of history without the conceptions of chance and of genius.

If the purpose of the European wars in the beginning of the present century consisted in the greatness of Russia, then this purpose might have been attained without all the preceding wars and without the incursion. If the purpose was the grandeur of France, it might have been attained without the Revolution and without the Empire. If the purpose was the dissemination of ideas, printing would have done it much better than the soldiers. If the purpose was the progress of civilization, then it is very easy to assume that outside of the destruction of men and of their wealth there are other, more suitable ways for the dissemination of civilization.

Why did it happen so and not otherwise?

Because it happened so. "*Chance* created the situation; the *genius* took advantage of it," says history.

What is *chance?* What is *genius?*

The words *chance* and *genius* do not denominate anything actually existing, and so cannot be defined. These words only determine a certain stage of the comprehension of phenomena. I do not know why such and such a

phenomenon takes place; I think that I cannot know, and so I do not want to know, and I say "*chance*." I see a force which is producing an effect out of proportion to the usual human agencies; I do not understand why it happens so, and I say "*genius*."

To a flock of sheep, the wether, which is every night driven by the shepherd into a separate enclosure for feeding, and which becomes twice as fat as the rest, must seem a genius. And the very fact that this same wether is every night kept away from the common sheepfold, and is driven to a special enclosure, where it is fed on oats, and that this same fattened wether is slaughtered for its meat, must appear as a striking combination of genius with a whole series of extraordinary accidents.

But the sheep need only stop thinking that everything which happens to them is done for the attainment of their sheep aims; they need only admit that what occurs may have some ends which are incomprehensible to them, and they will see at once the unity and consistency of what takes place with the fattened wether. If they will not know for what purpose the wether is fattened, they will at least know that all that has happened to it was not fortuitous, and they will no longer be in need of the conception of *chance* nor of the conception of *genius*.

Only by rejecting the knowledge of the nearer, comprehensible purpose, and by acknowledging that the final end is inaccessible to us, shall we see the fitness of historical persons in life; there will be revealed to us the cause of the action which is out of proportion to the usual human agencies, and the words *chance* and *genius* will be unnecessary to us.

We need only admit that the purpose of the agitation of the European nations is unknown to us, and that we only know the facts, which consisted in murders at first in France, then in Italy, in Africa, in Prussia, in Spain, in Russia, and that the movement from the West to the

East, and from the East to the West forms the essence and the purpose of the facts, and we shall not only not be obliged to see something exceptional and *ingenious* in the characters of Napoleon and of Alexander, but we shall even be unable to see in these men anything more than we see in other men; and we shall not only be relieved of the necessity of explaining the *accidentalness* of those petty events which made those men what they were, but it will also become clear to us that all those petty events were necessary.

In renouncing the knowledge of the final end, we shall clearly comprehend that, as we are not able to conceive in any single plant any colour and seed which would be more appropriate for it than what it produces, so it is impossible to imagine any two other men who would to such an extent, to such minutest details, have corresponded to the purpose which they were called to fulfil.

III.

THE fundamental, essential significance of the European events in the beginning of the present century is the warlike movement of the masses of the European nations from the West to the East, and later from the East to the West. In order that the nations of the West might be able to accomplish their warlike movement toward Moscow, which they actually did accomplish, it was necessary that (1) they should combine into a warlike group of such magnitude as to be able to face the conflict with the warlike group of the East; that (2) they should renounce all established traditions and habits, and that (3) in accomplishing their warlike movement they should have at their head a man who for himself and for them would be able to justify all the deceptions, all the pillaging, and all the murders, which were to accompany this movement.

And so, beginning with the French Revolution, the old, insufficiently large group is destroyed; the old habits and traditions disappear; step by step, a group of new dimensions, new habits and traditions is worked out, and the man is evolved who is to stand at the head of the future movement, and who is to bear the whole responsibility of what is about to happen.

A man without convictions, without stated habits, without tradition, without a name, not even a Frenchman, seems by the strangest fortuity to push himself forward amidst all the parties which agitate France, and, without joining any one of them, rises to a prominent place.

The ignorance of his comrades, the weakness and insig-

nificance of his adversaries, the sincerity of this man's lies, and his brilliant and self-confident limitations carry him to the head of the army. The brilliant composition of the soldiers of the Italian army, the reluctance of the adversaries to fight, and his childish boldness and self-confidence gain for him military glory. An endless number of so-called accidents accompany him everywhere. The disfavour into which he falls with the French leaders serves him to good purpose. His attempts to change his predestined path fail him: he is not accepted into Russian service, nor does he get his appointment into Turkey. During his wars in Italy, he is several times on the verge of ruin, and every time is saved in an unexpected manner. The Russian troops, which might have destroyed his glory, through various diplomatic combinations do not enter Europe while he is there.

After his return from Italy, he finds the government in Paris in that process of decomposition when the men who get into the government are inevitably crushed and annihilated. And quite independently of him there appears for him a way out from this perilous situation, which is the senseless, causeless expedition into Africa. Again that so-called chance accompanies him. Inaccessible Malta surrenders without firing a shot; the most incautious endeavours are crowned with success. The hostile fleet, which later will not let a single boat pass by, now permits a whole army to pass. In Africa a whole series of misdeeds is committed against almost unarmed inhabitants.

And the men who commit these misdeeds, and especially their leader, assure themselves that it is beautiful, that it is glory, that it resembles Cæsar and Alexander the Great, and that it is good.

That ideal of glory and of greatness, which consists in regarding nothing as base, but even in priding oneself on one's crime, by ascribing to it an incomprehensible, super-

natural meaning, — that ideal, which in the future is to guide this man and those who are united with him, is worked out at leisure in Africa. Everything he does is successful. The plague does not attack him. The cruelty of killing the wounded is not laid at his doors. His childishly careless, causeless, and ungrateful departure from Africa, from his companions in need, is placed to his credit, and again the hostile fleet misses him twice. Just as he, completely intoxicated by his successful crimes, and prepared for his rôle, arrives in Paris without any aim, the decomposition of the republican government, which might have ruined him the year before, has now reached an extreme, and his presence, that of the man who has kept aloof from parties, now can only advance him.

He has no plan; he is afraid of everything; but the parties get hold of him and demand his participation.

He alone, with his ideal of glory and greatness, worked out by him in Italy and in Egypt, with his madness of self-adoration, with his boldness of crimes, with his sincerity of lying, — he alone is capable of justifying what is about to happen.

He is needed for the place which is awaiting him, and therefore, almost independently of his will and in spite of his indecision and his want of purpose, in spite of all the errors which he commits, he is drawn into the plot which has for its aim the seizing of power, and the plot is crowned with success.

He is pushed into the meeting of the rulers. He is frightened and wants to run, regarding himself as lost; he pretends to fall into a swoon and says senseless things, which ought to cause his ruin. But the rulers of France, shrewd and haughty before, now feel that their rôle has been played, and are even more confused than he; they do not utter the words which they ought to pronounce in order to retain the power and ruin him.

Chance, a million *accidents*, give him the power, and all people, as though having plotted together, coöperate in strengthening this power. *Accidents* make the characters of the contemporary rulers of France submit to him; *accidents* create the character of Paul I., who recognizes his power; *accident* causes a plot to be formed against him, and this does not injure him, but only confirms his power. *Accident* sends into his hands the Duke of Enghien and casually causes him to kill him, in this manner convincing the crowd, better than by any other means, that he has the right to do so, since he has the power. *Accident* makes him strain all his strength for an expedition into England, which no doubt would ruin him, and he never executes his intention, but casually falls upon Mack with his Austrians, and they surrender without giving battle. *Chance* and *genius* give him a victory at Austerlitz, and *accidentally* all men, not only the French, but all of Europe, with the exception of England, which will not take place in the coming events, all men, despite their former terror and disgust with his crimes, now acknowledge his power, the name which he has given himself, and his ideal of greatness and of glory, which to all appears as something beautiful and reasonable.

As though trying their strength and preparing for the coming movement, the forces of the West several times, in 1805, 6, 7, and 9, tend eastward, growing in strength and numbers. In 1811 a group of men, formed in France, blends into one enormous mass with the intermediate nations. With the ever increasing group of men grows the justificative power of the man who is at the head of the movement. In the decennary of his preparation, which precedes the great movement, this man is brought together with all the crowned heads of Europe. The unveiled sovereigns of the world are unable to oppose any sensible ideal to the Napoleonic ideal of *glory and of greatness*, which has no meaning. One after the other

they hasten to show him their insignificance. The King of Prussia sends his wife to sue for the great man's favour; the Emperor of Austria regards it as a favour because this man receives the daughter of the Cæsars to his couch; the Pope, the guardian of the holiness of the nations, with his religion serves the aggrandizement of the great man. It is not so much that Napoleon prepares himself to carry out his part, as that his surroundings force him to take upon himself the responsibility of what is taking place and is still to take place. There is not a deed, not a rascality, nor a petty deception, which he may commit, but what, from the mouths of those who surround him, is reflected in the form of a grand act. The greatest holiday which the Germans can invent for him is the celebration of Jena and of Auerstädt. Not he alone is great, but even his ancestors, his brothers, his stepsons, his brothers-in-law. Everything is taking place to deprive him of his last power of reason and to prepare him for his terrible rôle. And when he is ready, the forces, too, are ready.

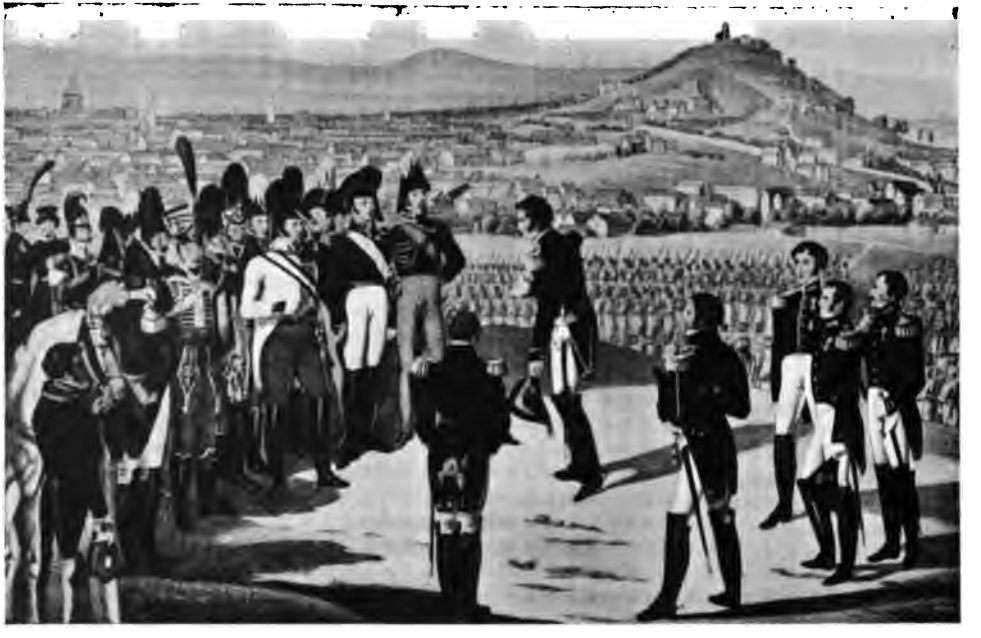
The invasion tends to the East; it reaches its final goal, — Moscow. The capital is taken; the Russian army is destroyed, more than the hostile armies have ever been destroyed from Austerlitz to Wagram. But suddenly, in place of those accidents and of that genius, which so consistently have led him by an uninterrupted series of successes toward the predetermined goal, there appear an endless number of reverse accidents, from the cold in the head at Borodinó to the frosts and the sparks which have burnt Moscow, and instead of the *genius*, there appear unexampled stupidity and baseness.

The invaders run, turn back, again run, and all the chance is now no longer for, but against him.

There takes place a counter movement from the East to the West, which has a remarkable resemblance to the preceding movement from the West to the East; the same attempts of moving from the East to the West, as in

1805, in 1807, and 1809, precede the great movement; the same combination into a mass of enormous dimensions; the same participation of the intermediate nations in the movement; the same wavering in the middle of the path, and the same rapidity in proportion to the approach of the goal.

Paris, the final goal, is reached. The Napoleonic government and the troops are destroyed. Napoleon no longer has any meaning, and all his acts are apparently pitiable and base; but again there takes place an inexplicable accident: the allies hate Napoleon, in whom they see the cause of their calamities; deprived of his strength and power, convicted of his misdeeds and rascalities, he ought to present himself to them such as he appeared ten years before and will appear a year later, — as an outlaw. But, by a strange fortuity, no one sees it. His rôle is not yet finished. The man, who ten years before and a year later is regarded as an outlaw, is sent on a two days' voyage from France, to an island, given into his possession, with a guard and with millions, which for some reason are paid out to him.



Capitulation of Paris, 1814.

IV.

THE movement of the nations begins to quiet down between the shores. The waves of the great movement have been swept back, and on the becalmed sea are formed circles, on which the diplomats are borne, imagining that it is they who are producing the calm.

But the becalmed sea suddenly rises. It seems to the diplomats that they, their discords, are the cause of this new impulse; they are waiting for a war between their sovereigns; the problem seems to them insoluble. But the wave, the swell of which they feel, is not borne from where they expect it. The same wave rises from the same starting-point, Paris. There takes place the last surging of the movement from the West, a surge which is to decide the apparently insoluble, diplomatic difficulties, and to put an end to the military movement of that period.

The man who has destroyed France, all alone, without a plot, without soldiers, comes to France. Any janitor may arrest him; but, by a strange fortuity, no one arrests him, and all meet in delight the man whom they cursed yesterday and will curse again in a month.

This man is needed in order to justify the last united act.

The act is accomplished.

The last rôle is played. The actor is told to take off his disguise, and to wash off his paint and powder: he is no longer wanted.

And several years pass, during which this man, in his solitude on the island, plays to himself a pitiful comedy, intriguing and lying, and justifying his acts, when this justification is no longer needed, and showing to the whole world what that something was which men took for power, when an invisible hand guided him.

The manager, at the end of the drama, having divested the actor, showed him to us.

"See what you have believed in! Here he is! Do you now see that it is not he, but I, who have moved you?"

But, blinded by the force of the motion, men did not comprehend it for a long time.

A still greater consistency and necessity is presented to us by the life of Alexander I., of that person who stood at the head of the counter movement from the East to the West.

What is wanted of a man that he, overshadowing the rest, should stand at the head of this movement from the East to the West?

What is needed is a feeling of justice, a sympathy for the affairs of Europe, one that is remote and is not clouded by petty interests; there is needed a moral preëminence over the comrades, the sovereigns of the time; there is needed a meek, attractive personality, and a personal grievance against Napoleon. And all this is found in Alexander I.; all this is brought about by an endless number of so-called accidents of his previous life: by his education, his liberal beginnings, by his nearest counsellors, by Austerlitz, by Tilsit, by Erfurt.

During the national war this person is inactive, because he is not needed. But the moment there rises the necessity of a general European war, this person at the given moment appears in his place and, uniting the European nations, leads them to their goal.

The goal is reached. After the last war of the year

1815, Alexander is on the height of the greatest possible human power. How does he use it?

Alexander I., the peacemaker of Europe, a man who from his earliest youth strove for the good of his nations, the first originator of liberal innovations in his country, now, when it seems he possesses the greatest possible power and, therefore, is able to do everything for the welfare of his nations, while Napoleon in exile makes childish and false plans of how he would make humanity happy, if he had the power, Alexander I., having accomplished what he had been bidden to, and feeling upon himself the hand of God, suddenly recognizes the insignificance of this presumable power, turns away from it, places it to the hands of men he hates and despises, and only says:

"Not for us, not for us, but for Thy name! I am a man like you: let me live like a man, and think of my soul and of God!"

Just as the sun and each atom of ether is a sphere which is complete in itself, and at the same time is only an atom of a whole which, on account of its immensity, is incomprehensible to man, — even so each personality has its own purposes within itself, and at the same time possesses them in order to serve some incomprehensible common purposes.

A bee, sitting on a flower, has stung a child. And the child is afraid of the bees and says that the purpose of the bee is to sting men. The poet admires the bee, as it sinks into the flower-cup, and says that the purpose of the bee is to imbibe the aroma of the flowers. The bee-keeper, observing that the bee gathers the pollen and carries it to the hive, says that the purpose of the bee is to gather honey. Another bee-keeper, who has studied the beehive more closely, says that the bee gathers the pollen in order to feed the young brood with it and rear the queen bee, and that its purpose consists in continuing

the species. A botanist notices that, flying on the pistil with the pollen of a dicecious flower, the bee fructifies it, and so he sees in this the purpose of the bee. Another, observing the migration of the plants, sees that the bee takes an important part in this migration; this new observer may say that the purpose of the bee lies in this. But the final end of the bee is not exhausted by this or that purpose, which the human mind may discover. The higher the human reason rises in the discovery of these purposes, the more obvious does the incomprehensibility of the final end become to him.

Man can only grasp by observation the correspondence of a bee's life with other phenomena of life. The same is true of the purposes of historical persons and of nations.

V.

THE marriage of Natásha, who was united with Bezúkhi in 1813, was the last joyful event in the old family of the Rostóvs. During the same year Count Ilyá Andréevich died, and, as often happens, with his death the family fell to pieces.

The events of the last year, — the conflagration of Moscow and the flight from it, the death of Prince Andréy and Natásha's despair, Pétya's death, the countess's bereavement, — all this fell stroke after stroke upon the head of the old count. He did not seem to understand, and felt himself unable to grasp the meaning of all these events, and, morally bending his old head, seemed to be waiting for new strokes to make an end of him. He looked now frightened and lost, now unnaturally animated and enterprising.

Natásha's marriage for awhile occupied him with its external side. He ordered dinners and suppers, and evidently tried to appear merry; but his mirth was not contagious, as formerly, but, on the contrary, provoked compassion in the men who had known him and loved him before.

After the departure of Pierre and his wife, he grew quiet and began to complain of tedium. A few days later he grew ill and took to his bed. From the first day of his illness he understood, in spite of the assurance of the physicians, that he would never rise again. The countess passed two weeks at his bedside, without undressing herself. Every time she gave him his medicine,

he sobbed and silently kissed her hand. On the last day he, sobbing, asked the forgiveness of his wife and, privately, of his son, for having ruined the estate, — the chief guilt he was conscious of. He confessed and received the extreme unction; he died quietly, and on the following day a mass of acquaintances, who arrived in order to do the last honours to the deceased man, filled the rented apartments of the Rostóvs. All these acquaintances, who had so often dined and danced at his house, and who had so often laughed at him, now with one common feeling of self-reproach and contrition, as though justifying themselves before some one, said: "Yes, you may say what you please, but he was a fine man. You will not find such men nowadays — Who has not his weaknesses?"

He died suddenly just as his affairs became so entangled that it was impossible to imagine how it would all end in another year.

Nikoláy was with the Russian troops in Paris, when he received the news of his father's death. He immediately resigned from service and, without waiting for the acceptance of the resignation, took a leave of absence and went to Moscow. The condition of the monetary affairs was cleared up within a month of the count's death; it startled everybody by the immensity of the sum of various minor debts, the existence of which no one had suspected. The debts amounted to twice the value of the estates.

Nikoláy's relatives and friends advised him to reject the inheritance. But Nikoláy saw in this a reproach to his father's memory, which was sacred to him, and so he would not hear of the rejection and assumed the inheritance with the obligations attached to it.

The creditors, who had been so long silent, having in the lifetime of the count come under that indefinite but powerful influence which his lax kindness exerted upon them, now suddenly demanded that they be paid. There was a rivalry between them as to who would be the first

Russian soldiers in Paris, 1814.

to receive his due, and men who, like Mítenka and others, had been given notes as presents, now appeared as the most exacting of creditors. Nikoláy was given no rest, and no days of grace, and those who, it seemed, had pitied the old man who was the cause of their losses (if there were any), now pitilessly pounced down on the innocent young heir who voluntarily assumed the liabilities.

None of the accommodations thought of by Nikoláy was successful. The estate was sold under the hammer for half its value, and half of the debts remained unpaid. Nikoláy took the thirty thousand roubles offered him by his brother-in-law Bezúkhi, with which to pay such part of the debts as he regarded as monetary debts, real debts. And, in order not to be put in the hole for the remaining indebtedness, as the creditors threatened to do, he again entered the service.

He could not return to the army, where he was in line of promotion to the vacant post of the commander of the regiment, because his mother held on to him as her last attachment in life; and thus, in spite of his disinclination to remain in Moscow in the circle of men who knew him, and in spite of his aversion to the civil service, he accepted a civil appointment in Moscow and, doffing his beloved uniform, settled with his mother and with Sónya in small quarters on the Sívtsev Vrazhók.

Natásha and Pierre at that time lived in St. Petersburg, without having any clear conception of Nikoláy's situation. When he had borrowed the money from his brother-in-law, he had tried to conceal his precarious condition from him. Nikoláy's state of affairs was exceedingly bad, since with his 1,200 roubles salary he not only had to support himself, his mother, and Sónya, but to support them in such a way that they should not know that they were poor. The countess could not understand the possibility of a life without the conditions of luxury to which she had been accustomed from childhood, and, without

knowing how hard it was for her son, kept asking now for a carriage, which they did not have, in order to send for a friend of hers, now for expensive food for herself and for wine for her son, or for money, with which to give a surprise to Natásha, to Sónya, or even to Nikoláy himself.

Sónya looked after the house, tended on her aunt, read aloud to her, bore her whims and hidden resentment, and helped Nikoláy to conceal from the countess the precarious condition in which they were. Nikoláy felt that he was under eternal obligations to Sónya for everything she was doing for his mother, and admired her patience and devotion, but tried to alienate himself from her.

In his innermost soul he seemed to reproach her for being too perfect, and for giving him no cause for reproaching her. She had everything for which people are valued, but little of that which would make him love her. He felt that the more he esteemed her, the less he loved her. He took her at her word, when in her letter she gave him his liberty, and now carried himself in such a way as though everything which had been between them had been forgotten long ago, and could never be repeated.

Nikoláy's position grew worse and worse. The plan, which he had had, of putting aside part of his salary proved only a dream. He did not save a thing and, on the contrary, had to borrow here and there, in order to satisfy his mother's needs. He could see no escape from his situation. The thought of marriage with a rich girl, of which his relatives spoke to him, was repulsive to him. Another issue — the death of his mother — never presented itself to his mind. He wished for nothing, hoped for nothing; and in the depth of his heart he experienced a grim and gloomy enjoyment in enduring his condition without a murmur. He tried to avoid his old acquaintances, with their sympathy and their offers of offensive aid; he avoided every amusement and distraction, and even at home did nothing more than play solitaires with

his mother, pace the room in silence, and smoke pipe after pipe. It looked as though he took special care to cultivate that gloomy mood, in which alone he felt himself capable of enduring his plight.

VI.

In the beginning of winter Princess Márya arrived in Moscow. From the city gossip she learned of the condition of the Rostóvs and that "the son was sacrificing himself for his mother;" so they said in the city. "I did not expect anything else of him," Princess Márya said to herself, experiencing a joyful confirmation of her love for him. As she recalled her friendly relations with the whole family, which verged on relationship of blood, she considered it her duty to call on them. But, when she thought of her relations with Nikoláy in Voróńezh, she was afraid to do so. She made a great effort over herself, and finally, after a few weeks in Moscow, drove out to call on the Rostóvs.

Nikoláy was the first to meet her, as it was necessary to pass through his room in order to reach that of the countess. At his first glance at her, Nikoláy's face, instead of expressing the joy which Princess Márya had expected to see on it, assumed an expression of coldness, dryness, and pride, such as she had never seen in him. Nikoláy asked for her health, took her to his mother, and, after staying there for five minutes, left the room.

When the princess left the countess, Nikoláy met her again, and quite solemnly and dryly accompanied her to the anteroom. He did not reply a word to her remarks about the health of the countess. "What is that to you? Let me alone!" his glance seemed to say.

"What is she coming for? What does she want? I

can't bear those ladies and all their amiable ways!" he said, aloud, in Sónya's presence, apparently unable to repress his annoyance, when the carriage of the princess had driven away from the house.

"Oh, how can one speak so, *Nicolas?*" said Sónya, with difficulty concealing her joy. "She is so good, and mamma loves her so!"

Nikoláy made no reply and would have liked never to speak again about the princess. But, ever since her visit, the old countess spoke of her several times each day.

The countess praised her, demanded that her son should call on her, and expressed her wish to see her often; at the same time she grew impatient every time she spoke of her.

Nikoláy tried to keep silence when his mother mentioned the princess, but his silence only irritated the countess.

"She is a very worthy and fine girl," she said, "and you must call on her. You will at least see somebody; I am sure you must be getting tired of our company."

"But, mamma, I have not the least desire."

"There was a time when you wanted to see her, and now you say you have no desire. My dear, I fail to comprehend you. She is a very worthy girl, and you always liked her; I do not understand your reasons. You are all concealing something from me."

"Not at all, mamma."

"I am not asking you to do something unpleasant: I merely ask you to return the call. It seems to me that politeness demands it — I have told you what I wish, and now I will not interfere again, for I see you have secrets from your mother."

"I will go, if you wish it."

"It makes no difference to me. I want it for your sake."

Nikoláy heaved a sigh, bit his moustache, and laid out

the cards, trying to lead his mother's attention to another subject.

On the following day, and on the third and fourth day the same conversation was repeated.

After her call on the Rostóvs and after that unexpectedly cold reception from Nikoláy, Princess Márya acknowledged to herself that she had been right in not wishing to make the first call on the Rostóvs.

"I did not expect anything else," she said to herself, invoking the aid of her pride. "I do not care for him; I only wanted to see the old lady, who has always been kind to me, and to whom I am under many obligations."

But she could not calm herself with such reflections: a sensation resembling repentance tormented her at the recollection of her visit. Though she firmly decided not to call again on the Rostóvs and to forget all that, she was conscious of being in an indefinite position. When she asked herself what it was that tormented her, she had to confess that it was her relation to Rostóv. His cold, civil tone did not spring from his feeling for her (she was sure of that), but that tone concealed something. This something she had to clear up; and she felt that until then she could not be calm.

In the middle of winter she was sitting in the classroom, watching her nephew's lessons, when Rostóv's visit was announced to her. With the firm determination not to betray her secret and not to show any confusion, she invited Mlle. Bourienne to go with her to the drawing-room.

With her first glance at Nikoláy's face, she saw that he had come merely to pay a duty call, and she decided that she would adopt the same tone in which he addressed her.

They spoke of the health of the countess, of their common acquaintances, and of the last news of the war, and when the ten minutes demanded by propriety had passed,

when a guest may rise, Nikoláy got up in order to leave.

The princess, with the aid of Mlle. Bourienne, carried on the conversation very well, but in the very last moment, as he rose, she grew so weary from talking about things she was not interested in, and the thought of how few joys were given her in life occupied her so much, that in an attack of absent-mindedness she fixed her beaming eyes in front of her and sat motionless, without noticing that he had risen.

Nikoláy looked at her and, wishing to appear as though he had not observed her abstraction, said a few words to Mlle. Bourienne and again looked at the princess. She still sat motionless, and on her gentle face there was an expression of suffering. He suddenly felt sorry for her and had a dim idea that he probably was the cause of the grief which was expressed in her face. He wanted to succour her, to tell her something pleasant; but he could not think what to say to her.

"Good-bye, princess," he said.

She regained her senses, blushed, and drew a deep sigh.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," she said, as though awakening. "So you are leaving, count? Well, good-bye! And the cushion for the countess?"

"Wait, I will bring it!" said Mlle. Bourienne, leaving the room.

Both were silent, now and then looking at one another.

"Yes, princess," Nikoláy finally said, with a sad smile, "it is but a short time ago, but much water has flown since we first met at Boguchárovo. How unfortunate we all seemed to be, and yet I would give much to bring back that time — but that is impossible."

The princess looked fixedly into his eyes with her lustrous glance, as he said this. She seemed to try to understand the hidden meaning of his words, which would explain to her his feeling for her.

"Yes, yes," she said, "but you have no reason to regret the past, count. As I understand your life now, you will always recall it with pleasure, because the self-sacrifice which you now practise — "

"I do not accept your praises," he hurriedly interrupted her. "On the contrary, I constantly rebuke myself; but this is an entirely uninteresting and cheerless subject for conversation."

Again his glance assumed the former dry, cold expression. But the princess again recognized in him that man she used to know and love, and she was speaking only with that man now.

"I thought you would permit me to say this to you," she said. "We had become so intimate with you — and with your family — that I thought you would not consider my interest in you out of place; but I was mistaken," she said. Her voice suddenly trembled. "I do not know why," she continued, regaining her composure, "but you were formerly a different man and — "

"There are a thousand reasons *why*" (he emphasized the word *why*). "I thank you, princess," he said, softly. "Now and then it is hard."

"So this is the reason! This is the reason!" an inner voice spoke in Princess Márya's soul. "No, it was not this merry, kindly, and open glance, not this handsome appearance that I loved in him; I divined his noble, firm, self-sacrificing soul," she said to herself. "He is poor now, and I am rich — Yes, that is the only reason — Yes, if it were not for that — " And, as she recalled his former tenderness, and now looked at his good, sad face, she suddenly saw the reason of his coldness.

"Why, count, why?" she suddenly almost shouted, instinctively moving up to him. "Why? Tell me! You must tell me!"

He was silent.

"I do not know your why, count," she continued. "But

it oppresses me — I must confess it to you. You want for some reason to deprive me of your former friendship. And this pains me." Tears were in her eyes and voice. "I have had so little happiness in life that such a loss is hard for me to bear — Pardon me, forgive me!"

She suddenly burst out into tears and started to leave the room.

"Princess! Wait, for God's sake!" he exclaimed, trying to stop her. "Princess!"

She looked back. A few seconds they looked silently into each other's eyes, and what was distant and impossible suddenly became near, possible, and inevitable.

. . . . . .

VII.

In the fall of 1813, Nikoláy married Princess Márya, and they, accompanied by his mother and by Sónya, went to live at Lýsyya Góry.

In four years he, without selling his wife's estate, paid all the remaining debts and, having received a small inheritance from a cousin of his, he acquitted himself of his indebtedness to Pierre.

Three years later, in 1820, Nikoláy so managed his financial affairs that he bought a small estate near Lýsyya Góry and carried on negotiations about buying back his father's Otrádnoe, which was a favourite dream of his.

Having begun to farm from necessity, he soon became so fond of farming that it became his favourite and almost exclusive occupation. Nikoláy was a simple proprietor; he did not care for innovations, especially English ideas, which then were the fashion, laughed at theoretical works on farming, had no use for factories, expensive products, and the sowing of extraordinary seeds, and, in general, did not busy himself with any one part of farming in particular. Before his eyes was constantly the *estate*, and not any part of it. In his estate the chief subject was not the nitrogen and the oxygen which is found in the soil and in the air, not some particular plough and fertilizer, but that main instrument, through which the nitrogen and the oxygen, the fertilizer and the plough, acted, that is, the peasant workman. When Nikoláy took to farming and began to interest himself in the different parts of it, the peasant attracted his greatest attention; the peasant appeared to

him not only as a tool, but as an aim and a judge. At first he only watched the peasant, trying to make out what he needed, what he regarded as good and as bad, and he only pretended that he was ordering him about. In reality, he learned from the peasants the proper mode of action, their speech, and their judgment of what was good and what bad. Only when he understood the tastes and the strivings of the peasant, when he learned to speak his language and to comprehend the hidden meaning of his speech, when he felt himself one with him, did he begin to manage him with firmness, that is, to fulfil the duty toward the peasants which was actually demanded of him. And Nikoláy's farming produced brilliant results.

When Nikoláy took the management of the estate into his hands, he immediately, without a mistake, by a peculiar sense of clairvoyance, appointed as burghmaster, elder, and deputy the very men who would have been elected by the peasants themselves, if they could have chosen them for themselves, and his officers were never changed. Before investigating the chemical properties of the manure, before dabbling with "debit and credit" (as he sarcastically remarked), he investigated the number of cattle held by each peasant, and this he tried to increase by every means possible. The families of the peasants he maintained in the largest possible units, without permitting them to break up. He pursued alike the lazy, the corrupt, and the weak, and tried to exclude them from the Commune.

At sowing-time and at the harvest he watched with equal interest over his own and over the peasant fields. And there were few landed proprietors whose fields were sowed and harvested so early and so well, and who received as much income from them as did Nikoláy.

He did not like to have anything to do with the manorial servants, called them parasites, and, as everybody said, pampered them and was lax in discipline toward

them; whenever some command was to be given to a manorial servant, especially when one had to be punished, he was undecided and took counsel with everybody in the house; only when the opportunity presented itself for enlisting a manorial servant in the army, in the place of a peasant, he did so without the least hesitancy. In all the commands which he had to give to the peasants he never experienced the least wavering. Every order of his, he knew full well, would be approved by the whole mass of them against any one or a few.

He kept himself equally from burdening or punishing a man, simply because he felt like doing so, or from alleviating and rewarding a man, because that coincided with his personal wish. He would have been unable to say by what consideration he was guided in what he ought to do, and what not; but the just measure was firmly rooted in his soul and unshakable.

He frequently used to say in anger, when something went wrong or was in disorder: "What can you expect of our Russian people?" and he imagined that he could not bear the peasant.

But he with all the powers of his soul loved *our Russian people* and their existence, and for that reason comprehended and made his own the only path and method of farming which produces good results.

Countess Márya was jealous of this love of his, and regretted that she was unable to take part in it; she could not understand the joys and sorrows which were caused in him by this separate world of his, which was so foreign to her. She could not understand why he was so peculiarly animated and happy when, rising with daybreak and passing the whole morning in the field or on the threshing-floor, he returned to her tea from planting, mowing, or harvesting. She did nor understand why he was so delighted when he told in transport about the wealthy proprietary peasant Matvyéy Ermíshin, who had

been hauling sheaves all night with his whole family, and whose ricks were all up, while nobody else had yet begun to harvest. She did not understand why he so cheerfully passed from the window to the balcony, smiling beneath his moustache and winking, when a warm, drizzly rain fell on the sere blades of sprouting oats, or why, when a menacing cloud was carried away by the wind during mowing or harvesting, he, red, sunburnt, and perspiring, with the odour of wormwood and of gentian in his hair, upon returning from the threshing-floor, joyfully rubbed his hands, saying: "Another day like this, and everything of mine and of the peasants will be under cover."

Still less could she understand why, with his good heart, with his constant readiness to anticipate her wishes, he almost despaired when she communicated to him the requests of some peasant men or women, who had implored her intervention to be freed from labours, why he, good *Nicolas*, persistently refused her, asking her not to interfere in his affairs. She felt that he had a separate world of his own, which he loved passionately and which had its especial laws that she could not grasp.

When she now and then tried to understand him and talked to him about his deserts for doing good to his subjects, he grew angry and said: "Not at all. Never thought of it. I would not do as much as this for them. All this talk about your neighbour's good is nothing but poetry and fairy-tales. All I need is that our children should not be beggars. I must look after our estate while I am alive, — that's all. For this I must have order, and severity, — that's all!" he said, sanguinely, clinching his fist. "And justice, of course," he added, "because if a peasant is naked and hungry, and has but one old nag, he will work neither for himself, nor for me."

And, no doubt, because Nikoláy did not permit himself to think that he was doing anything for others, for vir-

tue's sake, — everything he did bore fruit; his fortune grew rapidly; neighbouring peasants came to beg him to buy them, and the pious memory of his management was current among the people for a long time after his death. "He was a great master — first the peasants' and then his own. He was stern, though. In short, he was a great master."

VIII.

THE one thing that tormented Nikoláy in the matter of his farming, was his irritability in connection with his old hussar habit of giving free play to his hands. At first he saw nothing prejudicial in this, but during the second year of his marriage his view on this kind of justice suddenly changed.

Once, during the summer, the village elder who in Boguchárovo had taken the place of dead Dron was called out; he was accused of all kinds of rascalities and malfeasance. Nikoláy went out on the porch to him, and, immediately after the first answers of the elder, cries and blows were heard in the vestibule. On returning to the house for breakfast, Nikoláy went up to his wife, who was sitting with drooping head over the embroidery-frame, and told her, as usual, everything which had interested him on that morning, and, among other things, about the Boguchárovo elder. Countess Márya, blushing, growing pale, and tightening her lips, sat as before with drooping head and made no reply to her husband's words.

"What an impudent rascal!" he said, flying up at the very recollection of him. "If he had told me that he was drunk, — I did not see it — What is the matter with you, Marie?" he suddenly asked.

Countess Márya raised her head and wanted to say something, but again hastened to lower her head and puckered her lips.

"What is the matter with you? What is it, my dear?"

The homely countess always grew pretty when she wept. She never wept from pain or annoyance, but always from sadness or pity. And when she wept, her beaming eyes assumed an irresistible charm.

The moment Nikoláy took her hand, she was unable to hold in any longer and burst out into tears.

"Nicolas, I saw it — He is guilty, but you — why did you, Nicolas?" and she covered her face with her hands.

Nikoláy kept silence, blushed purple, and, walking away from her, began to pace the room. He understood what she was weeping about; but he could not in his innermost soul agree at once with her that that to which he had been accustomed from childhood, and which he regarded as a usual occurrence, was bad. "It is mawkishness, woman's sentiment, — or is she right?" he asked himself. He did not decide the question; but, upon looking once more at her suffering and loving face, he suddenly understood that she was right, and that he had long been guilty.

"Marie," he said, softly, walking over to her, "it shall never happen again! I give you my word for it. Never!" he repeated, with a trembling voice, like a boy who asks forgiveness.

Tears flowed more copiously from the eyes of the countess. She took her husband's hand and kissed it.

"Nicolas, when did you break your cameo?" she said, in order to change the subject, looking at his fingers, on one of which was a ring with the head of Laocoon.

"To-day. It was done then. Oh, Marie, do not mention it to me!" He again grew excited. "I give you my word of honour that it shall never happen again. And may this remind me of it for all time!" he said, pointing to the broken cameo.

Since that time, whenever in his explanations with the elders or the stewards the blood rushed to his face and

his hands began to clinch themselves into fists, Nikoláy turned the broken ring around on his finger and lowered his eyes before the man that had made him angry. Still, once or twice a year he forgot himself, and then he came to his wife, confessed it to her, and promised her that it was the last time.

"Marie, you, no doubt, despise me," he said to her. "I deserve it."

"Go away, go away as fast as you can, whenever you feel unable to control yourself," Countess Márya said, sadly, trying to comfort her husband.

Nikoláy was respected, but not loved, by the gentry of the Government. He was not interested in the affairs of the nobility. Because of this some regarded him as a proud, and others as a stupid, man. All his time in the summer, from the sowing in the spring until the harvest, was taken up by the cares of the estate. In the fall he abandoned himself to the chase with the same business-like preoccupation with which he attended to the farm, going away for a month or two to hunt in distant places. In the winter he visited the other villages and busied himself with reading. The books he read were mostly historical, and on these he spent every year a stated sum. He was gathering, as he said, a serious library, and made it his rule to read all the books he bought. With a serious look he sat down in his cabinet to read, an employment which at first he had imposed on himself as a duty, but which later became a habitual occupation with him, giving him special pleasure and the consciousness that he was working on something serious. Except for business journeys, he passed the greater part of the winter at home, in close communion with his family, and entering into the intimate relations between the mother and her children. His wife grew nearer and nearer to him, and every day he discovered new spiritual treasures in her.

Sónya had been living in the house ever since Niko-

láy's marriage. Even before his marriage, Nikoláy, accusing himself and praising Sónya, had told his wife everything there had been between them. He asked Princess Márya to be kind and good to his cousin. Countess Márya was quite conscious of her husband's guilt; she also felt her own guilt toward Sónya; she thought that her fortune might have had an influence on his choice; she could not reproach Sónya in anything, and she wanted to love her; but she not only did not love her, but frequently discovered resentment in her heart against her, and could not overcome it.

Once she talked with her friend Natásha about Sónya, and about her injustice toward her.

"Do you know," said Natásha, "you have read the Gospel a great deal; there is a passage in it which refers directly to Sónya."

"What is it?" Countess Márya asked, in surprise.

"'For whosoever hath, to him shall be given; but whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even that he hath,' — do you remember it? She has not; why, I do not know; maybe she has no egoism, — for aught I know; but from her it will be taken, and already has been taken. I sometimes am very sorry for her; I used to wish that Nicolas would marry her; but I always foresaw that it would never be. She is a sterile flower, you know, as in the strawberries. At times I am sorry for her, and at times I think that she does not feel it as we should feel it."

Although Countess Márya explained to Natásha that these words of the Gospel must be understood differently, she had to agree with Natásha's explanation, as she looked at Sónya. Indeed it seemed that Sónya did not feel her position burdensome and that she was resigned to her vocation as a sterile flower. She was fond not so much of the people as of the whole family. Like a kitten, she got used to the house, and not to the in-

mates. She tended on the old countess, caressed and spoiled the children, and was always ready to do small favours, of which she was always capable; but everybody accepted them instinctively, without any great sense of gratitude —

The manor of Lýsyya Góry was rebuilt, but no longer on the scale on which it had been during the life of the late prince.

The buildings, which were started in time of need, were more than simple. The enormous house, on the old stone foundation, was of wood. It was plastered only on the inside. The large, spacious house, with unpainted plank floors, was furnished with the simplest kind of rough divans, chairs, and tables, made by the home carpenters of birches from the estate. The house was very spacious, and had rooms for the manorial servants, and apartments for guests. The relatives of the Rostóvs and of the Bolkónskis now and then came to Lýsyya Góry with their whole families, with their sixteen horses and dozens of servants, and stayed there for months at a time. In addition to that, four times a year, during the name-days and birthdays of Nikoláy and his wife, about one hundred guests assembled for a day or two. The remaining part of the year, the regular routine of life, with its usual occupations, teas, breakfasts, dinners, and suppers, all furnished by the products of the farm, went on in unimpaired order.

IX.

It was the day preceding St. Nicholas Day, December 5, 1820. Natásha, with her husband and children, had been visiting her brother ever since fall. Pierre was in St. Petersburg, whither he had gone for three weeks to attend to his business, as he had said, but where he had been staying seven. He was expected back at any moment.

On December 5th there was at Nikoláy's house, in addition to Bezúkhi's family, his old friend, ex-General Vasíli Fédorovich Denísov.

Nikoláy knew that on December 6th, the day of the celebration, when the guests would call, he would have to take off his frock coat and don a long coat and tight, pointed boots, and drive to the church which he had lately erected, and then receive congratulations, and offer appetizers, and talk of the elections of the gentry and of the crops; but on the day preceding the celebration he regarded it as his privilege not to deviate from his routine. He audited the account of the burghmaster from the Ryazán village, belonging to his wife's nephew, wrote two business letters, and inspected the threshing-floor and the cattle yard and horse stables. Having taken the proper measures against the general intoxication which was expected on the following day on the occasion of the celebration, he went to dinner and, without having had a chance to see his wife all by herself, seated himself at the long table which was set for twenty, and at which all

the household was gathered. There were his mother, the old woman Byélov, who was living with her, his wife, his three children, a governess, a tutor, his nephew with his tutor, Sónya, Denísov, Natásha, her three children, their governess, and old Mikhaíl Iványch, the prince's architect, who was living out his days at Lýsyya Góry.

Countess Márya was sitting at the opposite end of the table. The moment her husband sat down in his seat, she decided from the gesture with which he, taking his napkin, rapidly changed the position of the tumbler and wine-glass, which were standing in front of him, that he was not in spirits, as sometimes happened with him, especially before the soup, and when he came from the farm directly to dinner. Countess Márya knew this disposition very well, and when she herself was in a good humour, she waited for him to finish his soup, and then began to speak with him and made him confess that he had no reason to be out of sorts; but on that day she completely forgot to observe that rule; she was pained to see him angry with her without cause, and she felt unhappy. She asked him where he had been. He told her. She asked him again whether everything was in order on the farm. He gave an unpleasant frown at her unnatural tone and quickly answered her question.

"Yes, I am not mistaken," thought Countess Márya. "Why is he angry with me?" In the tone with which he replied to her Countess Márya heard ill-will toward herself and a desire to stop the conversation. She felt that her words were unnatural, but she could not keep herself from asking him a few questions more.

Thanks to Denísov, the conversation at dinner soon became general and animated, and Countess Márya did not speak with her husband. When they left the table and went to thank the old countess, Countess Márya, in offering her husband her hand, kissed him and asked him why he was angry with her.

"You have always such strange ideas! I never thought of being angry," he said.

But the word *always* told Countess Márya: "Yes, I am angry, and I do not want to tell you."

Nikoláy and his wife lived so well together that even Sónya and the old countess, who, out of jealousy, wished to see some difference between them, could find no pretext for reproaches; but there were between them now and then moments of hostility. At times, particularly after the happiest periods, they were suddenly assailed by a sensation of estrangement and hostility; this feeling generally appeared during the pregnancy of Countess Márya. She was now in that state.

"Well, *messieurs et mesdames*," said Nikoláy, in a loud and seemingly merry voice (Countess Márya thought that he spoke so on purpose, just to offend her), "I have been on my feet since six o'clock. To-morrow I shall have to suffer, but now I must go and take a rest." And without saying anything more to Countess Márya, he went to the small sofa-room and lay down on a sofa.

"It is always like that," thought Countess Márya. "He talks with everybody but me. I see, I see that he loathes me. Especially when I am in this state." She looked at her high abdomen and in the mirror at her sallow, emaciated face with her large eyes, which now looked larger than ever.

And everything became unpleasant to her: Denísov's shout and laughter, and Natásha's conversation, and, especially, the glances which Sónya kept casting at her.

Sónya was always the first pretext which Countess Márya chose for her irritation.

Staying awhile with the guests and not understanding a word of all they were saying, she softly went out and walked to the nursery.

The children were riding to Moscow on chairs and invited her to go with them. She sat down and played

with them, but the thought of her husband and of his causeless anger tormented her all the time. She got up and, with difficulty walking on tiptoe, went to the small sofa-room.

"Maybe he is not asleep; I will have an explanation with him," she said to herself. Andryúsha, her eldest boy, imitating her, walked on tiptoe behind her. Countess Márya did not notice him.

"*Chère Marie, il dort, je crois; il est fatigué,*" said Sónya in the large sofa-room. Countess Márya was sure that she always turned up on purpose. "Andryúsha will wake him."

Countess Márya looked around, saw Andryúsha behind her, and felt that Sónya was right; but for that very reason she burst into a passion and with difficulty repressed harsh words. She said nothing and, not to seem to obey her, she beckoned to Andryúsha to follow her quietly, and went up to the door. Sónya passed through another door. From the room where Nikoláy was sleeping proceeded his even breathing, which she knew to its minutest details. As she heard his breathing, she saw before her his smooth, handsome brow, his moustache, his whole face, on which she so frequently gazed when he was asleep, in the stillness of the night. Nikoláy suddenly moved and made a noise. At the same moment Andryúsha beyond the door cried out: "Papa, mamma is here!" Countess Márya grew pale from fright and made signs to her son. He grew silent, and for a moment lasted that terrible silence. She knew how Nikoláy hated to be wakened. Suddenly she heard through the door a louder sound, a moving, and Nikoláy's angry voice:

"Not for a moment will they give me a rest! Marie, is it you? Why did you bring him here?"

"I just came to see — I did not see — forgive me — "

Nikoláy cleared his throat and grew silent. Countess Márya went away from the door and took her son back to

the nursery. Five minutes later, black-eyed, three-year-old Natásha, her father's favourite, learning from her brother that her father was asleep, and that mother was in the sofa-room, ran up to him, unnoticed by her mother. The black-eyed little girl boldly creaked the door, with energetic little steps of her tapping feet went up to the sofa, and, observing the position of her father, who was sleeping with his back toward her, got up on tiptoe and kissed his hand which was lying under his head. Nikoláy turned around with a gentle smile on his face.

"Natásha, Natásha!" was heard the frightened whisper of Countess Márya from the other room. "Papa wants to sleep."

"No, mamma, he does not want to sleep," little Natásha replied, with conviction. "He is laughing."

Nikoláy put down his feet, got up, and took his daughter in his arms.

"Come in, Marie!" he said to his wife.

Countess Márya entered the room and sat down by her husband's side.

"I did not see him running after me," she said, timidly. "I just wanted to see."

Nikoláy, holding his daughter with one arm, and seeing the guilty expression of her face, embraced her with the other, and kissed her hair.

"May I kiss mamma?" he asked Natásha.

Natásha smiled in embarrassment.

"Again!" she said, with an imperative gesture, pointing to the spot where Nikoláy had kissed his wife.

"I do not know why you think that I am in ill humour," said Nikoláy, replying to the question which, he knew, was in his wife's mind.

"You can't imagine how unhappy and lonely I am when you are like that. It then seems to me —"

"Marie, stop it! Why are you not ashamed," he said, merrily.

"It seems to me that you cannot love me, that I am so homely — always — and now — in this condi—"

"Oh, how funny you are! Not beauty makes sweetness, but sweetness beauty. Only Malvina and such like are loved because they are beautiful; but do I love my wife? I do not love her, but, you know, I do not know how to explain it. Without you, or when we have a tiff, I feel all lost, and can't do a thing. Do I love my finger? No, I do not love it, but try to cut it off —"

"No, it is different with me, but I understand you. So you are not angry with me?"

"I am, terribly," he said, smiling, and, rising and arranging his hair, he began to walk up and down in the room.

"Do you know, Marie, what I am thinking about?" he began, when peace had been made, at once beginning to think aloud in his wife's presence. He did not ask her whether she was ready to hear him; that made no difference to him. The thought had come to him, consequently to her, too. He told her of his intention of asking Pierre to stay with them until spring.

Countess Márya listened to him, made her remarks, and began herself to think her thoughts aloud. Her thoughts were of the children.

"How the woman can already be seen in her!" she said, in French, pointing to little Natásha. "You accuse us women of being illogical. Here is our logic. I say, 'Papa wants to sleep,' and she says, 'No, he is laughing.' And she is right," said Countess Márya, with a happy smile.

"Yes, yes," and Nikoláy, taking his daughter on his strong arm, raised her up high, put her on his shoulders with her legs astride, and began to walk up and down the room with her. Father and daughter had both senselessly happy faces.

"Do you know, you may be unjust. You love this one

too much," Countess Márya said, in French, in a whisper.

"Yes, but what is to be done? I try not to show it —" Just then sounds of the door-block and of steps, as though some one had arrived, were heard in the vestibule and anteroom.

"Some one has arrived."

"I am sure that it is Pierre. I will go and see," said Countess Márya, leaving the room.

During her absence Nikoláy galloped around the room with his daughter. Gasping for breath, he took down his laughing child and pressed her to his breast. His leaps reminded him of dancing, and, looking at her happy, round, childish face, he tried to imagine how she would be when he, an old man, should begin to take her out in society, and how he would dance the mazurka with her, just as his father had danced the Daniel Cooper with his daughter.

"It is he, it is he, Nicolas," Countess Márya said a few minutes later, returning to the room. "Now our Natásha is herself again. You ought to have seen her transport, and how he caught it for having stayed away so long! — Come, come at once! Can't you separate?" she said, smiling, and looking at the girl who was pressing against her father.

Nikoláy went out, leading his daughter by the hand. Countess Márya remained in the sofa-room.

"Never, never should I have believed," she whispered to herself, "that it is possible to be so happy." Her face was lighted up by a smile; but, at the same time, she sighed, and calm sorrow was expressed in her profound glance, as though, outside the happiness which she was experiencing, there was another happiness, which was inaccessible in this life, and of which she involuntarily thought at that moment.

X.

NATÁSHA had married early in the spring of the year 1813, and in 1820 she had already three daughters and one son, whom she had wished for so much, and whom she now was nursing. She was broader and fuller now, so that in this healthy mother it was difficult to recognize the once slender and mobile Natásha. Her features were defined and had the expression of calm softness and clearness. In her face there was not, as before, that constant fire of animation, which had formed her charm. Now her face and body could often be seen, but her soul never. All one saw was a sturdy, handsome, fertile female. Her former fire rarely burnt in her now, and that happened only on such occasions, as at that particular time when her husband came back, or when a child got well, or when she and Countess Márya spoke of Prince Andréy (to her husband she never mentioned Prince Andréy, assuming that he was jealous even of his memory), or very rarely, when something accidentally drew her to sing, a thing which she had entirely ceased to do since her marriage. In those rare moments, when the former fire flashed up in her well-developed, beautiful body, she was even more attractive than before.

Since her marriage, Natásha had been living with her husband in Moscow, in St. Petersburg, and in the Moscow suburban estate, and with her mother, that is with Nikoláy. The young Countess Bezúkhi was little seen in society, and those who saw her were dissatisfied with her. She was neither attractive nor amiable. It was hard to say

whether Natásha loved solitude (she did not know herself whether she did or not, but now and then she thought she did not); but, being pregnant, bearing and nursing her children, and taking part in every minute of her husband's life, she could not satisfy these wants otherwise than by renouncing the world. All those who had known Natásha before her marriage marvelled at the change which had taken place in her, as though it were something extraordinary. But the old countess, with her maternal instinct, understood that all of Natásha's impulses had for their base the need of having a family and a husband, as she had always said at Otrádnoe, not so much in jest as in earnest. The mother marvelled at the surprise of the people who did not understand Natásha, and kept repeating that she always knew that Natasha would be an exemplary wife and mother.

"The only trouble is, she carries her love for her husband and for her children to excess," the countess would say, "so that it is really stupid."

Natásha did not follow the golden rule which is preached by clever people, especially by the French, and which is that a girl in marrying must not let herself down and neglect her talents, but should, even more than in girlhood, try to attract her husband, as she attracted men before. Natásha, on the contrary, gave up all her enchantments, of which one was particularly great, her singing. She gave it up for the very reason that it was so seductive. Natásha took no care of her manners, nor of the delicacy of her speech, nor did she try to appear to her husband in the most advantageous attitudes, nor trouble herself about her toilet, or about the possibility of annoying her husband with her exactions. She did the very opposite to these rules. She felt that all those seductions, which instinct had taught her to use before, would now be ridiculous in the eyes of her husband, to whom she had given herself body and soul from the start,

without leaving a single corner hidden from him. She felt that her union with her husband was not sustained by those poetic sentiments which had attracted him to her, but by something else, something indefinite, but firm, like the union of her own soul with her body.

To puff up her locks, put on fine robes, and sing romances in order to attract her husband, would have appeared as strange to her as if she embellished herself, in order to be satisfied with herself. To adorn herself in order to please others might have been agreeable to her, — she did not know about that, — but she had absolutely no time to think of it. The chief reason why she did not busy herself with her singing, her toilet, her speech, was that she had absolutely no time to think of these things.

It is well known that man has the ability to concentrate all his attention on one subject, no matter how insignificant it may be, and that no subject is so insignificant but that, with concentrated attention directed upon it, it will grow up to endless dimensions.

The subject in which Natásha was completely absorbed was her family, that is, her husband, who had to be kept in such a way as to belong inseparably to her and to the house, and the children, whom she had to carry in her womb, bear, nurse, and rear.

And the more she penetrated, not with her mind, but with her whole soul, into the subject which absorbed all her attention, the more it expanded, and the weaker and more insignificant her strength appeared to her, so that she concentrated it all on one and the same thing, and still did not succeed in doing what to her seemed necessary.

The talks and reflections about the rights of women, about the relations of the married pair, about their freedom and rights, though not yet called "questions" as now, were then the same that they are now; but these ques-

tions did not interest Natásha; she did not even understand them.

These questions then existed as they now exist, for those men alone who in wedlock look only for the pleasure which the married pair derive from each other, that is, for the mere beginning of the married state, and not for its whole significance, which consists in the family.

These reflections and the modern questions, like the questions of how to derive the greatest enjoyment out of a dinner, did not exist then, and do not exist now, among people whose purpose in dining is nutrition, and whose purpose of matrimony is the family.

If the purpose of the dinner is the nutrition of the body, then he who eats two dinners may derive greater enjoyment, but will not attain his aim, because two dinners will not be digested in his stomach.

If the purpose of matrimony is the family, then he who wants to have many wives, or she who wants to have many husbands, may derive much pleasure, but in no case will have a family.

The whole question, if the purpose of dining is nutrition, and the purpose of marriage the family, is solved if one does not eat more than one can digest, and has no more wives, or husbands, than is necessary to rear a family, that is one. Natásha needed a husband. A husband was given to her, and the husband gave her the family. And she saw no necessity for any other better husband. As all her spiritual powers were directed toward serving this man and her family, she could not imagine, and saw no interest in imagining, what would have happened if it had been otherwise.

Natásha did not like society in general; but she valued so much the more the company of her relatives, of Countess Márya, her brother, her mother, and Sónya. She valued the company of those people to whom she, dishevelled, in her morning-gown, could walk out with long strides from

the nursery, with a radiant face showing them the diaper with a yellow instead of a green spot upon it, and listening to their assurances that the baby was much better now.

Natásha let herself down to such an extent that her costumes, her coiffures, her inappropriate remarks, her jealousy, — she was jealous of Sónya, of the governess, of every pretty and every homely woman, — were a standing subject for jokes with all her near friends. The general opinion was that Pierre was under his wife's thumb, and that was really so. Natásha made her peremptory demands on him soon after her marriage. Pierre was surprised at this to him entirely new view of his wife, which was that every minute of his life belonged to her and his family; Pierre was surprised at his wife's demands, but he was flattered by them and submitted to them.

Pierre's submission consisted in this, that he did not dare to court a woman, or even to talk to one with a smile; that he did not dare to drive to the clubs for dinners, just to pass the time there; that he did not dare to spend money on small vices; that he did not dare to leave for a long period of time, except on business, in which she included his occupations with the sciences, of which she did not understand a thing, but to which she ascribed great importance. To compensate for this, Pierre had full liberty in the house, to dispose of himself, and even of the family, as he pleased. In her house, Natásha placed herself on the footing of her husband's slave; and the whole house walked on tiptoe when Pierre was busy, — when he read or wrote in his cabinet. Pierre had only to show a predilection for anything, in order to have his whim satisfied all the time. He needed only to express a wish, and Natásha sprang up and ran to execute it.

The whole house was guided by the seeming commands of her husband, that is, by his wishes, which she tried to divine. Natásha's manner of life, domicile, acquaintances, connections, occupations, and the education of her

children were not only determined by Pierre's explicit will, but Natásha tried to guess what might follow from the thoughts expressed by him in conversations. And she divined correctly the essence of Pierre's wishes, and, having once guessed it, she persistently held on to it. If Pierre himself wanted to change his wish, she fought against him with his own weapon.

Thus, during a grave period, which for ever remained memorable to Pierre, after the birth of her first, weakly child, when they had to change three wet-nurses and Natásha grew ill from despair, Pierre once communicated to her Rousseau's ideas, with which he fully agreed, about the unnaturalness and harm of wet-nurses. With the next baby, in spite of the opposition of the mother, the doctors, and her husband himself, who rose in a body against her nursing as an unheard-of and injurious thing, she stuck to her determination, and ever afterward nursed her own children.

Very frequently, in moments of irritation, it happened that they quarrelled, but much later Pierre, to his joy and surprise, discovered, not only in his wife's words, but also in her actions, that she had adopted the very idea against which she had struggled before. And he not only found that idea in her, but it was purified from all the dross, caused by the exaggeration and the heat of the discussion in the expression of Pierre's idea.

After seven years of married life, Pierre was conscious of a joyous, definite feeling that he was not a bad man, and he felt this because he saw himself reflected in his wife. In himself he felt everything good and bad mixed and dimmed; but in his wife only that was reflected which was truly good; everything not absolutely good was rejected. This reflection was not brought about by logical reasoning, but in some other mysterious. direct way.

XI.

Two months before, Pierre, when he was already visiting the Rostóvs, had received a letter from Prince Fédor, who called him to St. Petersburg to deliberate on certain important questions which in St. Petersburg engaged the attention of the members of a certain society, of which Pierre was one of the chief founders.

Having read this letter, Natásha, who always read her husband's correspondence, in spite of the whole burden which would fall upon her through her husband's absence, herself proposed to him that he should go. To everything which was her husband's mental, abstract business she, not understanding it, ascribed a very great importance and lived in eternal fear lest she should be an obstacle to her husband's activity. To Pierre's timid, questioning glance, after he had read the letter, she replied by begging him to go, asking him only to tell her definitely the time of his return. He received his leave of absence for four weeks.

From the time that the period of Pierre's leave was over, that is, for two weeks, Natásha lived in a constant state of fear, sadness, and irritation.

Denísov, now an ex-general, who was dissatisfied with the contemporary state of affairs, and who had arrived during those two weeks, looked at Natásha with surprise and melancholy, as on a bad likeness of a once beloved person. Her gloomy, tedious glance, inappropriate answers, and nursery talk was all he saw or heard from his former enchantress.

Natásha was sad and irritated all the time, especially when her mother, her brother, Sónya, or Countess Márya tried to console her by finding excuses for Pierre, and inventing reasons for his delay.

"Nonsense, bosh," said Natásha, "all these deliberations which lead nowhere, and all these stupid societies!" she said of the very affairs in whose great importance she had implicit faith. And she went to the nursery to feed her only boy, Pétya.

No one could tell her anything so sensible or give her so much comfort as that three-months-old being, as he lay at her breast, and she felt the motion of his mouth and the sniffling of his nose. This being said to her: "You are angry, you are jealous, you would like to have your revenge, you are afraid, but I am he. I am he —" And there was no answer to it. It was more than the truth.

During these two weeks of unrest Natásha had had recourse so often to the babe for consolation, and busied herself so much with him, that she overfed him, and he grew sick. She was afraid for his health, and that was precisely what she needed. Attending to him, she could more easily bear her uneasiness about her husband.

She was nursing the child when Pierre's vehicle was heard at the porch, and the nurse, who knew what would make her mistress happy, with inaudible but rapid steps and a beaming countenance entered the room.

"Has he come?" Natásha asked, in a rapid whisper, fearing to move, lest she should wake the child, who had fallen asleep.

"Yes, my lady," whispered the nurse.

The blood rushed to Natásha's face, and her feet instinctively moved; but she could not jump up and run. The boy again opened his eyes and looked up. "You are here," he seemed to say, and again indolently smacked his little lips.

Slowly pulling away her breast, Natásha jumped up, turned him over to the nurse, and walked with rapid steps toward the door. But at the door she stopped, as though feeling scruples for having left the child so soon, and she looked back. The nurse, with uplifted elbows, lifted the child over the balustrade of his crib.

"Go, go, my lady! Don't worry! Go!" the nurse whispered, smiling, with a certain familiarity which had established itself between the nurse and the mistress.

Natásha ran with light steps into the antechamber.

Denísov, who, smoking his pipe, had gone from the cabinet to the parlour, now for the first time recognized Natásha. A bright, sparkling, joyous light emanated in streams from her transformed face.

"He has come!" she called out to him on her run, and Denísov felt that he himself was in a transport because Pierre had come, though he had little love for him. On reaching the anteroom, Natásha saw a tall figure in a fur coat, unwrapping himself.

"It is he, he! Yes. Here he is," she muttered to herself, and, flying up to him, she embraced him and pressed his head to her breast, and then, pushing him away, looked at his ruddy, happy face, covered with hoar-frost. "Yes, it is he! Happy, satisfied —"

And suddenly she thought of all the torments of expectancy through which she had passed in the last two weeks: the beaming joy on her face became veiled; she frowned, and a torrent of reproaches and resentful words was poured forth on Pierre.

"Yes, you were comfortable, you had a good time, you have enjoyed yourself — But how was it with me? If you only pitied the children. I am nursing, and my milk is spoilt — Pétya was sick unto death. And you are having a good time. Yes, you are —"

Pierre knew that he was not guilty, because he could not have come earlier; he knew that this outburst of hers

was improper, and that it would pass in two minutes; he knew, above everything else, that he was happy. He felt like smiling, but did not dare to think of it even. He made a pitiful, frightened face, and bent his head.

"I could not, upon my word. But how is Pétya?"

"He is all right now. Come! Aren't you ashamed? If you only could see how I feel when you are not here, how I suffer —"

"Are you well?"

"Come, come!" she said, still holding his hand. And they went to their apartments.

When Nikoláy and his wife went to find Pierre, he was in the nursery, having in his enormous right hand the awakened babe, whom he was holding out. On Pétya's broad face with the open, toothless mouth stood a happy smile. The storm had spent itself long ago, and a bright, joyous sun gleamed on the face of Natásha, who was looking at her husband and her son with emotion.

"Have you talked everything over with Prince Fédor?" asked Natásha.

"Yes, everything."

"You see, he holds it up" (Natásha meant his head). "What a fright he gave me! — Did you see the princess? Is it true that she is in love with that —"

"Yes, just think of —"

The door opened, and Nikoláy and Countess Márya entered the room. Without putting his son down, Pierre bent over and kissed them, and answered their questions. But it was evident that, in spite of the many interesting things that he had to communicate, his baby in its cap, with its nodding head, absorbed his whole attention.

"How sweet!" said Countess Márya, looking at the child, and playing with him. "I cannot understand, Nicolas," she turned to her husband, "how it is you do not appreciate the charm of these sweet little things!"

"I do not, I can't," said Nikoláy, looking at the baby with a cold glance. "A bit of flesh. Come, Pierre!"

"And he is such a tender father," said Countess Márya, trying to justify her husband, "but only when they are a year old, or — "

"Really, Pierre takes excellent care of them," said Natásha. "He says that his palm just fits the baby's bottom. Just see!"

"Only not for this business," Pierre said, with a sudden burst of laughter, putting his arms about the child and giving him to the nurse.

XII.

As in every real family, there were in the manor at Lýsyya Góry several distinct worlds, which, retaining each its peculiarities and making allowances for one another, blended into one harmonious whole. Each event that took place in the house, whether cheerful or sad, was equally important to all those separate worlds, but each world had its distinct, independent causes to rejoice or feel sorrow on account of the event.

Thus Pierre's arrival was a joyous, important event, and as such it was reflected in all.

The servants, the safest judges of their masters, because they do not judge by conversations or by expressions of feeling, but by the acts and manner of life, rejoiced in Pierre's arrival because they knew that, while he was there, the count would not go out on the farm daily, and would be more cheerful and better to them, and also because there would be fine presents given on the holiday.

The children and the governesses were glad of Bezúkhi's arrival because no one drew them so much into the general drift of life as he did. He was the only one who could play on the clavichord that écossaise (his only piece), at the sounds of which, as he said, one could dance any dance imaginable, and, no doubt, he had brought presents for everybody.

Nikólenka, Prince Andréy's son, who now was a lean, sickly, clever boy of fifteen, with curly blond hair, was glad because Uncle Pierre, as he called him, was the object of his admiration and impassioned love. No one

had instilled any special love for Pierre in Nikólenka, and he saw him but rarely. His guardian, Countess Márya, used every effort to make Nikólenka love her husband as she loved him, and Nikólenka did love his uncle; but he loved him with a barely perceptible shade of contempt, whereas he worshipped Pierre. He did not want to be a hussar, nor a chevalier of St. George, like Uncle Nikoláy, but he wanted to be learned, clever, and good, like Pierre. In Pierre's presence there was always a joyful lustre in his face, and he blushed and gasped for breath whenever Pierre addressed him. He did not lose a word of what Pierre told him, and later he recalled with Desalles and by himself every word uttered by him, and tried to make out its meaning. Pierre's past life, his misfortunes before the year 1812 (of which he had formed a dim, poetical conception from such things as he had heard about him), his love for Natásha (whom, too, the boy loved with a peculiar love), and, above all, his friendship with his father, whom Nikólenka did not remember, made of Pierre something heroic and holy to him.

From the interrupted talks about his father and Natásha, from the agitation with which Pierre spoke of the deceased man, from that careful, reverential tenderness with which Natásha spoke of him, the boy, who had just begun to comprehend love, formed the conception that his father had loved Natásha, and had, dying, bequeathed her to his friend. His father, whom the boy did not remember, presented himself to him as a divinity above all human comprehension, of whom he did not think otherwise than with trepidation and with tears of sorrow and transport. And so the boy was happy on account of Pierre's arrival.

The guests were glad to see Pierre, as he was a man who always cheered up and unified any company he was in.

The grown home-folk, not to mention his wife, were

glad to see a friend, with whom life went more easily and more calmly.

The old ladies were glad, because they would get some presents from him, and because, above all, Natásha would revive.

Pierre felt all these various attitudes of the different worlds toward him, and hastened to give each his due.

Pierre, the most absent-minded, forgetful of men, had bought everything according to the list made up for him by his wife, without forgetting the commissions of the mother and the brother, or the material for a dress for Miss Byélov, or the toys for his nephews. During the first period of his marriage this demand of his wife that he should carry out to the letter his intention of buying presents, without forgetting anything, had seemed strange to him, and he was startled by her serious grief when, during his first journey, he made a muddle of his purchases. But later he became accustomed to it. Knowing that Natásha never asked him to buy anything for herself, and ordered him to buy for others only when he himself expressed his desire to do so, he now experienced a certain childish enjoyment in these purchases of presents for the whole house, and never forgot anything. If he deserved any rebuke from Natásha, he deserved it for buying too much and too expensive things. To all of what were, in the opinion of the majority, her faults, such as slovenliness and neglect, and in Pierre's opinion, her good qualities, Natásha added stinginess.

Ever since Pierre began to keep a great house, with a large family, demanding great expenditures, he to his surprise discovered that he spent half as much as before, and that his affairs, which had been in a ruinous state, especially on account of the debts of his first wife, were beginning to mend.

It cost him less to live because life was circumscribed: Pierre no longer indulged in that costly luxury, which

consisted in that kind of life which could be changed at any moment, nor did he wish to have it. He felt that his mode of life was now determined once for all until his death and that it was not in his power to change it, and so it was inexpensive.

Pierre with a happy, smiling face laid out his purchases.

"How is this?" he said, opening up, like a shopkeeper, a piece of cloth.

Natásha, holding her eldest daughter on her knees, and swiftly transferring her lustrous eyes from her husband to what he was showing, sat opposite him.

"This is for Miss Byélov? Excellent." She felt the goods. "I suppose a rouble an arshín?"

Pierre told her the price.

"Too much," said Natásha. "How happy the children and mamma will be! Why did you buy this for me?" she added, unable to repress a smile, as she looked at a golden comb set in pearls, such as were just coming into fashion.

"Adèle insisted that I should buy it," said Pierre.

"When shall I put it on?" Natásha put it in her hair. "It will be good to take Másha out into society; maybe they will wear them again then. Come now!"

And picking up the presents, they went, first to the nursery, and then to the countess.

The countess was sitting with Miss Byélov and, as was her custom, was laying out a Grand-patience, when Pierre and Natásha, with the bundles under their arms, entered the drawing-room.

The countess was more than sixty years old. She was all gray and wore a cap, the ruche of which came down over her whole face. Her face was wrinkled; her upper lip had receded, and her eyes were dim.

After the death of her son and of her husband, which followed rapidly one after the other, she suddenly felt herself a forgotten being in the world, without any aim or

meaning. She ate, drank, slept, kept awake, but did not live. Life gave her no impressions. She needed nothing of life but rest, and this rest she could find only in death. But, while death did not come, she had to live, that is, make use of her powers of life. In her was developed in the highest degree that which may be observed in very small children and very old people. In her life could be seen no external purpose, but only the necessity to exercise her various inclinations and functions. She had to eat, sleep, think, talk, weep, work, get angry, and so forth, because she had a stomach, a brain, muscles, nerves, and a liver. All this she did, not under any external stimulus, as people do in the full vigour of life, when the purpose of the application of their forces cannot be seen back of the other purpose toward which they tend. She talked only because she had the physical necessity of working her lungs and her tongue. She wept, like a child, because she had to clear her nose, and so forth. That which for people in their full vigour appeared as a purpose, for her evidently was an excuse.

Thus, in the morning, especially if the day before she had eaten something fat, she felt the necessity of being angry, and then she chose the nearest excuse, — Miss Byélov's deafness.

She began to tell her something in a soft tone of voice from the other end of the room.

"To-day it feels warmer, my dear," she said, in a whisper.

And then Miss Byélov replied, in a gruff voice:

"Yes, he has come."

"O Lord, how deaf and how stupid!"

Another excuse was her snuff, which now seemed to her too dry, now too moist, or badly crushed. After such irritations, the bile spread over her face, and her maids had sure signs when Miss Byélov would again be deaf, and the snuff moist, and her face yellow. Just as she had

to put her bile into operation, so she had now and then to put to work her still existing faculty of thinking, and then a solitaire was her excuse. When she had to weep, her late husband was a pretext. When it was necessary to be agitated, Nikoláy and his health were the excuse; when she had to make some venomous remarks, Countess Márya was the excuse. When she had to give exercise to her organ of speaking, — this generally was at seven o'clock, after a rest of her alimentary canal in a dark room, — the excuse was the telling of ever the same stories to ever the same hearers.

This condition of the old woman was understood by everybody in the house, though nobody ever spoke of it and all made every imaginable effort to satisfy these wants of hers. Only in a casual glance or a sad half-smile, directed at each other by Nikoláy, Pierre, Natásha, and Countess Márya, was expressed their mutual comprehension of her state.

But these glances also told something else; they told that she had done her work in life; that she was not all which now was visible in her; that all of us would be like that some day; and that it was a joy to submit to her, to restrain ourselves for the sake of this to us once dear, but now pitiable being, which was once as full of life as we are. "*Memento mori*," these glances said.

Of the whole household, only very bad and stupid people and the little children did not understand her and kept away from her.

XIII.

WHEN Pierre and his wife came to the drawing-room, the countess was in her habitual state of needing a mental exercise, which found its expression in a Grand-patience, and so, although she spoke the words, which she usually employed at the return of her son or of Pierre, "It is time, it is time, my dear; we have been waiting for you; thank God!" and, when she received her presents, uttered the other customary words, "The present is not expensive, my son; thank you for remembering me, the old woman," — it was evident that Pierre's arrival was not pleasant to her at that moment, because it took away her attention from the Grand-patience. She finished the solitaire, and then only got up to receive her presents. They consisted of a card-case of fine workmanship, of a light blue Sèvres cup, with a lid and shepherd figures, and of a gold snuff-box with the count's portrait, which Pierre had ordered of a miniaturist in St. Petersburg, and which the countess had long been wishing for. She did not feel like weeping just then, and so she looked indifferently at the portrait and busied herself more with the card-case.

"Thank you, my dear! You have given me pleasure," she said. "But the best thing is that you have brought yourself back. Really, it did look dreadful! You ought to scold your wife for it. Why, she is like an insane person without you. She sees nothing, remembers nothing," she spoke her customary sentences. "See, Anna Timoféevna," she added, "what a card-case my son has brought me!"

Anna Byélov praised the presents and admired her cloth.

Although Pierre, Natásha, Nikoláy, Countess Márya, and Denísov had a great many things to talk about, things that were not mentioned in the hearing of the countess, not because anything was concealed from her, but because she had fallen so far behind the times that, when anything was talked of in her presence it became necessary to reply to her questions, inappropriately put, and to repeat the same thing several times: to tell her that such and such a one had died, another had married, which, being a new piece of information, she was unable to remember; — yet, following their old habit, they sat in the drawing-room at the samovár, and to the countess's questions Pierre gave answers which she herself did not need, and which did not interest any one, about Prince Vasíli, who had grown old, and about Márya Aleksyéevna, who sent her best regards, and so forth.

Such a conversation, which interested no one, but nevertheless was necessary, was carried on during the whole time of the tea. All the grown members of the family generally assembled about a round table with the samovár, at which sat Sónya. The children, the tutors, and the governesses had had their tea, and their voices could be heard from the adjoining sofa-room. At tea all occupied their habitual seats: Nikoláy sat down at the stove, behind a small table, on which his tea was served. Old greyhound Mílka, the daughter of the first Mílka, with her completely gray face, on which her large, black eyes bulged out more than ever, lay in a chair near him. Denísov, with his curly, half-gray hair, moustache, and side-whiskers, wearing the uniform of a general all unbuttoned, was sitting near Countess Márya. Pierre was seated between his wife and the old countess. He was telling her what, he knew, might interest the old woman and would be intelligible to her. He spoke of external social matters and about people who at one time had formed the

circle of the old countess's contemporaries, and who formerly had been an actual, living, separate circle, but who now, scattered for the most part through the world, were living out their days like her, garnering the last ears of what they had sowed in life. But they, those contemporaries of hers, appeared to the old countess as the only serious and real world. Natásha saw, by Pierre's animation, that his journey had been interesting and that he wished to tell many things, but did not dare to do so in the presence of the old countess. Denísov, not being a member of the family, did not understand Pierre's caution, and, besides, as one of the dissatisfied, was very much interested in finding out the news in St. Petersburg, and so he kept provoking Pierre to tell about the late incident in the Seménovski regiment, about Arakchéev, and about the Bible Society. Pierre now and then was carried away by these subjects, and started to tell about them, but Nikoláy and Natásha every time took him back to the health of Prince Iván and Countess Márya Antónovna.

"How about all that madness, Gossner and Tatárinova," asked Denísov, "is it still being kept up?"

"Is it kept up?" exclaimed Pierre. "Worse than ever. The Bible Society is now the whole government."

"What is that, *mon cher ami?*" asked the countess, who had finished her tea and now apparently needed a pretext to get angry, after having partaken of her food. "What do you mean by the government? I do not understand."

"You see, mamma," interposed Nikoláy, who knew how to translate into his mother's language, "Prince A. N. Golítsyn has founded a society, and so he is very powerful, they say."

"Arakchéev and Golítsyn," Pierre said, incautiously, "are now the whole government. And what a government! In everything they see plots; they are afraid of everything."

"How is Aleksándr Nikoláevich to blame? He is a very honourable man. I used to meet him in those days at Márya Antónovna's," the countess said, provoked, and, still more provoked to hear them all silent, she continued: "They pass judgment now on everybody. An evangelical society, — where is the harm?" and she got up (so did the rest) and with a stern look sailed out into the sofa-room, to her table.

During the melancholy silence which ensued, children's voices and laughter were heard in the adjoining room. Apparently some joyful agitation had taken possession of the children.

"Ready, ready!" was heard, louder than all, the wail of joy of little Natásha. Pierre exchanged glances with Countess Márya and Nikoláy (he saw Natásha all the time) and smiled a happy smile.

"What charming music!" he said.

"Anna Makárovna has finished knitting a stocking," said Countess Márya.

"Oh, I must go and see," said Pierre, leaping up. "Do you know," he said, stopping at the door, "why I particularly love this music? They are the first to tell me that everything is well. As I was travelling to-day I felt more and more uneasy the nearer I came to the house. As I entered the anteroom, I heard Andryúsha laughing for all he was worth, and I knew that everything was well — ".

"I know, I know the feeling," Nikoláy confirmed him. "I can't go with you, because the stockings are to be a surprise for me."

Pierre went to the children, and the laughter and shouts grew louder still.

"Well, Anna Makárovna," was heard Pierre's voice, "you stand here, in the middle of the room, and at the command of one, two — and when I say three — You stand here. You get in my arms. Well, one, two — " said Pierre. A silence ensued. "Three!" and there rose

a groan of transport, uttered by the children in the room. "Two, two!" cried the children.

Those were two stockings which, according to a secret known to her alone, Anna Makárovna had knit at the same time, and which she always solemnly took out one from the other before the children, whenever the work was done.

XIV.

Soon after the children came to say good night. The children kissed everybody, and the governesses and tutors bowed themselves out and went away. Desalles alone with his pupil remained in the room. The tutor in a whisper asked the boy to go down-stairs.

"*Non, M. Desalles, je demanderai à ma tante de rester,*" Nikólenka Bolkónski answered him, also in a whisper.

"*Ma tante,* permit me to stay," said Nikólenka, walking over to his aunt. His face expressed entreaty, agitation, and ecstasy. The countess looked at him and turned to Pierre.

"When you are here, he cannot tear himself away," she said to him.

"*Je vous le raménerai tout-à-l'heure, M. Desalles ; bonsoir !*" said Pierre, giving the Swiss his hand, and, smiling, he turned to Nikólenka: "We have not seen each other yet. Marie, how much like him he is getting to be!" he added, turning to Countess Márya.

"Like father?" asked the boy, blushing purple and looking up at Pierre with his ecstatic, beaming eyes.

Pierre nodded to him and continued the story which had been interrupted by the children. Countess Márya was working on the embroidery-frame; Natásha did not take her eyes off her husband. Nikoláy and Denísov kept getting up, asking for their pipes, smoking, taking tea from Sónya, who sat gloomy and sullen at the samovár, and putting questions to Pierre. The curly-headed,

sickly boy, with his lustrous eyes, sat, unnoticed by any one, in the corner. Turning his curly head on his thin neck, which protruded from a turnover collar, in the direction where Pierre was, he now and then shuddered and whispered to himself, evidently experiencing a new, powerful sensation.

The conversation turned on that contemporary gossip from the higher spheres of the administration, in which the majority of people generally find the most important interest of internal politics. Denísov, who was dissatisfied with the government on account of his failure in the service, was glad to hear of all the stupid things which, in his opinion, were now being done in St. Petersburg, and in sharp, vigorous expressions commented on Pierre's words.

"Formerly one had to be a German, and now one must dance with Tatárinova and read Madame Krüdner — Eckarthausen and the brotherhood. Oh, I should like to see our good fellow Bonaparte come down on them once more. He would drive all the nonsense out of them. What sense is there in giving the Seménovski regiment to the soldier Schwartz?" he shouted.

Though not possessed of that desire, which Denísov had, of finding everything bad, Nikoláy considered it proper and important to pass judgment on the government, and thought that the fact that A—— had been appointed minister of such and such an office, and that B—— was sent as governor-general to such and such a place, and that the emperor had said this and that, and a minister had expressed himself so and so, was of prime importance. And he regarded it as necessary to take an interest in these things and to ask Pierre questions about them. So long as those two interlocutors plied him with questions, the conversation did not depart from that general character of gossiping about the higher administrative spheres.

But Natásha, who knew all the hidden thoughts of her

husband, saw that he had long been trying to turn the conversation into another groove, without being able to do so. He wanted to tell them his secret thought, the one on account of which he had gone to St. Petersburg to consult his new friend, Prince Fédor, and she helped him out with the question:

"How about the affair with Prince Fédor?"

"What is that?" asked Nikoláy.

"Still the same," said Pierre, looking around him. "Everybody sees that matters proceed so badly that they cannot be left as they are, and that it is the duty of all honest men to counteract this condition to the best of their ability."

"What can the honest men do?" Nikoláy said, slightly frowning. "What can be done?"

"This — !"

"Let us go to the cabinet!" said Nikoláy.

Natásha, who had been expecting to be called to feed the baby, heard the nurse's call, and went to the nursery. Countess Márya followed her. The men went to the cabinet, and Nikólenka Bòlkónski, unnoticed by his uncle, entered too, and seated himself in the shadow, at the writing-desk near the window.

"Well, what are you going to do?" asked Denísov.

"Mere fancy," said Nikoláy.

"This," began Pierre, without sitting down. He now paced the room, now stopped, lisping and making quick motions with his arms, while he was speaking. "It is this. The situation in St. Petersburg is like this: the emperor does not take part in anything. He is all absorbed in that mysticism." (Pierre now forgave no one his mysticism.) "He is looking only for quiet, and this quiet is given him by those men *sans foi ni loi*, who hew everything down from the shoulder: Magnítski, Arakchéev, and *tutti quanti* — You will admit that if you did not busy yourself with the farm, but were looking only for

quiet, your burghmaster would be so much the more cruel, and you would attain your end so much the sooner," he turned to Nikoláy.

"What are you saying this for?" asked Nikoláy.

"Well, everything is perishing. They steal in the courts, and in the army the stick rules: nothing but marching and military settlements; — they are tormenting the people; they are crushing enlightenment. They destroy everything that is young and honest. All see that things cannot go on that way. Everything is stretched too much, and it must burst," said Pierre (as people have been saying ever since governments have existed, whenever they examine the acts of those governments). "I told them a thing in St. Petersburg."

"Whom?" asked Denísov.

"Well, you know whom," said Pierre, casting a significant, stealthy look at them. "Prince Fédor and the rest. It is all very nice to do all you can for enlightenment and charity, — of course. It's a fine purpose, and all that; but, in the present circumstances, something different is wanted."

At that time Nikoláy noticed the presence of his nephew. His face grew sullen; he walked over to him.

"What are you doing here?"

"Why, leave him!" said Pierre, taking Nikoláy's hand, and continuing: "That is not enough, — I told them. Now we need something else. When you stand and wait for that strained string to burst, when all are waiting for the inevitable revolution, — it is necessary for as many people as possible to unite closely and walk hand in hand in order to withstand the general catastrophe. All the youthful, vigorous elements are attracted by it and are corrupted. One is seduced by women, another by honours, a third by ambition, or money, and they go over to that camp. There are left no independent, free men, such as you and I. I told them to widen the circle

of the society and let the *mot d'ordre* be not merely virtue, but independence and activity."

Nikoláy after leaving his nephew, angrily moved his chair away, sat down in it, and, listening to Pierre, angrily cleared his throat and kept frowning more and more.

"What do you want with activity?" he exclaimed. "And in what relation will you stand to the government?"

"In the relation of helpers. The society need not be a secret one, if the government will permit it. It is not inimical to the government, — it is a society of real conservatives, a society of gentlemen in the full acceptance of the word. All we want is that Pugachév shall not slaughter my children and yours, and that Arakchéev shall not send me into a military settlement. We go hand in hand for this only: our aim is the common good and the common safety."

"Yes; but it is a secret organization, consequently hostile and harmful, and it can do only an injury."

"Why? Has the Tugendbund, which has saved Europe" (at that time they did not yet dare believe that it was Russia that had saved Europe), "produced anything harmful? The Tugendbund is a society of virtue: it is love, mutual aid; it is what Christ has preached on the cross."

Natásha, who had entered the room in the middle of the conversation, looked joyfully at her husband. She was not rejoiced at what he was saying. It did not even interest her, for she thought that it was all extraordinarily simple and that she had always known it (it seemed so to her because she knew all that it originated from, — Pierre's whole soul); but she was happy, looking at his animated, ecstatic face.

Still more ecstatically and blissfully Pierre was watched by the boy, who was forgotten by everybody, with his thin neck protruding from the turnover collar. Every word of

Pierre's burnt his heart, and, without knowing it, he with a nervous movement of his fingers broke the sealing-wax and the pens on his uncle's desk, that fell into his hands.

"Not at all what you imagine. Let me tell you what the German Tugendbund was, and what the society is which I have proposed."

"My friend, the Tugendbund may be good enough for the sausage-eaters, — I do not know about that, and have no objection to it," was heard Denísov's loud, determined voice. "Everything is bad and base, I admit, only I do not understand your Tugendbund; if things do not go well, let us *bunt*, that's what. *Je suis vot'e homme.*"

Pierre smiled and Natásha laughed; but Nikoláy knit his brow more than before and began to prove to Pierre that no revolution was in sight, and that the whole peril, which he foresaw, was only in his imagination. Pierre proved the opposite, and as his mental powers were stronger and more versatile, Nikoláy felt that he got the worst of the argument. This angered him still more, for in his innermost soul he knew, not by reflection, but by something more powerful than reflection, that his opinion was indisputably correct.

"Let me tell you," he said, getting up, and with nervous movements putting his pipe in the corner and giving it up altogether. "I cannot prove it to you. You say that everything is in a bad shape with us, and that there will be an overthrow, — I do not see it; but you say that an oath is a conventional matter, and I say to you: you are my best friend, you know that, but form a secret society, begin to work against the government, whatever it be, and I know that it is my duty to obey the latter. And let Arakchéev command me to go against you with a squadron and mow you down, — I will not hesitate for a second, and will go. You may judge me as you please."

After these words ensued an awkward silence. Natá-

sha was the first to speak. She defended her husband and attacked her brother. The conversation was again taken up, and no longer in that disagreeable and hostile tone in which Nikoláy's last words had been said.

When all rose to go to supper, Nikólenka Bolkónski went up to Pierre. He was pale, and his lustrous eyes were sparkling.

"Uncle Pierre — you — no — If papa were alive — would he have agreed with you?" he asked.

Pierre suddenly comprehended what peculiar, independent, complex, and vigorous work of mind and sentiment had been going on in the boy during the conversation, and, recalling all he had said, he was sorry that the boy had heard him. Still, he had to answer him.

"I think he would," he said, reluctantly, leaving the cabinet.

The boy bent his head and now for the first time noticed what he had done on the table. His face was flushed, and he went up to Nikoláy.

"Uncle, pardon me! I did it, — unwittingly," he said, pointing to the broken sealing-wax and pens.

Nikoláy gave an angry jerk.

"All right, all right," he said, throwing away the bits of sealing-wax and the pens. And, apparently unable to restrain the wrath which had risen in him, he turned away from him.

"You had no business being here anyway," he said.

XV.

At supper the conversation no longer turned on politics and societies, but on the recollections of the year 1812, which was quite to the liking of Nikoláy. It was provoked by Denísov, and Pierre was here very charming and amusing. They all parted with the happiest of feelings for each other.

When, after supper, Nikoláy, having undressed himself in the cabinet and having given his orders to the superintendent who had been waiting for him, came in his morning-gown into the sleeping-room, he found his wife still at the writing-desk: she was writing something.

"What are you writing, Marie?" asked Nikoláy.

Countess Márya blushed. She was afraid that what she had written would not be understood or approved by her husband. She would have liked to conceal from him what she had written, but, at the same time, she was glad that he had found her at work, and that she would have to tell him.

"It is a diary, Nicolas," she said, handing him a blue note-book, filled with her firm, large writing.

"A diary?" Nikoláy said, with a shade of sarcasm, taking the note-book into his hands. It was written in French.

"December 4th. This morning Andryúsha" (her eldest son), "on getting up, did not want to get dressed, and Mlle. Louise sent for me. He was whimsical and stubborn. I tried to threaten him, but he got angrier still. So I changed my manner: I left him alone, and, with the

nurse, began to dress the other children, but told him that I did not love him. He was silent for a long time, as though amazed; then he leaped out of his bed in his shirt, ran up to me, and wept so bitterly that I could not quiet him for a long time. It was evident that he was tormented at having grieved me; then, in the evening, when I gave him a ticket, he again wept pitifully, as he kissed me. One can do anything with him by kindness."

"What is a ticket?" asked Nikoláy.

"I have begun to give the elder children notes in the evening, telling of their conduct."

Nikoláy glanced at her beaming eyes that were looking at him, and continued to turn the pages and to read. In this diary was noted down everything in the lives of the children which seemed to the mother of any importance in defining their character, or giving hints about educational methods. These observations were for the most part about trifles, but they did not seem so to the mother, nor now to the father, who was reading them for the first time.

Under December 5th it said:

"Mítya was naughty at table. Papa said not to let him have any pastry. He got none; but he looked so pitifully and so eagerly at the others, as they ate theirs! I think that punishing, by refusing sweetmeats, only develops a longing for them. Must tell Nicolas."

Nikoláy put the book aside, and looked at his wife. Her beaming eyes looked interrogatively at him, to discover whether he approved of the diary or not. There could be no doubt of Nikoláy's approval of his wife's action; he admired it.

Maybe it was not necessary to do it so pedantically, maybe not at all, thought Nikoláy; but this incessant, eternal straining, having for its aim only the moral good of the children, delighted him. If Nikoláy had been able to analyze his feeling, he would have found that the chief

foundation of his firm, tender, and proud love for his wife had for its basis that sense of admiration for her spirituality, for that elevated moral world, almost inaccessible to Nikoláy, in which his wife had always lived.

He was proud of her cleverness and goodness, recognizing at the same time his insignificance in the spiritual world, and so he was greatly rejoiced because she, with her soul, not only belonged to him, but formed part of himself.

"I approve of it very, very much, my dear," he said, with a significant glance. And, after a moment's silence, he added: "I have acted miserably to-day. You were not in the cabinet. Pierre and I had a heated debate, and I lost my temper. I could not help it. He is such a baby. I do not know what would happen to him if Natásha did not hold him in check. Can you imagine what he went to St. Petersburg for? They have founded there —"

"Yes, I know," said Countess Márya. "Natásha has told me."

"Well, then you know," Nikoláy continued, getting excited at the very recollection of the dispute. "He wants to convince me that it is the duty of every honest man to go against the government, while oath and duty — I am sorry you were not there. They all fell upon me, Denísov and Natásha — Natásha is very amusing. She keeps him under her thumb, but the moment it comes to reflections, she has no words of her own, — she talks his words," added Nikoláy, succumbing to that invincible tendency to pass judgment on very near and dear people. Nikoláy forgot that what he was saying about Natásha could have been said, word for word, of him in reference to his wife.

"Yes, I have noticed it," said Countess Márya.

"When I told them that duty and oath stood higher than anything else, he began to prove to me God knows

what. I am sorry you were not there. I wonder what you would have said."

"In my opinion, you are quite right. I told Natásha so. Pierre says that all suffer, are tormented, and corrupted, and that it is our duty to aid our neighbours. Of course, he is right," said Countess Márya, "but he forgets that we have other, nearer duties, which God himself has pointed out to us, and that we may risk our own lives, but not those of our children."

"Precisely, precisely. That's what I told him," Nikoláy interrupted her. He actually thought that he had said that very thing. "But they kept talking about love of your neighbour and Christianity, all that in the presence of Nikólenka, who had slunk into the cabinet, where he broke up everything."

"Oh, do you know, Nicolas, Nikólenka worries me a great deal," said Countess Márya. "He is such an unusual boy. I am afraid I neglect him on account of my children. We all of us have children, and a family; but he has nobody. He is always alone with his thoughts."

"It seems to me you have no reason to reproach yourself. Everything the tenderest mother could do for her son, you have been doing for him. And I, of course, am glad of it. He is a fine boy. To-night he has been listening to Pierre in some kind of oblivion. And, do you know, as we were going out to supper, I found that he had broken everything on my table into splinters, and he told me so at once. I have never known him to tell an untruth. A fine, fine boy!" repeated Nikoláy. In his heart he did not like Nikólenka, but he always tried to acknowledge that he was a fine boy.

"Still, I am not like a mother to him," said Countess Márya. "I feel that I am not, and that worries me. He is a superb boy; but I am terribly afraid for him. Society will do him good."

"Well, it will not be long. Next summer I will take him to St. Petersburg," said Nikoláy.

"Yes, Pierre has always been and always will be a dreamer," he continued, returning to his conversation in the cabinet, which apparently agitated him. "What in the world do I care whether Arakchéev is a bad man, and all such things? what was all that to me when I married and had so many debts that they wanted to put me in the hole, and my mother could not see the state of affairs and did not want to comprehend it? And then, you, the children, affairs. Do I attend to business and the farm just for my personal pleasure? No, I know that I must work in order to soothe mother, pay back to you what I owe you, and not leave the children such beggars as I was."

Countess Márya wanted to tell him that men live not by bread alone, and that he ascribed too much importance to *affairs;* but she knew that it was unnecessary and useless to say that. She only grasped his hand and kissed it. He took this gesture of his wife as an approval and confirmation of his thoughts and, after thinking awhile in silence, continued then aloud:

"You know, Marie," he said, "Ilyá Mitrofánych" (the business manager) "has arrived to-day from the Government of Támbov; he tells me that they now offer eighty thousand for the forest." And Nikoláy began to talk with an animated face about the possibility, which would soon present itself, of buying Otrádnoe back. "Ten years more of life, and I will leave it to the children — in an excellent condition."

Countess Márya listened to her husband and understood everything he was telling her. She knew that when he thought aloud thus, he might ask her what he said, and would get angry if he noticed that she was thinking of something else. But she was making a great effort at listening, because she was not in the least inter-

ested in what he was saying. She was looking at him and not so much thinking as feeling something else. She felt a submissive, tender love for this man, who would never understand everything she understood, and, as though for that very reason, she loved him more intensely still, with a shade of passionate tenderness. Outside of this feeling, which absorbed her whole being and prevented her from penetrating into all the details of her husband's plans, there flashed through her head thoughts which had nothing in common with what he was saying. She was thinking of her nephew (her husband's statement about his agitation during Pierre's discourse had struck her very forcibly), and she passed in review the various features of his gentle, sensitive character; and, thinking of her nephew, she also thought of her children. She did not compare her nephew with her children, but her feeling for him with the feeling which she had for them, and she found, to her sorrow, that something was lacking in her affection for Nikólenka.

Now and then she thought that this difference was due to their ages; but she felt that she was guilty toward him, and in her innermost soul she promised herself to mend and to do the impossible, that is, in this life to love her husband, and her children, and Nikólenka, and all her neighbours, as Christ had loved humanity. Countess Márya's soul always strove after the infinite, eternal, and perfect, and so she could never be calm. On her face appeared the stern expression of the secret, exalted suffering of her soul burdened by a body. Nikoláy looked at her. "O Lord! What will become of us, if she dies, — that is what I always think when she looks like that," he thought, and, standing before the image, he began to say his evening prayer.

XVI.

NATÁSHA, too, when left alone with her husband, talked with him as only a married couple talk together, that is, with extraordinary clearness and rapidity recognizing and communicating thoughts, along a path which is contrary to all the rules of logic, without premises, conclusions, or deductions, but in their own peculiar way. Natásha had become so accustomed to speak with her husband in this manner that her safest sign that something was wrong between them was the logical sequence of Pierre's thoughts. When he began to prove, to speak sensibly and calmly, and she, carried away by his example, began to do the same, she knew that it would certainly lead to a quarrel.

As soon as they were left alone, and Natásha, with wide-open, happy eyes, softly went up to him and, quickly grasping his head, suddenly pressed it to her breast, and said, "Now you are all, all mine! You will not get away again!" there began that conversation which is contrary to all the laws of logic, if for no other reason than because they spoke of the greatest variety of subjects at the same time. This simultaneous discussion of a number of things did not in the least interfere with the clearness of comprehension; on the contrary, it was the surest sign that they fully understood each other.

Just as everything in a dream is incorrect, senseless, and contradictory, except the guiding sensation of the dream, so in this communion, which was contrary to all the laws of reason, it is not the utterances that are

consistent and clear, but only the feeling which guides them.

Natásha told Pierre of how her brother was getting on, and of how she suffered without her husband, and of how she had got fonder still of Marie, and of how Marie was in every respect better than she. Saying this, Natásha was quite sincere. At the same time, she demanded of Pierre that he should none the less prefer her to Marie and to all other women, and that he should say so to her again now, especially since he had seen so many women in St. Petersburg.

Answering Natásha, Pierre told her how unbearable it had been for him to be in St. Petersburg at evening entertainments and dinners with the ladies.

"I have entirely forgotten how to talk to ladies," he said. "It just wearied me, — particularly since I was so busy."

Natásha looked fixedly at him, and continued:

"Marie is such a dear!" she said. "How she understands the children! She seems to see nothing but their souls. Yesterday, for example, Mítya was fussy —"

"How he resembles his father!" interrupted Pierre.

Natásha knew why he made that remark about Mítya's resemblance to Nikoláy: he was displeased at the thought of his dispute with his brother-in-law, and he wanted to know Natásha's opinion on the matter.

"Nikoláy has the weakness of not agreeing to a thing if it is not accepted by everybody. I understand that you value particularly the right to *ouvrir une carrière*," she said, repeating the words which Pierre had once used.

"No, the worst is that Nikoláy," said Pierre, "looks upon ideas and reflections as upon an entertainment, almost a pastime. He has been gathering a library, and makes it his rule not to buy any new book without reading it, — Sismondi, and Rousseau, and Montesquieu," Pierre said, with a smile. "You know how I once —"

he began, toning down his words, but Natásha interrupted him, intimating to him that it was unnecessary.

"So you say that ideas are a pastime for him —"

"Yes, and for me everything else is waste of time. I saw everybody in St. Petersburg as in a dream. When an idea interests me, everything else is a waste of time."

"What a pity I did not see you when you first greeted the children!" said Natásha. "Who was the happiest? No doubt Líza?"

"Yes," said Pierre, and he proceeded with what interested him. "Nikoláy says that we must not think, but how can I help it? Not only did I feel (I may tell you so) that without me everything in St. Petersburg would fall to pieces, — each was pulling in his own direction; but I succeeded in uniting them all, and then my idea is so simple and so clear. I do not say that we must counteract this and that. We may be mistaken. But I do say: join hands all of you who love goodness, and let us all have one standard — active virtue. Prince Sérgi is a fine man and he is clever."

Natásha had no doubt but that Pierre's idea was great, but there was one thing which troubled her, and that was that he was her husband. "Is it possible that such a distinguished man, who is so needed by society, is at the same time my husband? Why did it happen this way?" She felt like expressing her doubt to him. "Who of all men could decide that he is really more intelligent than the rest?" she asked herself, scanning in her imagination all the men who were most respected by Pierre. To judge from his accounts, there was no one whom he respected so much as Platón Karatáev.

"Do you know what I am thinking about?" she said. "About Platón Karatáev. How about him? Would he approve of you now?"

Pierre was not in the least surprised at this question. He understood the march of his wife's thoughts.

"Platón Karatáev?" he said, musing, evidently making a sincere attempt at imagining Karatáev's judgment on this subject. "He would not have understood it, and — perhaps he would."

"I love you terribly!" Natásha suddenly said. "Terribly, terribly!"

"No, he would not have approved of it," said Pierre, after some thinking. "What he would have approved of is our domestic life. He wanted so much to see in everything order, happiness, peace, and I should have taken a pride in showing my family to him. You talk of separation. You do not know what a peculiar feeling I have for you after a separation — "

"Another thing — " Natásha began.

"No, not that. I never cease loving you. And one cannot love more; but there is something special — Well — " he did not finish, because their glances, meeting, said the rest.

"What nonsense," Natásha suddenly said, "to imagine that the honeymoon and the greatest happiness are only in the beginning. On the contrary, now is the happiest time. If you only did not leave me! Do you remember how we quarrelled? And it was always I who was to blame. Always I. I do not even remember what it was we used to quarrel about."

"Always the same thing," said Pierre, smiling, "jeal— "

"Don't say it, I can't bear it," exclaimed Natásha. And a cold, evil sparkle flashed in her eyes. "Have you seen her?" she added, after a moment's silence.

"No. I should have, but did not hear of her."

They were silent.

"Do you know, as you were talking in the cabinet, I was looking at you," said Natásha, evidently wishing to dispel the shrouding cloud. "You and he, the boy, are like two drops of water." She meant her son. "It is

time to go to him — The milk has come — I hate to leave you."

They grew silent for a few seconds. Then they suddenly turned to each other at one and the same time and began to talk. Pierre began with self-satisfaction and enthusiasm; Natásha with a calm, happy smile. Upon striking against each other, they both stopped, one giving the other a chance to talk.

"What is it? Go on, talk!"

"No, you speak, — I had nothing, just foolishness," said Natásha.

Pierre said what he had begun to say. It was the continuation of his self-satisfied reflections on his success in St. Petersburg. It seemed to him at that moment that he was called to give a new direction to Russian society and to the whole world.

"I only wanted to say that all the thoughts that have enormous consequences are always simple. My idea is that if vicious people unite and form a force, honest men must do the same. This is so simple."

"Yes."

"What did you want to say?"

"Nothing, just some foolishness!"

"Tell it, all the same!"

"Oh, nothing," said Natásha, beaming with a brighter smile; "I just wanted to tell you about Pétya: to-day the nurse came to take him from me, and he laughed, half-closed his eyes, and pressed close to me, — no doubt he thought that he hid himself. He is awfully sweet. There, he is crying. Good-bye!" and she left the room.

At the same time a lamp was burning, as always, in Nikólenka Bolkónski's sleeping-room (the boy was afraid of the dark, and could not be cured of his fear). Desalles was sleeping high on his four pillows, and his Roman nose emitted even sounds of snoring. Nikólenka, just awakened, in a cold perspiration, was sitting on his

bed with his eyes wide open, and looking in front of him. A terrible dream had wakened him. He had seen himself and Pierre in helmets, such as were painted in the edition of Plutarch. Pierre and he had been marching in front of an enormous army. This army was composed of white, slanting lines which filled the air like those gossamers which fly about in the fall, and which Desalles called "*le fil de la Vierge.*" In front was Glory, just like the rest of the gossamers, only a little more solid. They, Pierre and he, were borne away easily and joyfully nearer and nearer to their aim. Suddenly the threads that moved them grew weaker and became entangled; there was a heavy feeling. Uncle Nikoláy Ilích stopped in front of them in a stern attitude.

"Did you do it?" he said, pointing to the broken bits of sealing-wax and pens. "I loved you, but Arakchéev has commanded me, and I will kill the first man who moves."

Nikólenka looked back at Pierre; but Pierre was no more. Pierre was his father, Prince Andréy, and his father had no features and no form, but he was, and, seeing him, Nikólenka felt the weakness of love: he felt himself helpless, boneless, and liquid. His father was caressing him and pitying him. But Uncle Nikoláy Ilích moved upon them, nearer and nearer. Terror took possession of Nikólenka, and he awoke.

"My father," he thought. "My father" (though there were two good likenesses of his father in the house, Nikólenka never thought of Prince Andréy in a human form), "my father was here, and he caressed me. He approved of me, he approved of Uncle Pierre. I will do whatever he says. Mucius Scævola burned his hand. Why, then, will there not be the same in my life? I know they want me to study, and I will. But some day I shall stop; and then I will do it. I pray God only for this, that the same may happen to me that has happened to the men of Plu-

tarch, and I will do the same. I will do better. All will know it, and all will love me and admire me." Suddenly Nikólenka felt a lump rising in his throat, and he burst out into tears.

"*Etes-vous indisposé?*" was heard Desalles's voice.

"*Non,*" replied Nikólenka, lying down on his pillow. "He is good and kind, I love him," he thought of Desalles. "And Uncle Pierre? Oh, what a charming man! And father? Father! Father! Yes, I will do that with which even *he* shall be satisfied!"

PART THE SECOND

I

THE life of the nations and of humanity forms the subject of history. Directly to seize and clothe in words, — to describe the life, not of humanity, but even of one nation, presents itself as an impossibility.

All the ancient historians have employed one and the same method in order to describe and seize the apparently impalpable life of a nation. They have described the individual men who have ruled the nation, and this activity for them expressed the activity of the whole nation.

To the question in what manner individual men compelled the nations to act according to their will, and what governed the will of these men, the ancients replied, to the first question, by recognizing the will of the Divinity which submitted the nations to the will of one chosen man, and to the second, by assuming that the same Divinity directed the will of this chosen man toward a predetermined end.

For the ancients, these questions were decided by faith in the immediate participation of the Divinity in the affairs of humanity.

Modern history has, in its theory, rejected these two principles.

One would think that, in order to reject the beliefs of the ancients in the submission of men to the Divinity, and in the definite aim toward which the nations are led,

modern history would have to study, not the manifestations of the power, but the causes which form it. But modern history has not done so. Though in theory it has rejected the conceptions of the ancients, it follows them in practice.

In the place of men who are endowed with divine power and who are directly guided by the will of the Divinity, modern history has put either heroes who are endowed with unusual, superhuman properties, or simply men with a great variety of different qualities, from monarchs to journalists, who guide the masses. In the place of the former divinely approved purposes of the nations, the Judean, the Greek, the Roman, which to the ancients appeared as the purposes of the movement of humanity, modern history has put its own purposes, — the French, the German, the English welfare, and, in its highest abstraction, the purposes of the weal of all humanity, by which are to be understood as a rule the nations which occupy a small northwest corner of a large continent.

Modern history has rejected the beliefs of the ancients, without putting in their place any new conception, and the logic of the situation compelled the historians, despite the rejection of the divine power of the kings and of the *fatum* of the ancients, to arrive at the same conclusions by another road, — to recognize (1) that the nations are guided by individual men, and (2) that there exists a certain aim toward which the nations and humanity are tending.

In all the works of the latest historians, from Gibbon to Buckle, these two ancient, inevitable principles are assumed as a basis, in spite of the apparent difference of opinion among the historians and the apparent novelty of their conceptions.

In the first place, the historian describes the activity of separate individuals, who, in his opinion, have guided

humanity (one regards as such only monarchs, military leaders, ministers; another, in addition to monarchs and orators, includes also the learned, the reformers, philosophers, poets). In the second place, the aim toward which humanity is being led is known to the historian (for one this aim is the greatness of the Roman, the Spanish, the French realms; for another it is freedom, equality, a certain kind of civilization in a small corner of the world, called Europe).

In 1789 a ferment begins in Paris; it grows, spreads, and is expressed in the movement of the nations from the West to the East. It is several times directed to the East, and comes in contact with the countermovement from the East to the West; in 1812 it reaches its extreme goal, Moscow, and, with remarkable symmetry, the countermovement takes place from the East to the West, just as in the first movement, drawing along with it the intermediate nations. The reverse movement reaches the starting-point of the movement in the West, Paris, and dies down.

In this period of twenty years, an immense area of fields has remained uncultivated: houses are burned; commerce reverses its direction; millions of people are impoverished, enriched, transplanted, and millions of Christians, who profess the law of the love of their neighbours, kill one another.

What does it all mean? Why has it happened? What is it that has compelled these men to burn houses and kill their like? What were the causes of these events? These are instinctive, simple-minded, and most legitimate questions, which humanity proposes to itself, as it stumbles on the monuments and traditions of the past period of this movement.

To solve these questions, the common sense of humanity turns to the science of history, which has for its aim the study of the nations and of humanity.

If history retained the conception of the ancients, it would say: "To reward, or to punish the nation, the Divinity gave Napoleon the power and guided his will, for the attainment of his divine aims." And such an answer would be complete and clear. It was possible to believe, or not to believe, in the divine significance of Napoleon; for the believer everything would be intelligible in the whole history of that time, and there could not be a single contradiction.

But modern history cannot answer in such a way. Science does not admit the conception of the ancients in the direct participation of the Divinity in the affairs of humanity, and so it has to give different answers.

Answering these questions, modern history says: You want to know what this movement means? what has caused it, and what force has brought about those events? Listen!

"Louis XIV. was a very proud and self-confident man; he had such and such paramours and such and such ministers, and he governed France badly. The descendants of Louis were also weak men, and they, too, governed France badly. And they had such and such paramours and such and such favourites. Besides, at that time some people wrote books. At the end of the eighteenth century a score of men were gathered in Paris, who began to talk about all men being equal and free. From this, people began to slash and drown one another throughout France. These men killed the king and a lot of other people. At that time there was in France a great genius, Napoleon. He conquered everybody everywhere, that is, he killed a lot of people, because he was a genius. And he went for some reason to kill the Africans, and he killed so well, and he was so cunning and so clever, that, upon returning to France, he made everybody obey him. And all obeyed him. Having become an emperor, he again went out to kill people in Italy, Austria, and Prussia. And he killed

a great many there. In Russia there was an emperor, Alexander, who decided that he would reëstablish order in Europe, and so he fought with Napoleon. But in the year 1807 he suddenly made friends with him, and in 1811 he again quarrelled with him, and they began once more to kill a large number of people. And Napoleon took six hundred thousand to Russia and conquered Moscow; then he suddenly ran away from Moscow, and then Emperor Alexander, with the aid of Stein's counsel, and with the counsel of others, united Europe into an armament against the disturber of its peace. All of Napoleon's allies suddenly became his enemies; and this army went against Napoleon, who had collected new forces. The allies vanquished Napoleon, entered Paris, made Napoleon abdicate, and sent him to the island of Elba, without depriving him of the title of emperor, and showing him every mark of respect, although five years before and a year later they all regarded him as an outlaw. And there began to reign Louis XVIII., whom heretofore the French and the allies had ridiculed. But Napoleon, weeping before his old Guard, abdicated and went into exile. Then experienced statesmen and diplomats (particularly Talleyrand, who managed to seat himself before any one else in a certain chair and thus expanded the boundaries of France) talked in Vienna, and with their conversations made the peoples of Europe happy or miserable. Suddenly the diplomats and monarchs almost quarrelled; they were just getting ready to order their armies again to kill one another; but just then Napoleon arrived in France with a battalion, and the French, who despised him, at once submitted to him. But the allied monarchs got angry at that, and went to fight France once more. And the genius Napoleon was conquered and taken to the island of St. Helena, being suddenly declared a robber. And there the exile, separated from those who were dear to his heart and from his

beloved France, died a slow death on a rock, and transmitted his great deeds to posterity. But in Europe a reaction took place, and all the sovereigns began once more to oppress their nations."

It would be fruitless to assume that this is sarcasm, a caricature of historical descriptions. On the contrary, it is a very mild expression of those contradictory answers, which do not reply to the questions, and which are given by *every* history, from the authors of memoirs and histories of separate kingdoms to the universal histories and the new-fangled histories of civilization for that period.

The strangeness and comicalness of these answers is due to the fact that modern history resembles a deaf person who replies to questions which no one is putting to him.

If the aim of history is the description of the movement of humanity and of the nations, the first question, which, remaining unanswered, leaves everything else incomprehensible, is the following: What power moves the nations? To this modern history takes pains to say that Napoleon was a great genius, or that Louis XIV. was very proud, or that such and such authors have written such and such books.

All that is very possible, and humanity will agree to it; but it is not this that it wants to know. All that would be interesting, if we recognized a divine power, based on itself, and for ever the same, as guiding its nations through Napoleons, Louises, and authors; but we do not recognize this power, and so, before speaking of Napoleons, Louises and authors, it becomes necessary to show the existing connection between these persons and the movement of the nations.

If another force has taken the place of the divine power, it behoves us to explain wherein this new force consists, because the whole interest of history lies in this very force.

History seems to assume that this force is self-evident

and known to everybody. But, in spite of all desire to recognize this new force as known, he who reads very many historical works will involuntarily come to doubt that this force, so variously understood by the historians themselves, is well known to everybody.

II.

WHAT force moves the nations?

The private biographical historians and the historians of the separate nations understand this force as a power which is inherent in heroes and rulers. According to their interpretation, events are produced exclusively by the will of a Napoleon, an Alexander, or, in general, by those persons whom the private historian happens to describe. The answers given by the historians of this class to the question about what force moves the events, are satisfactory, but only so long as there exists one historian for each event. But the moment the historians of various nationalities and conceptions begin to describe the same event, the answers which they give at once lose their whole meaning, because this force is understood by each of them not only differently, but often in a diametrically opposite sense. One historian affirms that such and such an event was produced by the power of Napoleon; another affirms that it was produced by the power of Alexander; a third, that it was done through the agency of a third person. Besides, the historians of this class contradict each other even in the exposition of that force on which is based the power of one and the same person. Thiers, a Bonapartist, says that Napoleon's power was based on his virtue and genius; Lanvrey, a republican, says that it was based on his rascality and on the deception of the people. Thus the historians of this class, mutually annihilating their respective views, by so doing destroy the concep-

tion of the force which produces the events, and give no answer to the essential question of history.

The universal historians, who deal with all the nations, seem to recognize the incorrectness of the view of the private historians in regard to the force which produces the events. They do not recognize this force as a power which is inherent in heroes and rulers, but as the result of a multiplicity of variously directed forces. In describing a war or the subjection of a people, the universal historian looks for the cause of the event, not in the power of one person, but in the interaction of many persons who are connected with the event.

According to this view, the power of historical persons, presenting itself as the result of many forces, would not seem to admit the interpretation of it as a force which of itself produces the events. And yet the universal historians, in the majority of cases, again use the concept of power as a force of itself producing the events and standing to them in the relation of cause. According to their exposition, the historical person is the product of his time, and his power is only the product of various forces; or his power is a force which produces the events. Gervinus, Schlosser, for example, and others, now prove that Napoleon is the product of the Revolution, of the ideas of the year 1789, and so forth, or they say distinctly that the campaign of the year 1812, and other events which they do not like, are only the product of the falsely directed will of Napoleon, and that the very ideas of the year 1789 had been arrested in their development by Napoleon's arbitrariness. The ideas of the Revolution, the general trend of public opinion, produced Napoleon; but Napoleon's power suppressed the ideas of the Revolution and the general trend of public opinion.

This curious contradiction is not accidental. It not only is met with at every step, but all the descriptions of the universal historians are composed from a consecutive

series of such contradictions. This contradiction is due to the fact that, having entered the field of analysis, they stop in the middle of the road.

In order to find the component forces which are equal to the composite or resultant, it is necessary for the sum of the component forces to be equal to the resultant. This condition is never observed by the universal historians, and so, in order to explain the resultant force, they are obliged to admit, in addition to the insufficient components, a still unexplained force, which acts along the resultant.

The private historian, describing the campaign of the year 1813, or the restoration of the Bourbons, says distinctly that these events were produced by the will of Alexander. But the universal historian Gervinus, in overthrowing this conception of the private historian, tries to prove that the campaign of the year 1813 and the restoration of the Bourbons had for their causes, outside of Alexander's will, the activity of Stein, Metternich, Madame de Staël, Talleyrand, Fichte, Chateaubriand, and others. The historian has evidently decomposed Alexander's power into the components: Talleyrand, Chateaubriand, and so forth; the sum of these components, that is, the interaction of Chateaubriand, Talleyrand, Madame de Staël, and others, evidently does not equal the whole resultant, that is, that phenomenon that millions of Frenchmen submitted to the Bourbons. From the fact that Chateaubriand, Madame de Staël, and others said certain words to each other, there follows only their mutual relations, but not the subjugation of millions. And so, in order to explain in what manner the subjugation of millions follows from these relations of theirs, that is, how from the components equal to one A there should follow the resultant, which is equal to one thousand A, the historian is necessarily obliged to assume the same force of power which he denies by recognizing it as the result of the forces, that is, he is obliged to admit that unexplained force which

acts along the resultant. It is precisely this that the universal historians do, and thus they not only contradict the private historians, but themselves as well.

Country people, having no exact conception about the causes of the rain, and wishing either rain or good weather, say, "The wind has driven away the clouds," and "The wind has driven up the clouds." Even thus the universal historians: at times, when they want it, when it falls in with their theory, they say that power is the result of events; at others, when they have to prove something else, they say that power produces the events.

The third class of historians, called the historians of civilization, following in the path laid out by the universal historians, who now and then recognize authors and ladies as event-producing forces, understand this force in quite a different manner. They see it in the so-called culture, in the mental activity.

The historians of civilization are quite consistent in relation to their precedents, the universal historians, for, if historical events may be explained by the fact that certain people acted so and so toward each other, why not explain them by the fact that certain people wrote certain books? These historians select the token of mental activity out of an immense number of tokens that accompany any living phenomenon, and say that that token is the cause. But, in spite of all their endeavours to show that the cause of the event lay in the mental activity, it takes a great deal of yielding in order to admit that there is anything in common between mental activity and the movement of the nations, and in no case is it possible to agree with the statement that mental activity has guided the activity of men, because such phenomena as the most cruel murders of the French Revolution, arising from the sermons on the equality of man, and the direst wars and executions, arising from the sermon on love, do not confirm this proposition.

But, even admitting that all the ingenious considerations, with which these histories are filled, are true; admitting that the nations are governed by an indefinable force, called the *idea*, — the essential question of history is still left without an answer, or to the former power of the monarchs and to the influence of counsellors and other persons, introduced by the universal historians, is added a new force of the *idea*, the connection of which with the masses demands an explanation. It is possible to understand that Napoleon had the power, and so an event occurred; with some yielding, it is possible to comprehend that Napoleon, together with other influences, was the cause of an event; but in what way the book, "*Le Contrat Social*," had the effect of making Frenchmen drown each other, cannot be understood without the explanation of the causal nexus of this new force with the event.

Unquestionably, there exists some connection among all things which live simultaneously, and so there is a possibility of finding a certain connection between the mental activity of men and their historical movement, just as this connection may be found between the movement of humanity and commerce, the trades, gardening, or anything else you may wish. But it is hard to understand why the mental activity of men is represented by the historians of civilization as the cause or expression of every historical movement. To such a conclusion the historians could have been brought only by the following considerations: (1) that history is written by the learned, and so it is natural and agreeable for them to think that the activity of their guild is the foundation of the movement of all humanity, just as it is natural and agreeable for the merchants, agriculturists, and soldiers to think so (this finds no expression because merchants and soldiers write no history), and (2) that spiritual activity, enlightenment, civilization, culture, idea, — are all indistinct, indefinite conceptions, under the banner of which it is very

convenient to employ words which have an even less definite meaning, and which, therefore, are easily introduced into all kinds of theories.

But, leaving out of consideration the internal value of histories of this class (maybe they are necessary for somebody and something), the histories of civilization, to which universal histories are now being reduced more and more frequently, are significant in that they, seriously and in detail analyzing all kinds of religious, philosophical, and political doctrines, as the causes of events, every time when they have to describe a really historical event, as, for example, the campaign of the year 1812, involuntarily describe it as a manifestation of power, saying distinctly that the campaign was the product of Napoleon's will. Speaking thus, the historians of civilization involuntarily contradict themselves, or prove that that new force which they have invented does not express historical events, and that the only means for understanding history is that power, which they pretend not to recognize.

III.

THERE is an engine in motion. The question is: why does it move? The peasant says: the devil moves it. Another says that the engine moves because the wheels in it move. A third asserts that the cause of the motion is in the smoke which the wind is carrying off.

The peasant is not to be refuted. In order to refute him it is necessary to prove to him that there is no devil, or for another peasant to tell him that it is not the devil, but a German, who is moving the engine.

Only then will he see from the contradictions that they are both wrong. But he who says that the motion of the wheels is the cause, is refuting himself, for, since he has entered on the road of analysis, he must go farther and farther: he must explain the cause of the motion of the wheels, and so long as he does not arrive at the last cause of the engine's motion, at the steam which is compressed in the boiler, he will have no right to stop in the search for truth. But he who explained the motion of the engine from the smoke which is carried back, seeing that the explanation of the wheels did not give the cause, took the first sign which occurred to him, and, on his part, gave it out as a cause.

The only conception which can explain the motion of the engine is the conception of a force equal to the visible motion.

The only conception by means of which the movement of the nations can be explained is the conception of a force equal to the whole movement of the nations.

In the meantime, a great variety of forces, all of them unequal to the visible motion, are understood by the various historians under this concept. Some see in it a force which is directly inherent in the heroes, as the peasant sees the devil in the engine; others see in it the resultant of certain other forces, like the motion of the wheels; others again see in it a mental influence, like the smoke that is carried away.

So long as histories of separate individuals are written, — be they a Cæsar, an Alexander, a Luther, or a Voltaire, — and not the history of *all*, absolutely *all*, men who take part in an event, there is no possibility of describing the movement of humanity without the concept of a force compelling men to direct their activity toward one aim. And the only concept of the kind, which is known to the historians, is power.

This concept is the only handle by means of which one can control the material of history under its present exposition, and he who should break off this handle, as Buckle has done, without discovering any other method of treating the historical material, would only deprive himself of the last possibility of manipulating it. The inevitableness of the concept of power for the explanation of historical phenomena is proved best of all by the universal historians and the historians of civilization themselves, who claim to reject the concept of power, and who, none the less, inevitably make use of it at every stage.

Historical science is so far, in respect to the questions of humanity, like the money in circulation, — like the paper money and the coin. The biographical and individually national histories are like the paper money. They can be in circulation, satisfying their purpose without doing any one any harm, and may even be useful, so long as the question does not rise how they are guaranteed. It is enough to forget about the question in what way the will of the heroes produces the events, and the history of

a Thiers will be interesting, instructive, and, besides, will have a tinge of poetry. But just as the doubt will rise in respect to the actual value of the assignats, because, it being easy to make them, people will begin to manufacture a good many of them, or because somebody will wish to have them exchanged for gold, — just so arises the doubt as to the actual value of the histories of this kind, either because there are too many of them, or because some one in the simplicity of his heart will ask: "By what force did Napoleon do it?" that is, he will wish to exchange the current paper for the pure gold of actual comprehension.

The universal historians and the historians of civilization are like the men who, recognizing the inconvenience of the paper money, would decide to substitute for it coins made from a metal which has not the specific gravity of gold. It would indeed be a *coin*, but nothing else. A paper could deceive the ignorant; but a coin which is not made of a precious metal cannot deceive anybody. Just as gold is only gold when it can be used not merely in exchange, but also independently, even so the general historians will only then be gold when they are able to reply to the essential question of history: what is power? The universal historians answer it contradictorily, and the historians of civilization reply to something quite different. And just as counters, which resemble gold, may be used in an assembly of men who agree to regard them as gold and by those who do not know the property of gold, even so the universal historians and the historians of civilization, who do not answer the essential questions of humanity for some reasons of their own, serve as currency in the universities and among a mass of readers, — lovers of serious books, as they call them.

IV.

HAVING renounced the conception of the ancients about the divine subjection of the nation's will to one chosen man, and about the subjection of this will to the Divinity, history cannot take one step without contradictions, unless it chooses one of two things: either to return to the former belief in the immediate participation of the Divinity in the affairs of humanity, or definitely to explain the significance of the force which produces historical events, and which is called "power."

It is impossible to return to the first: the faith has been destroyed, and so it becomes necessary to explain the meaning of power.

Napoleon ordered an army to be collected and to go to war. We are so much accustomed to this conception, we have become so used to this view, that the question why six hundred thousand men go to war when Napoleon pronounces certain words seems senseless to us. He had the power, and so that which he ordered was executed.

This answer is quite satisfactory if we believe that the power was given him by God. But as soon as we do not acknowledge this, it becomes necessary to determine what this power of one man over others is.

This power cannot be the immediate power of the physical predominance of the stronger being over the weaker, — a predominance which is based on the application, or on the threat of the application, of physical force, — as the power of Hercules; nor can it be based on the pre-

dominance of moral force, as some historians imagine, in the simplicity of their hearts, saying that the historical actors are heroes, that is, men endowed with a special force of mind and soul, called genius. This power cannot be based on the predominance of moral force, because, leaving out the human heroes, such as Napoleon, on whose moral qualities opinions differ widely, history shows us that neither a Louis XI., nor a Metternich, who governed millions of people, had any especial qualities of moral force, but, on the contrary, generally were morally weaker than any one of the millions of people over whom they ruled.

If the source of power does not lie in the physical, nor in the moral qualities of the man possessing it, then it becomes evident that the source of this power must be found outside this person, — in those relations to the masses in which the power-possessing person is.

Even thus power is understood by the science of jurisprudence, that historical exchange-bank which promises to give pure gold in exchange for the historical interpretation of power.

Power is the compound of the wills of the masses, transferred by expressed or tacit consent to the rulers which are chosen by the masses.

In the field of jurisprudence, which is composed of the reflections of how the state and the power are to be arranged if it is at all possible to arrange them, all this is very clear; but in its application to history this definition of power demands elucidations.

Jurisprudence considers the state and the power, as the ancients used to consider fire, as something absolutely existing. But for history the state and the power are only phenomena, just as for modern physics fire is not an element, but a phenomenon.

From this fundamental difference in the views of history and jurisprudence it follows that the latter can give

us a detailed account of how, in its opinion, power is to be constructed and what the power is which exists immutably outside of time; but to the historical questions about the meaning of the power, which varies with time, it can give us no reply.

If the power is the sum of wills transferred to the ruler, then is not Pugachév the representative of the wills of the masses? If not, why is Napoleon I.? Why was Napoleon III. a criminal when he was caught in Boulogne, and why were later those criminals whom he caught?

In court revolutions, in which sometimes only two or three men take part, is the will of the masses transferred to the new person? Is the will of the masses of the nation transferred to the victor in international relations? Was the will of the Rhenish Confederation transferred to Napoleon in 1808? Was the will of the mass of the Russian nation transferred to Napoleon in 1809, when our troops, in alliance with the French, went to fight against Austria?

To these questions we may answer in three ways:

Either (1) we assume that the will of the masses is always unconditionally transferred to the ruler, or rulers, whom they have chosen, and that, therefore, every formation of a new power, every struggle against the once delegated power, must be regarded only as a violation of the existing power.

Or (2) we assume that the will of the masses is delegated to the rulers conditionally, under definite, well-known conditions, and we show that all the oppressions, conflicts, and even destructions of power are due to the non-observance of those conditions, under which the power was delegated to the rulers.

Or (3) we assume that the will of the masses is delegated to the rulers conditionally, under unknown, indefinite conditions, and that the formation of many powers, their struggle, and their fall are due to the greater or

lesser adherence by the rulers to those unknown conditions, under which the wills of the masses have been transferred from one set of persons to another.

In this threefold manner the historians explain the relations of the masses to the rulers.

One class of historians, who, in the simplicity of their hearts, do not understand the question about the significance of power, — those very private and biographical historians, who have been mentioned before, — seem to assume that the sum of the wills of the masses is unconditionally delegated to the historical persons, and so, in describing some one power, these historians take for granted that this same power is the only absolute and real power, and that any other force which counteracts this real power is not a power, but the violation of power, — violence.

Their theory, which is applicable to primitive and peaceful periods of history, in its application to complex and stormy periods of the life of nations, during which various powers arise simultaneously and struggle with each other, has this disadvantage, that the Legitimist historian will prove that the Convent, the Directory, and Bonaparte were only violations of power, while a republican and a Bonapartist will prove, the one, that the Convent, and the other, that the empire, was the real power, and that everything else was a violation of power. It is evident that as they thus mutually overthrow one another, the explanation of power given by these historians may be good enough for children in their tenderest years.

In recognizing the falseness of this view of history, another class of historians say that power is based on the conditional delegation of the sum of the wills of the masses to the rulers, and that the historical persons have power only under the condition of carrying out the programme which, by tacit consent, the will of the nation has prescribed to them; but the historians do not tell us

wherein this programme consists, or if they do, they continually contradict one another.

To every historian, according to his view of what constitutes the aim of the movement of the nations, this programme presents itself in the greatness, wealth, freedom, enlightenment of the citizens of France or of another state. But, leaving out of consideration the fact that the historians contradict each other as to what this programme is, and admitting that there exists a common programme, the historical facts nearly always contradict this theory. If the conditions under which the power is delegated consist in the wealth, freedom, enlightenment of the nation, then why do a Louis XIV. and a John IV. end their reigns in peace, and why are a Louis XVI. and a Charles I. executed by the nations? To this question the historians reply that the activity of Louis XIV., which was contrary to the programme, was reflected on Louis XVI. But why was it not reflected on Louis XIV. and XV.? Why had it by all means to be reflected on Louis XVI.? What is the limit of time for such a reflection? To these questions there are no answers, and there can be none. Just as little, in holding this view, can be explained the cause of the fact that the sum of the wills of several centuries is not taken away from the rulers and their heirs, and then suddenly, in the course of fifty years, is transferred to the Convent, to the Directory, to Napoleon, to Alexander, to Louis XVIII., again to Napoleon, to Charles X., to Louis Philippe, to the republican government, to Napoleon III. In explaining these rapidly succeeding transferences of the wills from one person to another, and especially in considering the international relations, conquests, and alliances, the historians are involuntarily compelled to acknowledge that part of these phenomena are not a regular delegation of wills, but accidents which depend on the cunning, or blunder, or craftiness, or weakness of a diplomat, or ruler, or leader of a

party. Thus the greater part of the phenomena of history — civil wars, revolutions conquests — are represented by these historians, not as the products of the delegation of free wills, but as the products of the wrongly directed will of one or of several individuals, that is, again as violations of power. And thus the historical events are represented by the historians of this class as deviations from the theory.

These historians resemble that botanist who, having observed that some plants grow out of the seeds with two cotyledons, insists that all growing things are dicotyledonous, and that the palm, the mushroom, and even the oak, which branch out in their full growth and have no longer any semblance of two cotyledons, depart from the theory.

The historians of the third class assume that the will of the masses is transferred conditionally to the historical persons, but that these conditions are unknown to us. They say that the historical persons have power only because they execute the will of the masses which has been delegated to them.

But, in that case, if the force which moves the nations does not rest in the historical persons, but in the nations themselves, wherein, then, does the significance of these historical persons lie?

The historical persons, say these historians, express the will of the masses; the activity of the historical persons serves as a representative of the activity of the masses.

But, in that case, there rises the question whether the whole activity of the historical persons serves as an expression of the will of the masses, or only a certain part of it. If the whole activity of the historical persons serves as an expression of the will of the masses, as some actually think, then the biographies of a Napoleon, a Catherine, with all the details of court gossip, serve as an expression of the life of the nations, which is obvious nonsense; but if only one side of the activity of a historical person serves

as the expression of the life of the nations, as other so-called philosophical historians believe, then, in order to determine what side of the activity of the historical person expresses the life of the nation, it is necessary first to know in what this life of the nation consists.

To meet this difficulty, the historians of this class invent a most indistinct, impalpable, and general abstraction, under which it is possible to classify the greatest number of events, and say that the aim of the movement of humanity lies in this abstraction. The most common general abstractions, as adopted by nearly all the historians, are: freedom, equality, enlightenment, progress, civilization, culture. Having assumed any one abstraction as the aim of the movement of humanity, the historians study the men who have left behind them the greatest number of monuments, — kings, ministers, generals, authors, reformers, popes, journalists, in proportion as all these persons, in their opinion, have coöperated with, or opposed themselves to, a given abstraction. But, as it is in no way proved that the aim of humanity consists in freedom, equality, enlightenment, or civilization, and as the connection of the masses with the rulers and enlighteners of humanity is based only on an arbitrary assumption that the sum of the wills of the masses is always transferred to those persons who are noticeable to us, the activity of the millions of men, who migrate, burn houses, abandon agriculture, and destroy each other is never expressed in the description of the activity of half a score of men, who do not burn houses, busy themselves with agriculture, or kill their like.

History proves this at every step. Are the ferment of the nations of the West, at the end of last century, and their tendency toward the East to be explained by the activities of Louis XIV., XV., and XVI., of their paramours and ministers, or by the lives of Napoleon, Rousseau, Diderot, Beaumarché, and others?

Is the movement of the Russian nation to the East — to Kazán and Siberia — expressed in the details of John IV.'s madness and in his correspondence with Kúrbski?

Is the movement of the nations during the crusades to be explained by the lives and activities of a Godfrey and a Louis, and their ladies? The movement of the nations from the West to the East, without any aim, without any leadership, with a crowd of vagrants, with Peter the Hermit, has remained incomprehensible to us. Still more incomprehensible is the cessation of this movement at a time when the sensible, sacred aim of the crusades, the liberation of Jerusalem, was clearly enunciated by the historical actors. Popes, kings, and knights kept inciting the people to liberate the Holy Land; but the people did not go, since that unknown cause, which had incited them to move before, no longer existed. The history of a Godfrey and of the minnesängers apparently does not embrace the life of the nations. And the history of a Godfrey and of the minnesängers has remained a history of a Godfrey and of the minnesängers, and the history of the life of the nations and of their impulses has remained unknown to us.

Still less does the history of the authors and of the reformers explain to us the life of the nations.

The history of civilization explains to us the impulses, the conditions of life, and the ideas of a writer or a reformer. We learn that Luther was irritable and made such and such speeches: we learn that Rousseau was diffident and wrote some books; but we do not learn why after the Reformation the nations slew one another, and why during the French Revolution men executed one another.

If both kinds of history are combined, as is done by the newest historians, we shall get histories of monarchs and writers, and not histories of the life of the nations.

V.

THE life of the nations is not embraced by the lives of a few men; for the connection between these few people and the nations has not been found. The theory that this connection is based on the transference of the sum of the wills to the historical persons is a hypothesis which is not confirmed by historical experience.

The theory of the transference of the sum of the wills of the masses to the historical persons may explain very many things in the field of jurisprudence, and may be necessary for its aims; but, in its application to history, the moment there appear revolutions, conquests, and civil wars, — as soon as history begins, — this theory does not explain anything.

This theory seems irrefutable for the very reason that the act of the transference of the wills of the nation cannot be verified, because it has never existed.

Whatever event may take place, whoever may stand at the head of an event, the theory can always say that such a person stood at the head of that event because the sum of the wills was delegated to him.

The answers given to the historical questions by this theory resemble the answers of a man who, looking at a flock in motion, and not taking into consideration the different qualities of the pasturage in the various parts of the field, nor the driving of the shepherd, judges of the causes of this or that direction of the flock from the animal which is at the head of the flock.

"The flock is going in this direction because the animal in front is leading it, and the sum of the wills of the individual animals has been transferred to this guide of the flock." Thus answer the historians of the first class, those who assume the unconditional surrender of the power.

"If the animals walking at the head of the flock are changed, it is due to the fact that the sum of the wills of all the animals is transferred from one guide to another, according to whether this animal is leading in the direction selected by the flock, or not." Thus answer the historians who assume that the sum of the wills of the masses is delegated to the rulers under conditions which they regard as unknown. (With such a method of observation, it frequently happens that the observer, conforming with the direction chosen by him, regards those as guides who, in the case of the change of direction of the masses, are no longer in the front, but at the side or even in the rear.)

"If the animals at the head are constantly changed, and the direction of the flock is constantly changed, it is due to the fact that, in order to obtain the direction which we know, the animals transfer their wills to those animals that are noticeable to us, and so, in order to study the movement of the flock, it is necessary for us to observe all the prominent animals which are walking on all the sides of the flock." Thus say the historians of the third class, those who regard all the historical persons, from monarchs down to journalists, as expressions of their time.

The theory of the transference of the wills of the masses to the historical persons is only a paraphrase, — an expression of the question with other words.

What is the cause of historical events? Power. What is power? Power is the sum of the wills delegated to one person. Under what conditions are the wills of the masses delegated to one person? Under conditions under which the person expresses the wills of all men; that is,

power is power; that is, power is a word the meaning of which is incomprehensible to us.

If the sphere of human knowledge were limited to mere abstract reasoning, then humanity, submitting to criticism that explanation of power which *science* gives, would come to the conclusion that power is merely a word, and that it does not exist in reality. But, for the cognition of phenomena, man has, in addition to the abstract reasoning, the tool of experience with which he verifies the results of reasoning. And experience says that power is not a word, but an actual, existing phenomenon.

Not only can no single description of the collective activity of men neglect the concept of power, but the existence of power is proved both by history and by the observation of contemporary events.

Whenever an event takes place, there appears a man, or a few men, by whose will the event seems to take place. Napoleon III. prescribes, and the French go to Mexico. The King of Prussia and Bismarck prescribe, and the troops march into Bohemia. Napoleon I. commands, and the army goes to Russia. Alexander I. commands, and the French submit to the Bourbons. Experience teaches us that, no matter what event may take place, it is always connected with the will of one or of several men who have ordered it.

The historians, following their old habit of assuming the divine participation in the affairs of humanity, want to see the cause of the event in the expression of the will of the person endowed with the power; but that conclusion is confirmed neither by reason nor by experience.

On the one hand, reflection shows that a man's expressions — his words — are only a part of the general activity which is expressed in the event, as, for example, in a war or revolution; therefore, without acknowledging an incomprehensible, supernatural power, — the miracle, — it

is impossible to admit that the words could be the immediate cause of the movement of millions; on the other hand, if we should admit that words may be the cause of an event, history shows that the expressions of the will of historical persons in the majority of cases produce no results, that is, that their commands are frequently not carried out, and that sometimes even the very opposite takes place of what they are commanded to do.

Without admitting the divine participation in the affairs of humanity, we cannot take power to be the cause of events.

Power, from the standpoint of experience, is only the relation which exists between the expression of a person's will and the execution of this will by other men.

In order to make clear to ourselves the conditions of this relation, we must first establish the concept of the expression of the will, by referring it to man, and not to the Divinity.

If the Divinity gives a command, expresses his will, as is shown to us in the history of the ancients, the expression of this will does not depend on time and is not called forth by anything, since the Divinity is in no way connected with the event. But, speaking of commands, — of the expression of the will of men acting in time and connected with each other, — we, in order to explain to ourselves the nexus of the commands with the events, must establish: (1) the condition of everything which is taking place: the uninterruptedness of the movement in time, both of the events and of the person commanding, and (2), the condition of the necessary connection in which the person commanding stands with the persons who execute his command.

VI.

ONLY the expression of the Divinity's will, which does not depend on time, can be referred to a whole series of events which is to take place in a few years or centuries, and only the Divinity, unprovoked by anything, by dint of His will alone, can determine the direction of the movement of humanity; but man acts in time and himself takes part in an event.

In establishing the first condition, omitted heretofore, — the condition of time, — we shall see that no command can be fulfilled unless there has been a preceding command, which makes the execution of the latter possible.

No command ever appears arbitrarily, or ever includes a whole series of events; but each command flows from another and never refers to a whole series of events, but always only to one moment of an event.

When, for example, we say that Napoleon commanded the armies to go to war, we combine into one simultaneous command a series of consecutive commands, which depend on each other. Napoleon could not have commanded an expedition into Russia, and he never did. He commanded to-day the writing of certain papers to Vienna, to Berlin, and to St. Petersburg, to-morrow, of such and such decrees and orders to the army, the fleet, the commissariat, and so forth, and so forth, — a million commands, from which was composed a series of commands corresponding to a series of events which led the French armies into Russia.

If Napoleon during his whole reign gives the commands

about an expedition into England and in none of his undertakings wastes such efforts and so much time, and yet, in spite of it, during his whole reign does not even once make the attempt to carry out his intention, but makes an expedition into Russia, with which country he, according to his repeatedly expressed conviction, regards it as advantageous to be in alliance, — then this is due to the fact that the first commands correspond to a series of events, and the second do not.

In order that a command should be surely executed, it is necessary for a man to give such a command as can be executed. But it is impossible to know what can be executed, and what not, not only in the case of the Napoleonic expedition into Russia, in which millions take part, but even in the case of the least complex event, because millions of obstacles may be met with in the execution of either. Each command executed is always one out of an immense number of those that are not executed. All the impossible commands are not connected with the event and are not executed. Only those which are possible are connected into consecutive series of commands, corresponding to series of events, and are executed.

Our deceptive conception that the command which precedes the event is the cause of it is due to the fact that, when the event has taken place and those few out of thousands of commands which are connected with the events are executed, we forget those that were not executed, because they could not be. Besides, the chief source of our error in this sense is due to the fact that in the historical exposition a whole series of endless, divers, petty events, as, for example, all that which brought the French armies to Russia, is generalized into one event, according to the result produced by that series of events, and, corresponding to this generalization, a whole series of commands is also generalized into one expression of will.

We say: Napoleon wanted to make an expedition into

Russia, and he made it. In reality, we shall never find in all of Napoleon's activity anything resembling the expression of that will, but a series of commands, or expressions of his will, directed in sundry, indefinite ways. Out of an endless number of unexecuted commands of Napoleon there was formed a series of executed commands for the expedition of the year 1812, not because these commands in any way differed from the other unexecuted commands, but because the series of these commands coincided with the series of events which brought the French armies to Russia; just as this or that figure will be drawn with a stencil, not according to the manner in which the dye will be smeared over it, but because the dye has been smeared all over the stencil, on all sides of the figure cut into it.

Thus, in considering the relation in time of the commands to the events, we shall find that the command in no case can be the cause of an event, but between the two there exists a certain definite dependence.

In order to comprehend in what this dependence consists, it is necessary to establish another condition, heretofore omitted, of any command which originates not in the Divinity, but in man, which is, that the man commanding himself takes part in the event.

This relation of the commander to those to whom he commands is precisely that which is called power. This relation consists in the following:

For a common activity men always unite into certain combinations, in which, despite the difference of the aims taken for collective action, the relation between the men who take part in the action is always the same. In uniting in these combinations, men always assume such relations toward each other that the greatest number of men take the greatest direct part, and the smallest number of men the least direct part, in that collective action for which they have combined.

Of all the combinations, in which men unite in order to

perform collective actions, one of the most sharply defined is the army.

Every army is composed of the lowest military rank, — the rank and file, — of whom there is always the greatest number; of the next higher in military rank, — the corporals, under-officers, — whose number is smaller than that of the first; of the still higher, the number of whom is still less, and so forth, to the highest military power, which is concentrated in one person.

The military structure may quite exactly be expressed by the figure of a cone, in which the base with the greatest diameter will represent the rank and file, a higher, lesser base, the higher order of the army, and so forth, to the apex, which represents the general.

The soldiers, of whom there is the greatest number, form the lower points of the cone and its base. The soldier himself stabs, cuts, burns, pillages, and always receives the command from higher persons for the commission of these deeds. The under-officer (the number of under-officers is already smaller) less frequently commits the act itself than the soldier; but instead he commands. The officer still less often commits the act itself and commands more frequently. The general only commands the troops, pointing out the aim to them, and seldom makes use of a weapon. The commander-in-chief can never take part in the action itself, and only gives general orders about the movement of the masses. The same relation of individuals among themselves is to be found in every combination of men for a common activity, — in agriculture, commerce, and in every management.

Thus without artificially dividing all the contiguous points of the cone and the ranks of the army, or the organization of any management, or common affair, from the lowest to the highest, we get the law according to which men, for the commission of collective actions, always combine in such a relation that the more imme-

diate their participation in the commission of the action, the less can they command and the greater their number; and that the weaker the direct part taken by the men in the action itself, the more they command, and the smaller their number; in this manner we rise from the lowest strata to one last man, who takes the least direct part in the event, and who more than the rest directs his activity to commanding.

This relation of the commanding individuals to those whom they command constitutes the essence of the concept called power.

Having established the condition of time under which all events take place, we found that the command is executed only when it refers to a corresponding series of events. In establishing the necessary condition of the nexus between him who commands and him who executes, we found that, by their very constitution, the commanders take the least part in the event itself, and that their activity is directed exclusively to giving commands

VII.

When a certain event takes place, men express their opinions, their wishes in regard to the event, and, as the event arises from the collective action of many men, one of the expressed opinions or wishes is sure to be fulfilled, at least approximately. When one of the opinions expressed is fulfilled, it is connected with the event, as a command which preceded it.

Men are dragging a log. Each of them expresses his opinion about how and whither to drag it. The men drag the log out, and it turns out that it has been done as one of them has said. He ordered it. Here we have command and power in their primitive form.

The one who works most with his hands can least consider what he is doing, or reflect what will come of the common activity, or command. The one who commands most, on account of his activity in words, can evidently act least with his hands. The larger the concourse of men who direct their activity upon one aim, the more sharply is the class of men defined whose activity is directed toward commanding in proportion to the lesser part they take in the common activity.

When a man works by himself, he always carries with him a certain series of reflections which, so he thinks, have guided his past activity, serve as a justification of his present acts, and will govern him in planning his future actions.

Even thus act concourses of men, when they leave it to those who do not take part in the action to reflect on, justify, and plan their collective activity.

From known or unknown causes, the French begin to drown and cut one another. And the event is accompanied by its justification in the expressed wills of the men, which is, that it is necessary for the good of France, for freedom, for equality. Men cease slaughtering each other, and this event is accompanied by the justification of the necessity of unity of power, of resistance to Europe, etc. Men go from the West to the East, killing their like, and this event is accompanied by the words about the glory of France, the baseness of England, and so forth. History shows us that these justifications of the event have no general sense and are self-contradictory, like the killing of a man as the result of the recognition of his rights, and the killing of millions in Russia in order to humiliate England. But these justifications have in a contemporary sense a necessary value.

These justifications relieve from moral responsibility the men who produce the event. These temporary aims are like the brushes which are attached in front of the locomotive, in order to clear the path: they clear the path of the moral responsibility of these men. Without these justifications there could not be explained the simplest question which presents itself in examining any event: How can millions of people commit collective crimes, wars, murders, and so forth?

Is it possible, with the present complex forms of public and social life in Europe, to imagine any event which is not prescribed, pointed out, commanded by kings, ministers, parliaments, gazettes? Is there any collective action which would not find its justification in the unity of state, in nationality, in the equilibrium of Europe, in civilization? Thus every event which takes place inevitably coincides with some expressed wish and, finding its justification, presents itself as the result of the will of one man, or of a few men.

No matter in what direction a ship may go, a stream

of the waves cut by it will always precede it. For the men on board that ship the motion of this stream will be the only perceptible movement.

Only by watching it near by, moment after moment, and comparing the motion of this stream with the movement of the ship, shall we convince ourselves that every moment of the movement of the stream is determined by the movement of the ship, and that we have been led into error because we ourselves were moving imperceptibly.

We shall observe the same if we watch, moment after moment, the movement of historical persons (that is, if we reëstablish the necessary condition of every event, — the condition of uninterruptedness of motion in time), and if we do not let out of sight the necessary connection of historical persons with the masses.

No matter what may take place, it will always appear that that has been foreseen and commanded. No matter in what direction the ship may go, the stream, without guiding, or increasing its motion, seethes in front of it, and from the distance will present itself to us not only as moving arbitrarily, but even as governing the movement of the ship.

By examining only those expressions of the will of historical persons that stand to the events in the relation of commands, the historians have assumed that the events are dependent on these commands. But, by examining the events themselves, and the connection of the historical persons with the masses, we have found that the historical persons are dependent on the events. As an indisputable proof of this deduction serves the fact that, no matter how many commands there may be, the event will not take place if there are no other causes for it; but, the moment the event takes place, — whatever it be, — there will always be found, among the number of uninterruptedly expressed wills of various persons, such as in

meaning and in time will be referred to the event as commands.

Having come to this conclusion, we can directly and positively answer the two essential questions of history:

(1) What is power?

(2) What force produces the movement of the nations?

(1) Power is such a relation of a given individual to other individuals, that this individual takes a proportionately lesser part in the action, according to the degree in which he expresses opinions, plans, and justifications of the collective action in question.

(2) The movement of the nations is not produced by power, by mental activity, not even by the union of the two, as historians have imagined, but by the activity of *all* men who take part in the event and who are always connected with each other in such a way that those who take the greatest direct part in the event assume the least responsibility, and vice versa.

In the moral sense, power appears as the cause of an event; in the physical, those who submit to the power. But as the moral activity is unthinkable without the physical, the cause of the event is neither in the one nor in the other, but in the union of the two.

Or, in other words, the concept of cause is inapplicable for the phenomenon which we are considering.

In the last analysis we arrive at the eternal circle, at that extreme boundary, at which the human understanding arrives in every sphere of reasoning, if it does not play with its subject. Electricity produces heat; heat produces electricity. Atoms attract each other; atoms repel each other.

Speaking of the interaction of heat and electricity and of the atoms, we cannot say why it is so, and we say that it is so because it is unthinkable otherwise, because it must be, — because it is a law. The same is true of historical phenomena. We do not know why a war or a

revolution takes place; all we know is that, in order to produce this or that action, men form certain combinations, in which all take part; and we say that it is so because it is unthinkable otherwise, — it is a law.

VIII.

If history had to do with external phenomena, the positing of this simple and obvious law would be sufficient, and we should be through with our reflection. But the law of history refers to man. A particle of matter cannot say to us that it does not at all feel the need of attraction and repulsion, and that these phenomena are not true; but man, who is the subject of history, says distinctly: I am free, and so I am not subject to laws.

The presence of the question of the freedom of the human will, even though not expressed, is felt at every step in history.

All the serious historians have involuntarily come to this question. All the contradictions and obscurities of history — that false path over which that science is travelling — are based only on the lack of a solution for this question.

If the will of each man has been free, that is, if each man could have acted as he pleased, then the whole history is a series of disconnected accidents.

If even one man in a million, in the period of a thousand years, has been able to act freely, that is, as he wished, then it is evident that one free act of that man, which is contrary to the laws, destroys the possibility of the existence of any laws for the whole of humanity.

But, if there is even one law which governs the actions of men, there can be no free will, for the will of men must be subject to this law.

In this contradiction lies the question about the freedom of the will, which since the most remote times has interested the best minds of humanity, and which since the most remote times has been put in all its enormous meaning.

The question consists in this, that, looking at man as an observation from whatever point of view, — from the theological, historical, ethical, philosophical, — we find a common law of necessity, to which he is subject, like everything existing. But, looking at him from within ourselves, as at something which we are conscious of, we feel ourselves free.

This consciousness is an entirely separate source of self-knowledge, independent from reason. By means of reason man observes himself; but he knows himself only through consciousness.

Without self-consciousness no observation and no application of reason is thinkable.

In order to understand, observe, ratiocinate, man must first cognize himself as living. Man is conscious of living only by knowing himself as wishing, that is, he is conscious of his will. But his will, which forms the essence of his life, man recognizes, and cannot help recognizing, as free.

If, subjecting himself to observation, man sees that his will is always directed according to one and the same law (whether he observes the necessity of taking food, or the activity of the brain, or anything else), he is unable to understand this ever equal direction of his will otherwise than as a limitation of it. That which would not be free could not be limited. Man's will presents itself to him as limited, even because he cognizes it not otherwise than free.

You say: I am not free. But I have raised my arm and have dropped it again. Everybody understands that this illogical answer is an irrefutable proof of freedom.

This answer is the expression of consciousness which is not subject to reason.

If the consciousness of freedom were not a separate source of self-consciousness, independent of reason, it would be subject to reflection and experiment; but in reality such a subjection never exists and is unthinkable.

A series of experiments and reflections shows to every man that, as an object of observation, he is subject to certain laws, and he submits to them and never struggles with the once cognized law of gravity or impermeability. But the same series of experiments and reflections shows him that the full liberty of which he is cognizant is impossible, that every action of his depends on his organization, his character, and the motives acting upon him; but he never submits to the deductions of these experiments and reflections.

Having learned from experiment and reflection that a stone falls downwards, man has absolute faith in this and in all cases expects the fulfilment of the cognized law.

But having learned just as infallibly that his will is subject to laws, he does not believe it, and cannot believe it.

No matter how often experiment and reflection may show a man that, under the same conditions, with the same character, he will do the same as before, he, for the thousandth time approaching the same conditions, with the same character, for the action which has always ended in the same manner, will be sure to feel just as convinced that he is able to act freely, as before the experiment. No matter how irrefutably reflection and experiment may prove to a savage or a thinker that it is impossible to imagine two acts under precisely the same conditions, he feels that without this senseless concept (which forms the essence of freedom) he could not imagine life. He feels that, however impossible it may be, it exists; for without this concept of freedom he not

only would fail to understand life, but would even be unable to live a single minute.

He could not live because all the impulses of men, all the inducements of life are only tendencies toward the increase of freedom. Wealth — poverty, glory — inglorious-ness, power — subjection, strength — weakness, health — disease, culture — ignorance, work — leisure, satiety — hunger, virtue — vice, are only greater or lesser degrees of freedom.

A man having no freedom cannot be imagined otherwise than deprived of life.

If the concept of freedom presents itself to reason as a senseless contradiction, as the possibility of committing two acts at one and the same moment of time, or an act without a cause, it only proves that consciousness is not subject to reason.

This imperturbable, irrefutable consciousness of freedom, subject to neither experiment nor reflection, acknowledged by all thinkers and perceived by all men without exception, — the consciousness without which no conception of man is possible, — forms the other side of the question.

Man is the creation of almighty, all-bountiful, omniscient God. What, then, is sin, a conception which arises from the consciousness of man's freedom? That is a question of theology

The actions of men are subject to general, immutable laws expressed by statistics. In what, then, does man's responsibility before society consist, — a conception which arises from the consciousness of freedom? That is a question of jurisprudence.

A man's acts spring from his inborn character and from the motives that act upon him. What is conscience and the knowledge of the good and the evil of acts, which arise from the consciousness of freedom? That is a question of ethics.

Man, in connection with the general life of humanity, presents himself as subject to laws which determine this life. But the same man, independently of this connection, imagines himself to be free. How should the past life of the nations and of humanity be considered? as the product of the free, or the not free activity of men? That is a question of history.

Only in our self-confident time of the popularization of science, thanks to the most powerful tool of ignorance, — the dissemination of printing, — the question of the freedom of the will has been transferred to a sphere where the question itself can no longer exist. In our day, the majority of the so-called leaders, that is, a mass of ignoramuses, have accepted the labours of the naturalists, who busy themselves with one side of the question, as the solution of the whole question.

There is no soul and no freedom, because man's life is expressed by muscular motions, and the muscular motions are conditioned by nervous activity; there is no soul and no freedom, because at an unknown period of time we originated from apes, they say, write, and print, not at all suspecting that thousands of years ago, all religions, all thinkers, had not only accepted, but had even never denied that very law of necessity, which they now attempt to prove so carefully by means of physiology and comparative zoology. They do not see that the rôle of the natural sciences in this question consists only in serving as a tool for the enlightenment of one of its sides; for that, from the standpoint of observation, reason and will are only secretions of the brain, and that man, following the general law, may have evolved from the lower animals at an uncertain period of time, elucidates only from a new side the truth, which was recognized thousands of years ago by all the religions and philosophical theories, that, from the standpoint of reason, man is subject to the laws of necessity, but does not advance a hair's breadth

the solution of the question, which has another, opposite side based on the consciousness of freedom.

If men originated from apes at an unknown period of time, this is as intelligible as that men were formed from a handful of earth at a given period of time (in the first case x is the time, in the second, the origin), and the question of how the consciousness of man harmonizes with the law of necessity, to which man is subject, cannot be determined by comparative physiology and zoology, because in the frog, the rabbit, and the ape we can observe only a nervo-muscular activity, while in man we observe both the nervo-muscular activity and consciousness.

The naturalists and their admirers, who think that they can solve this question, are like plasterers who are put to work to plaster one side of a church wall, and who, making use of the absence of the chief master workman, in an outburst of zeal, plaster up the windows, and the images, and the timbers, and the unsteadied walls, and admire their work which, from their plasterer standpoint, is so smooth and even.

IX.

THE solution of the question about freedom and necessity has this advantage for history, as compared with the other branches of knowledge, in which the solution of the question has been attempted, in that for history this question does not refer to the essence itself of the human will, but to the conception about the manifestation of this will in the past and under certain conditions.

History, in the matter of solving this question, stands to the other sciences in the position of an experimental science as compared with speculative sciences.

History has for its subject, not the human will, but our conception about it.

Therefore, for history does not exist, as for theology, ethics, and philosophy, the unsolved mystery about the union of the two contradictions of freedom and necessity. History examines the conception of human life, in which this union has already taken place.

In actual life each historical event, each human action, is understood quite clearly and definitely, without the perception of the smallest contradiction, although each event presents itself now as free, and now as necessary.

In order to solve the question how freedom and necessity may be combined, and what forms the essence of these concepts, the philosophy of history may and must proceed on an opposite path from the one traversed by the other sciences. Instead of defining the concepts of freedom and of necessity in themselves, and of classifying the phenomena of life according to the definitions thus formed,

history must deduce the definition of the very concepts of freedom and of necessity from an immense number of phenomena subject to its investigation, which always present themselves as dependent on freedom and necessity.

No matter what conception of the activity of many men or of one man we may examine, we never understand it otherwise than as the product partly of the freedom of man, and partly of the laws of necessity.

We do not see the least contradiction whether we speak of the migration of peoples and the incursions of the barbarians, or of the orders of Napoleon III., or of the act of a man committed an hour ago, which consists in having chosen one out of several directions for a walk. The measure of freedom and necessity, which has guided the acts of these men, is clearly defined for us.

Very frequently the conception of the greater or lesser freedom varies, according to the different point of view from which we examine the event; but, invariably, each action of man presents itself to us not otherwise than as a certain combination of freedom and of necessity. In each action under examination we see a certain measure of freedom and a certain measure of necessity. And always, the more freedom we see in any action, the less there is necessity; and the more necessity, the less freedom.

The relation of freedom to necessity may be greater or smaller, according to the standpoint from which an act may be viewed; but the relation will always be in inverse proportion.

A drowning man who catches at another and drowns him, or a hungry mother who, exhausted by her babe's suckling, steals food, or a man drilled in discipline who, while in the ranks, kills by command a defenceless man, appears less guilty, that is, less free and more subject to the law of necessity, to him who knows the conditions in which these men were, and more free to him who does not know that the man himself was drowning, the mother

hungry, and the soldier in the ranks, and so forth. Even thus a man who twenty years before committed a murder and ever afterward lived peacefully and harmlessly in society, appears less guilty; his act seems more subject to the law of necessity to him who views it after the lapse of twenty years, and more free to him who examined it a day after it had been committed. Even thus every deed of an insane, intoxicated, or highly excited man appears as less free and more necessary to him who knows the mental condition of the man who has committed the deed, and more free and less necessary to him who does not know it. In all these cases the conception of freedom is increased or diminished, and the conception of necessity is correspondingly diminished or increased, according to the point from which the act is viewed. So that the greater the necessity appears to be, the smaller is the freedom, and vice versa.

Religion, the common sense of humanity, jurisprudence, and history itself have the same notions about the relations between necessity and freedom.

All the cases without exception, in which our conception of the freedom and the necessity is increased or diminished, have only three foundations:

(1) The relation of the man committing an act to the external world,

(2) to time, and

(3) to the causes which led to the act.

(1) The first foundation is a greater or lesser visible relation of man to the external world, a more or less clear conception of the definite place which each man occupies in relation to everything which exists contemporaneously with him. It is that foundation which makes it apparent that the drowning man is less free and is more subject to the law of necessity than the man who stands on dry ground; that foundation, in consequence of which the actions of a man living in close connection with other

men in a densely populated locality, the actions of a man who is tied down by a family, service, enterprises, unquestionably present themselves as less free and more subject to necessity than the actions of a single and solitary man.

If we view a man alone, without any relation to everything surrounding him, every action of his will appear free to us. But if we see any relation to what surrounds him, if we see his connection with anything whatsoever, with a man who is speaking with him, with a book which he is reading, with the labour with which he is occupied, even with the air which surrounds him, or with the light that falls upon the objects surrounding him, — we see that each of these conditions has an influence upon him and guides at least one side of his activity. And inasmuch as we see these influences, insomuch do we diminish our conception of his freedom, and increase our conception of the necessity to which he is subjected.

(2) The second foundation is a greater or lesser visible temporal relation of man to the world, — a more or less clear conception of the place which a man's action occupies in time. It is that foundation, in consequence of which the fall of the first man, which had for its result the origin of the human race, presents itself obviously as less free than the marriage of a modern man. It is that foundation, in consequence of which the lives and activities of men who lived centuries ago, and who are connected with me in time, cannot appear to me so free as contemporary life, the consequences of which are not yet known to me.

The gradation of the conception of the greater or lesser freedom in this respect depends on the greater or lesser interval of time from the performance of the deed to the judgment about it.

If I examine an act performed by me a minute ago, under approximately the same conditions under which I now am, my act indubitably presents itself to me as free.

But if I reflect on an act committed by me a month ago, I, finding myself under different conditions, involuntarily assume that, if the act had not been committed, many useful, agreeable, and even necessary things which sprang from that deed would not have taken place. If I transfer myself in imagination to a still more remote act, ten years back, or more, the consequences of my act are still more manifest to me, and I find it hard to make out what would have happened if the act had not been. The farther back I transfer myself in imagination, or, what is the same, in advance of the judgment, the more doubtful will my reflection be about the freedom of the act.

Precisely the same progression of persuasiveness as regards the influence of the free will on the general affairs of humanity we find in history. A contemporary event presents itself to us as unquestionably the product of all the known men; but in a more remote event we see its inevitable consequences, in the place of which we cannot imagine any other. And the farther back we transfer ourselves in the examination of events, the less arbitrary do they appear to us.

The Austro-Prussian war appears to us as the unquestionable result of the actions of wily Bismarck, and so forth.

The Napoleonic wars, though somewhat doubtfully, still appear to us as the products of the will of the heroes; but in the crusades we already see an event which occupies a definite place, and without which the modern history of Europe is unthinkable, though to the chroniclers of the crusades this event appeared only as the result of the will of several persons. In the migration of the peoples no one in our day imagines that Attila's arbitrary will had anything to do with the renovation of the European world. The farther back in history we take the subject of observation, the more doubtful does the freedom of the event-producing men become, and the more manifest is the law of necessity.

(3) The third foundation is a greater or lesser accessibility of that endless nexus of causes, forming an inevitable demand of reason, in which each conceptual phenomenon and, therefore, each human action must have its definite place, as a result of the foregoing and a cause for the consequent.

It is that foundation, in consequence of which our acts and those of other men present themselves to us, the more free and the less subject to necessity, on the one hand, the better we are acquainted with the physiological, psychological, and historical laws, which are deduced from observation, and to which man is subject, and the more correctly we have seized the physiological, psychological, or historical cause of action; on the other hand, the simpler the observable action and the less complex in character and mind the man is, whose action we are examining.

When we absolutely fail to understand the causes of an act, — whether in the case of a misdeed, or an act of virtue, or an indifferently good or bad act, — we in such a case assume the greatest measure of freedom. In the case of a misdeed we demand most persistently that it be punished; in the case of an act of virtue, we most value such a deed. In the indifferent case we assume the greatest individuality, originality, freedom. But, if only one of the endless causes is known to us, we recognize a certain measure of necessity, and less persistently demand retribution for a crime, less readily acknowledge the deserts of a virtuous deed, and see less freedom in what seemed to be an original act. The fact that the criminal was brought up among malefactors already extenuates his guilt. The self-sacrifice of a father, a mother, — a self-sacrifice with the possibility of reward, — is more comprehensible than aimless self-sacrifice, and so appears as less deserving sympathy, as free. The founder of a sect or party, an inventor, surprises us less when we know how

and by what his activity has been prepared. If we have a long series of experiments, if our observation is constantly directed toward discovering the correlations in the actions of men between their causes and their consequences, the actions of men will appear to us the more necessary and the less free, the more correctly we connect the consequences with the causes. If the actions under observation are simple, our conception of their necessity will be fuller still. The dishonest act of a son of a dishonest father, the bad behaviour of a woman who has fallen into bad company, a drunkard's relapse into drunkenness, and so forth, are acts which appear to us the less free, the more intelligible the cause is to us. But if the man, whose action we are viewing, stands on the very lowest stage of mental development, as a child, a demented person, a fool, we, knowing the causes of action and the simplicity of character and mind, see such a great measure of necessity and such a small measure of freedom that, the moment we know the cause which is to bring about an action, we are able to predict the deed itself.

Only on these three foundations are based the irresponsibility for crimes and the extenuating circumstances which are to be found in all legislations. The imputability is represented as greater or as less, according to the greater or lesser knowledge of the conditions under which the man was, whose act is being judged, according to the greater or lesser interval of time from the commission of the deed to the judgment about it, and according to the greater or lesser comprehension of the causes of the act.

X.

Thus our conception of freedom and of necessity gradually decreases or increases, according to the greater or lesser connection with the external world, according to the greater or lesser remoteness of time, and the greater or lesser dependence on the causes, under which we view the phenomenon of human life.

So that, if we examine the position of a man in which the connection with the external world is best known, the period of judgment most remote from the period of the commission of the deed, and the causes of the act most accessible, we get the conception of the greatest necessity and the least freedom. But if we view a man in the least dependence on external conditions, if his act was committed in a moment near to the present, and the causes of his action are inaccessible to us, we get the conception of the least necessity and of the greatest freedom.

But, in neither case, no matter how much we may change our point of view; no matter how we may elucidate that connection which subsists between man and the external world, or how accessible it may seem to us; no matter how much we may lengthen or shorten the period of time; no matter how intelligible or inaccessible the causes may be to us, — we are never able to imagine either complete freedom, or complete necessity.

1. No matter how we may imagine man exempt from the influences of the external world, we shall never arrive at the conception of freedom in space. Every human act

is inevitably conditioned by what surrounds him, — his very body. I raise my arm and I drop it. This action to me seems voluntary; but I ask myself: Could I have raised my arm in every direction? I see that I raised my arm in the direction where for this action I found least resistance, both in the bodies surrounding me and in the structure of my own body. If, of all possible directions, I chose one, I did so because there were the least number of obstacles. In order to imagine man as free, we must imagine him outside of space, which is obviously impossible.

2. No matter how much we may move up the time of judgment to the time of the deed, we shall never get a concept of freedom in time. For, if I examine an act which was committed a second ago, I still must recognize the necessity of the act, because it is fettered in that moment of time when it was committed. Can I raise my arm? I raise it; but I ask myself: Could I have not raised my arm in that already past moment of time? To convince myself of it, I do not raise it in the next moment of time. But I did not raise my arm not in that first moment when I asked myself about the freedom. Time has passed, which it was not in my power to keep back, and the arm which I then raised is not the same arm with which I now do not make that motion, and the air in which I then made the motion is no longer the same air which now surrounds me. The moment in which the first movement took place is irretrievable, and at that moment I could have made but one motion, and whatever motion I might have made, it would have been the only one. The fact that I did not raise my arm the next moment does not prove that I could have not raised it then. And since my motion could have been one only at a given moment of time, it could not have been anything else. In order to imagine it as free, we must imagine it in the present, on the boundary-line between

the past and the future, that is, outside of time, which is impossible, and —

3. No matter how much the difficulty of comprehending the cause may increase, we shall never arrive at the conception of complete freedom, that is, at the absence of cause. No matter how inaccessible to us may be the cause of the expression of the will in any one act of our own or of others, the first demand of reason is the assumption of a cause and the search for it, for without cause no phenomenon is thinkable. I raise my hand in order to commit an act which is independent of all causes, but my wishing to commit an act which has no cause is the cause of my act.

But even if, imagining a man who is entirely exempt from all influences, and examining only his momentary act in the present, which is not called forth by any cause, we should admit an infinitely small remainder of necessity, equal to zero, we should still not arrive at the conception of absolute freedom; because a being which does not receive the influences of the external world, which stands outside of time, is no longer a man.

In the same manner we can never imagine the action of a man without the participation of freedom, and subject only to the law of necessity.

1. No matter how much our knowledge of those space conditions, in which a man is, may increase, this knowledge can never be full, because the number of these conditions is illimitably large, just as illimitable as space itself. And therefore, so long as not *all* conditions of the influences exerted on man are determined, there is no full necessity, and there is a certain measure of freedom.

2. No matter how much we may lengthen the period of time from the event which we are examining to the time of the judgment, this period will be finite, while time is infinite, and so in this relation, too, there cannot be full necessity.

3. No matter how accessible the causal chain of any act may be, we shall never know the whole chain, because it is endless, and again we shall not arrive at full necessity.

But, besides, even if, admitting a remainder of minimum freedom, equal to zero, we should in some case, such as in the dying man, the germ, the idiot, assume a complete absence of freedom, we should by that very assumption destroy the conception of man, which we are examining; because, as soon as there is no freedom, there is no man. And so the conception of a human action which is subject only to the law of necessity, without the least remainder of freedom, is just as impossible as the conception of an absolutely free human action.

And so, in order to imagine the action of a man which is subject only to the law of necessity, without freedom, we must assume the knowledge of an *infinite* number of space relations of an *infinitely* large period of time and an *infinite* series of causes.

In order to imagine an absolutely free man, who is not subject to the law of necessity, we must imagine him all alone, *outside of space, outside of time,* and *outside of dependence on causes.*

In the first case, if necessity without freedom were possible, we should arrive at the definition of the laws of necessity by necessity itself, that is, at the mere form without contents.

In the second case, if freedom without necessity were possible, we should arrive at unconditional freedom outside of space, time, and causes, which, for the very reason that it would be unconditional and not limited by anything, would be nothing or mere contents without form.

We should, in general, arrive at those two foundations of which the whole world-philosophy of man is composed, — at the incomprehensible essence of life, and at the laws which define that essence.

Reason says: (1) Space, with all the forms which visible matter gives it, is endless and cannot be thought of otherwise. (2) Time is infinite motion without a moment of rest, and it is not thinkable otherwise. (3) The causal nexus has no beginning and can have no end.

Consciousness says: (1) I am alone, and everything which exists is nothing but I; consequently, I include space; (2) I measure flowing time by the immovable moment of the present, in which alone I am conscious of living; consequently, I am outside of time, and (3) I am outside of cause, for I feel myself the cause of every manifestation of my life.

Reason expresses the laws of necessity. Consciousness expresses the essence of freedom.

Freedom, not limited by anything, is the essence of life in the consciousness of man. Necessity without contents is human reason with its three forms.

Freedom is that which is being viewed. Necessity is that which views. Freedom is contents. Necessity is form.

Only in dissevering the two sources of cognition, which stand to each other in the relation of form to contents, do we receive the mutually excluding and incomprehensible concepts of freedom and of necessity.

Only in uniting them do we get a clear conception of human life.

Outside of these two concepts, which in their union mutually determine each other as form and contents, no conception of life is possible.

Everything which we know of the lives of men is only a certain relation of freedom to necessity, that of consciousness to the laws of reason.

Everything which we know about the external world of Nature is only a certain relation of the forces of Nature to necessity, or the essence of life to the laws of reason.

The vital forces of Nature lie outside of us and are not cognizable by us, and we call these forces gravity, inertia, electricity, vital force, and so forth; but the vital force of man is cognizable by us, and we call it freedom.

But just as the in itself incomprehensible force of gravity, which is perceived by every man, becomes comprehensible to us to the extent to which we know the laws of necessity to which it is subject (from the first knowledge that all bodies are heavy to the laws of Newton), even so the in itself incomprehensible force of freedom, which is cognizable by everybody, is comprehensible to us only to the extent to which we know the laws of necessity to which it is subject (beginning with the fact that every man dies, and up to the knowledge of the most complex economic or historic laws).

Every knowledge is only a subordination of the essence of life to the laws of reason.

Man's freedom differs from every other force in that this force is recognized by man; but for the reason it in no way differs from any other force. The force of gravity, of electricity, and of chemical affinity differ from each other only by being differently defined by reason. Just so the force of human freedom is distinguished by reason from the other forces of Nature only by the definition which this reason makes of it. But freedom without necessity, that is, without the laws of reason that define it, in no way differs from gravity, or heat, or the vegetative force, — it is for the reason only a momentary, indefinable sensation of life.

And as the indefinable essence of the force which moves the celestial bodies, the indefinable essence of the force of heat and electricity, or of the force of chemical affinity, or of the vital force, form the contents of astronomy, physics, chemistry, botany, zoology, and so forth, even so the essence of the force of freedom forms the contents of history. But just as the subject of every

science is the manifestation of this unknown essence of life, while the essence itself can be the subject only of metaphysics, — even so the manifestation of the force of freedom of men in space, time, and dependence on causes forms the subject of history; but the freedom itself is the subject of metaphysics.

In the experimental sciences, that which we know we call the laws of necessity; that which we do not know we call vital force. Vital force is only the expression of an unknown remainder from what we know of the essence of life.

Even so in history, what is known to us we call laws of necessity; what is unknown to us, — freedom. Freedom for history is only the expression of the unknown remainder from what we know of the laws of human life.

XI.

History views the manifestations of human freedom in connection with the external world in time and in the dependence on causes, that is, it defines this freedom by the laws of reason, and so history is a science only in so far as this freedom is defined by these laws.

For history, the recognition of human freedom as a force which may influence historical events, that is, as not subject to laws, is the same as the assumption, for astronomy, of a free force of motion for the heavenly bodies.

This assumption destroys the possibility of the existence of laws, that is, of any knowledge. If there exists even one single freely moving body, then there do not exist the laws of Kepler and of Newton, and there no longer exists any conception about the movements of the heavenly bodies. If there exists a single free act of a man, there does not exist a single historical law or any conception of historical events.

For history there exist lines of movements of human wills, one end of which is concealed in the unknown, and at the other end of which there moves in space, in time, and in the dependence on causes the consciousness of human freedom in the present.

The more this field of motion expands before our eyes, the more evident are the laws of this motion. To seize and define these laws forms the problem of history.

From that point of view from which science now looks at its subject, on that path on which it now travels, in

endeavouring to discover the causes of the phenomena in the free will of men, the expression of laws is impossible for science, because, no matter how much we may limit human freedom, the moment we recognize it as a force which is subject to no laws, the existence of a law is impossible.

Only by limiting this freedom to infinity, that is, by viewing it as an infinitely small quantity, shall we convince ourselves of the absolute insufficiency of causes, and then, instead of looking for causes, history will have for its problem the discovery of laws.

The discovery of these laws was begun long ago, and those new methods of reasoning, which history must adopt, are being worked out simultaneously with the self-destruction toward which, by parcelling out the causes of the phenomena, the old history is moving.

On this path all the sciences have marched. In arriving at the infinitely small, mathematics, the most exact of sciences, abandons the process of parcelling, and proceeds to the summation of the unknown, the infinitely small. Receding from the conception of cause, mathematics tries to discover the law, that is, the properties which are common to all unknown, infinitely small elements.

Still on the same path of reasoning, though in a different form, the other sciences have proceeded. When Newton enunciated the law of gravity, he did not say that the sun and earth had the property of attraction; he said that every body, from the largest to the minutest, had the property of attracting each other, that is, leaving aside the question of the cause of the movement of the bodies, he expressed the property which is common to all bodies, from the infinitely large to the infinitely small. The same is done by the natural sciences: leaving aside the question of the cause, they look for the laws. On the same path stands history. And if history has for its

object the study of the movement of the nations and of humanity, and not the description of episodes from the lives of men, then it must reject the conception of causes and try to discover the laws which are common to all equal and inseparably interrelated infinitely small elements of freedom.

XII.

EVER since the law of Copernicus was discovered and proved, the mere recognition that it was not the sun that was moving, but the earth, has destroyed the whole cosmography of the ancients. It was possible to reject this law and retain the old conception of the movement of the bodies, but, by not rejecting it, it would seem, it would not have been possible to continue the study of Ptolemy's worlds. But even after the discovery of the law of Copernicus, Ptolemy's worlds continued to be studied for a long time.

Ever since the first man said and proved that the number of births or crimes is subject to mathematical laws, and that certain geographical and economic conditions determine this or that mode of government, and that certain relations of the population to the land produce the movement of the peoples, the foundations on which history was built were destroyed in their essence.

It was possible to reject the new laws and still cling to the old view of history, but, in not rejecting them, it seems, it was impossible to continue to study historical events as the product of the free will of men. For, if such and such a mode of government has been established, and such and such a movement of the nations has taken place, as the result of geographical, ethnographical, or economic conditions, then the will of those men, who to us appear as having established the mode of government, or having evoked the movement of the nations, can no longer be considered as a cause.

And yet, the former history is still studied together with the laws of statistics, geography, political economy, comparative philology, and geology, which directly contradict its propositions.

The struggle between the old and the new view has gone on for a long time in the physical philosophy. Theology was on the *qui vive* for its old view and accused the new of destroying revelation. But when truth prevailed, theology built just as firmly on the new foundation.

Just as long and as stubbornly has the struggle been going on between the old and the new conception of history, and even so theology is on the lookout for the old view and accuses the new of having destroyed revelation.

In either case, the struggle provokes the passions on either side and chokes truth. On the one side appears the struggle of terror and pity for the whole structure which has been reared in past ages; and on the other the struggle of the passion for destroying.

To the men who struggled against the rising truth of physical philosophy it seemed that, if they accepted the truth, there would be destroyed the faith in God, in the creation of the firmament, in the miracle of Joshua. To the defenders of the laws of Copernicus and Newton, to Voltaire, for example, it seemed that the laws of astronomy destroyed religion, and so he used the laws of gravity as a tool against religion.

Even so, it seems, it will suffice to recognize the law of necessity, and there will be destroyed the conception about the soul, about good and evil, and all the institutions of Church and State, which are based upon it.

Even so now, the uninvited defenders of the law of necessity use, as Voltaire did in his time, this law of necessity as a tool against religion, whereas, just as was the case with the law of Copernicus in astronomy, the law of

necessity in history not only does not destroy, but even strengthens the foundation on which the institutions of State and Church are reared.

As then, in the question of astronomy, so now, in the question of history, the whole difference of the view is based on the recognition or non-recognition of the absolute unit which serves as a measure of the visible phenomena. In astronomy it was the immovability of the earth; in history it is the independence of the personality,—freedom.

Just as in astronomy the difficulty of recognizing the motion of the earth consisted in renouncing the immediate feeling of the stability of the earth and of a similar feeling of the motion of the planets, so in history the difficulty in recognizing the subjection of the individual to the laws of space, time, and causality consists in renouncing the immediate feeling of the independence of one's own personality. But as in astronomy the new view said, "It is true, we do not feel the movement of the earth, but by assuming its immovability we arrive at nonsense; and by admitting the motion, which we do not feel, we arrive at laws," so in history the new view says, "It is true, we do not feel our dependence, but, by admitting our freedom, we arrive at nonsense; and, by admitting our dependence on the external world, on time, and on causes, we arrive at laws."

In the first case, it was necessary to renounce the recognition of a non-existent immovability in space and recognize the motion which is imperceptible to our senses; even so, in the present case, it is necessary to renounce the non-existent freedom and recognize the dependence of which we are not conscious.

THE END.

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